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Now Vice may rear her Hydra's head
 Religious heart may melt and bleed
 With grief and sorrow
 Some Satire from Your streets has fled
 Poor Etonbury woe

H.

18
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17

M.DCCC.LXI.

THE
CASTES OF EDINBURGH.

BY JOHN HEITON,
OF DARNICK TOWER,
AUTHOR OF "OLD WORLD AND YOUNG WORLD."

"Castes are like unto the steps of Jacob's ladder, insomuch as they lead upwards, but very unlike the same, in so far as they do not lead to Heaven."—OLD PLAY.

Third Edition, Much Enlarged.

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PAUL'S WORK.



PREFACE.

THE papers which compose this volume were written at intervals, chiefly with the view to introduce many curious anecdotes and *bon-mots*, collected during the course of years; and the Author now submits them to the public in this form, not so much on the recommendation of friends—so often an insecure ground of reliance—as on something like evidence which has reached himself, that they have been favourably considered by persons qualified to pass a critical judgment on their merits.

Perhaps in those days, when, even as regards reputation, books are viewed as a light adventure, it is not necessary for the Author to say more in justification of his small attempt at authorship, unless it be, that while he entertains some hope of contributing to the amusement, he can hardly say instruction, of his readers, he is at least

satisfied that his efforts will do no harm to the interests of morality or good manners. It is also something to know a little more than what can be achieved by cursory observation, how the society of our beautiful city is constituted; and though he can boast of few sources of information not open to the easiest access, he has taken some small pains to collect the *entremets* of anecdote and allusion, without which—even divested of the personality which imparts piquancy—a work of this kind, in its nature light and fugitive, could scarcely be expected to escape dulness.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE first and second editions of this work having been sold off with a rapidity much exceeding the Author's expectations, he has considered it as due to himself, and not less to the public, to devote some time and attention in so improving the volume that it may be deemed worthy of the flattering commendations it has received from the press of both England and Scotland. He has accordingly added many notes, both illustrative and anecdotal; and he hopes the reader will not be displeased to find, in addition to the Caste of the Brokers in the second edition, four more Castes—The Law Lords, The Minute Philosophers, The Female Philosophers, and The Civic Rulers; while an additional Chapter, comprising portraits of Characters, may be found interesting, if not in all respects new. On the whole, the book, he trusts, will now better sustain its character of a repertory of curious facts relating to our city, as well as a sketch of the divisions of society into which it is apportioned.

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The Castes of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

POPE.

"LOOK you, sir. Your city is a very fine city,* but it swarms with castes." The American was right: Our beautiful Modern Athens is in a swarm of castes, worse than ever was old Egypt or is modern Hindostan. True—it always was so, less or more. The honeycombed Old Town is just the forsaken hive, shewing us the old receptacles of the different grades of the body corporate. There

* Hear how Alexander Pennecuik describes Edinburgh in 1722:—"The metropolitan city of Scotland, by some historians, (as Buchanan observes,) either through ignorance or ill-will, called *VALLA DOLOROSA*, the Doleful Valley; by the Pictish records, *CASTRUM PUELLARUM*, the Maiden Castle, from its royal and impregnable castle, built by Cruthenus Camelon, King of the Picts, where the daughters of the Pictish kings were kept working at their needles till married; which, for strength and command of prospect, may challenge precedency of the best in Britain. Some of the ancient Scots called it *CASTRUM ALLATUM*, others *DUENDINUM*, and the latter *EDINUM*, which we render Edinburgh. 'Tis situated on the declining of a hill; from whence she views her tributary river Forth, encompassed about with fertile fields, spacious pastures, and goodly gardens, grown by degrees in such magnificence of buildings as to stand

is now a swarm of a different kind there. The castes have gone over the North Loch, taking their *lares* along with them, and settled in the princely dwellings of the New Town. But it is not otherwise all the same with these castes as formerly. Nature, indeed, always true in her organisations, cannot let go her old diploma by which she must

in competition almost with any in Europe, and justly merits the encomium Dr Arthur Johnston bestowed upon her:—

‘That Edinburgh may view the heavens at will,
 ’Tis built upon a lofty rising hill ;
 The fields and rivers, which her handmaids be,
 She thence views, and the tributary sea ;
 And when the sun displays her morning light,
 The palace doth present itself to sight—
 That princely dwelling under Arthur Seat,
 Adorn’d by most ingenious art of late.
 Towards the west the glorious Castle stands,
 Which with its thunder giveth loud commands.
 Each citizen hath such a house, that it
 May peers of greatest quality well fit ;
 The threats of foes do not make them dismay’d,
 Nor need they be of their assaults afraid.
 Sure, for a kingly city none can wish
 A seat that’s more convenient than this.’

’Tis not only beautiful, but ancient, though the time that it was founded is not easily discovered. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in their congratulatory harangue to King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, recorded in the Muse’s welcome to that prince, assert it was builded by Fergusius, the first founder of this kingdom, three hundred and thirty years before the incarnation of Christ.” Compare this with the following:—“Who that has once seen Edinburgh,” says Miss Brontë, “with its couchant crag-lion, but must see it again in dreams, waking or sleeping! My dear sir, do not think I blaspheme when I tell you that your great London, as compared to Dun-Edin, ‘mine own romantic town,’ is as prose compared to poetry, or as a great rumbling, rambling, epic poem compared to a lyric, brief, bright, clear, and vital as a flash of lightning. You have nothing like Scott’s Monument, or, if you had that, and all the glories of architecture assembled together, you have nothing like Arthur Seat, and, above all, you have not the Scotch national character, and it is that grand character, after all, which gives the land its true charm, its true greatness.”

erect castes everywhere. We are not to moralise at the strangeness of this phenomenon. Perhaps it is not a primary natural law that society should thus get into these divisions. We have heard it said that the tendency may be only an extension of the patriarchal state, and thus only secondary. But we can hardly see how society could get on without them. It is vain to say that America is free from them—no more she than we. Yet they change wonderfully. Very old men say they remember when our Old Town castes were so oiled with mutual respect that they wrought like the parts of a machine, every wheel contributing its quiet force to the general effect.* There might be a little ambition now and then forcing one of a lower grade into a higher, but there was no such hatred and envy as we now see: the *vicino invidet vicinus* was less known.

The higher orders carried about with them the emblems of their dignity: there was the powdered

* Of course there were occasional rebels. The Records of the Perth Council, under date 15th April 1668, contain the following minute:—"If James Hay shall not in future take off his hat to the Provost, he shall be punished; and that he, or any person who will not reverence the Provost and Magistrates, must walk on the other side of the street."

There seems to have been some reason for this order, if we may judge from the following extract from the *Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence* (p. 97) 1693:—"Mr Areskine prayed in the Tron Church last year, 'Lord, have mercy on all fools and idiots, and particularly on the Magistrates of Edinburgh.'" But still the rule held.

In a very old sederunt-book of the Leith Town Council we find such entries as the following:—"Nae court held this day, in respect that an English war-ship was seen in the Roads!" "Nae court held this day, in respect that Bailie Smith is no come hame frae the south country!" "Nae court held this day, in respect that the town-clerk's father died yesterday."

head, the brocade, the lace, and the ruffles; the diamond ring, the gold-headed cane, the gold or silver snuff-box, the knee and shoe buckles; while the lower conceded the right, or even applauded the privilege. Mutual respect served in place of the police-ticket, "Keep to your right." The Duchess of Gordon, (revived after an oyster-spreed) in her pattens, with her voluminous silken skirts pulled in swelling folds through the pocket-holes, to exhibit the show petticoat, and a toupee which raised the top of her bushel-bonnet a full foot from the level of her nose; Lord Newton (C. Hay) rolling home after a debauch; Adam Rolland, with his buckles and pointed toes and ruffled wrists, walking so jauntily, as if he were afraid to make a wrinkle in his coat; Lord President Hope, with his long cane; Dr Hamilton, with his cocked hat, and a cambric handkerchief in his left hand, and all the rest,—were religiously made way for amidst fealty, admiration, and respect. And not so long ago all this. Outbursts there were, but they were paroxysms brought on by exceptional oppressions. As for money, it carried a man no higher than a civic dignity, and genius seldom lifted its head beyond the level of a passing *éclat*. There was no necessity for the great being entrenched behind the *chevaux de frize* of a bustling protection, for there was no *novus homo* or man of yesterday, under the *soufflé* of a false liberty, to strike his sword on the palisades.

Plebeian pride had got no wings or talons to soar and tear: it fluttered over the punch-bowl, and died in the temporary exhalations of its fumes. What a jolly time of it these old aristocrats had, when their very foibles and debaucheries, not less than their virtues, were applauded by their inferiors. A caste could be a patron in those days, doing good to humble worth,—a noble lady swearing a sturdy oath,—a Gagliardo brandishing his weapon in a night brawl,—or a Glossogaster vaunting of the good things he ate.* What a change!—an aveng-

* We take a well-known dowager as an example of the angularity of character which marked the bygone age. Sir John Stewart states, that being on a visit to the Duke of Hamilton at his lodgings in the Abbey, the Countess of Stair entered the room, seemingly in a great passion, holding in her hand a letter from Thomas Cochrane, Esq., afterwards Earl of Dundonald, to the Duke of Douglas, in which he affirmed that the Countess of Stair had declared, that, to her knowledge, the children said to be those of Lady Jane Douglas were fictitious; whereupon the Countess struck the floor three times with a staff she had in her hand, and each time that she struck the floor she called the Earl a damned villain, which, her Ladyship said, was his own expression to the Duke. One can fancy the stately old lady in her high-heeled shoes and hood, flourishing her cane, and crushing the obnoxious letter in her hand, as she applied to its author the elegant epithet of his own suggestion.—*Wilson's Memorials*, vol. i. p. 163.

Referring to the above note, we cannot help thinking, that the tendency of modern customs is to round the corners of character, and to deprive us of subjects of delineation. It extends even to external appearance. We doubt if there will ever be another Kay; there is not a field for him: society has become a piece of conventional acting, and all speech is subdued and uniform—the true character being behind, and scarcely ever seen. Where now will you find such prime bits as Dr Wood, the poor man's doctor, who, when seized by the Edinburgh mob for another man, and was on the eve of being thrown over the North Bridge, saved himself by crying out, "I'm lang Sandy Wood! tak me to a lamp-post, and ye'll see;" Dr Erskine of Old Greyfriars, so simple and absent that he begged pardon of a cow against which he stumbled, and bowed respectfully to his wife in the Meadows without knowing her; the convivial Dr Webster of the Tolbooth Church, beloved for his genuine heart and love of humour, who so

ing spirit is over us—a Nemesis has shot down upon us. There is war among the castes, but it is a war which increases them, hardens them, and vexes them. There are now ten or twelve well-defined castes in our city, from the titular Lord to the Applewoman.

The Nobleman, if he goes at all out of his circle, will have to do in a friendly way only with a few of the old honeycombed Norman proprietors.

The Aristocrats in family and land will with difficulty condescend to a Paper Lord. The Paper Lords fight shy; they are scarcely anywhere, being too big for the Advocates, and too small for the Honeycombs. The Advocates keep the Writers to the Signet at bay, except when these have a fee in their hands. The Writers to the Signet look askance at the Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, and also at the Accountants; who again will have nothing to do with the Solicitors-at-Law.

The Painters and Litterateurs wriggle in an

often, when he came home at night full of claret, declared to his wife he had been with Dr Erskine, the most temperate of men, and was discovered by his host supping one of these nights with his own wife; the ingenious Lord Kames, who, feeling himself about to die, took farewell of his brother senators in a touching speech, and then added, as he was retiring, "Fare ye a' weel, ye b—hes;" the eccentric Monboddo; the dry, gristly atheist Hugo Arnot, described by Henry Erskine, who saw him picking a speldrin, as "so like his meat;" the witty Harry himself; the rough but hearty Braxfield; and so many others.

They belonged to a state of society when "the man" came out, and which may never return.

exclusiveness which they can scarcely get admitted, except by the Dilettantes. The latter, again, deficient in mental accomplishments, but having money, buy beauty in a picture that they may be thought men of taste. They tread heavy on the *terræ filii* who have brains. The Merchants—not great with us—stand between the Professionals and the Shopkeepers; these are getting up; the Big Panes despise the Little Panes. The latter expel the Tradesmen, who erect a *nez retroussé* against the Labourers. And these lord it over the Irish Fish-dealers, who will cut an Applewoman of a Sunday. Thus there is nothing left for the castes, but the exclusiveness of their dining-tables, with a guard at the door. Yes, with a little looseness at the lower end of the chain, the pressure upwards has become a war of pride and envy between caste and caste, and the entrenchments become the firmer and firmer as you ascend.*

Every one is castigating castes, and building up his own. Young Edinburgh is a great creature; he carries a delphic sword, which he strikes at all above him, and by which he slays

* "We hear much of liberty and equality in our day; but in so far as the practical application of the liberal principle is concerned, our forefathers were certainly before us. The different classes, although as well defined then as now, associated more with each other, a better feeling was kept up between the higher and lower orders; and even the junior members of the community profited by the friendly and familiar intercourse which existed among all ranks and grades of society."—*The Gabletounie*, by JAMES BALLANTINE.

the sacrifice to himself. The whole chain is like a Jacob's ladder, the spokes impact with wrestle and heart-throe. We see the higher castes smoothing down the lower with bland words of philanthropy, and all so covered with the conventionalities of propriety that the farce is acted as if by pantomimic personages.

CHAPTER II:

Our Edinburgh Ladies.*

Ladies like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms they owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

POPE.

MR UWINS, in his *Memoirs*, published some time ago by his widow—he wanted courage to publish them himself—asserted, in effect, that our Scotch women are all ugly. He is dead, that man, and

* A recent work published at Brussels contains, among other interesting matter, a collection of ideas of woman by various authors, mostly French, of which we append a few. We give the names of the authors in *Italics*.

Chamfort.—"In the choice of a lover, a woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history."

Bougeart.—"If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will all rise against us; if we do the same of any individual woman, they will all agree with us."

Charles Lemesle.—"Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities."

Daniel Stern.—"Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms, that even their very presence is generally beneficial."

Madame de Stéel.—"Love, in a woman's life, is a history; in a man's, an episode."

Catalani.—"Only he who has nothing to hope from a woman is truly sincere in her praise."

Diderot.—"There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interest."

good for him. If he paints in Hades, may Rhadamanthus punish him to paint for ever his own pimpled and carbuncled and bewhelked face, reflected in fiery phlegethon with our lovely Mary Queen of Scots looking over his shoulder. And no newspaper editor stood up for the honour of our fair townswomen! Miserable scribblers! Where were your iron pens, the leaden pellets of your types, the gall and antimony of your ink? The greatest blessing we can bless you withal is, that you may be doomed in that same place—Hades—

Stahl.—"No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. This self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty."

Octave Feuillet.—"Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man: his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion."

Alphonse Karr.—"Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but—very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life. 'She has a forehead of ivory, eyes of sapphire, eyebrows and hair of ebony, cheeks of damask roses, coral lips and teeth of pearl.' Such a description—and it is frequently made—might tempt a thief, but not an honest man."

Madame de Maintenon.—"In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men."

Duclos.—"Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love."

Madame Fée.—"A woman frequently resists the love she feels, but cannot resist the love she inspires."

J. J. Rousseau.—"Men can better philosophise on the human heart, but women can read it better."

Michalet.—"It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons."

to read your narcotic editorials on sanitoriums, reformatories, and refuges for social evils, to Somnus and the Sleeping Furies for ever and ever.

Meanwhile it devolves upon us to say that we have the most lovely women in the world—lovely for every virtue that can adorn the character, and every accomplishment that can polish and refine.

In time past we used to read a great deal of that literature going by the name of Philosophy, hunting after an answer to the question—What is beauty? * Whether it is merely a sensational

* We speak of a beautiful face in the coolest and most arbitrary way imaginable; but the fact is, there is nothing about which we should dogmatise less. Only look at beauty in the cosmopolitan view of it. Every instance given here is supposed to be beautiful:—"The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of India paint them red. The rows of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and red, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric, and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, the tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds for a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. Another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but a Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull, in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have strong aversion to red hair—the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China, small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet,

thing, like taste, or smell,—or something like morality, which is discoverable in outside relations by reason? These inquiries have got mostly now into the wallet-bag of that old beggar Time, who never gives anything back; but, thanks to our respected townsman, Mr Hay, who has discovered the principles, we are now quite certain that Beauty is something eternal and universal, existing in itself independently of the whims and caprices of our sensibilities,—

“Tis not a lip or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all.”*

This doctrine we gladly embrace in spite of our

which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in their size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere, and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails so long that casings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the north-west coast of America an incision more than two inches in length is cut in the lower lip, and filled with a wood plug. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the point resting on the chin. The Tunisian lady, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks, and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel.”

* Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks—“The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them.”

The standards of beauty in women vary with those of taste. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world.

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman; and those

Senegalian friend Sambo, who, with colour, nose, and lips a little "*trop prononcé*," declares upon his honour that, having perambulated Princes Street, and studied all the fine faces he saw there, he cannot bring himself "to lub de white element of society." Poor Sambo is no philosopher, and therefore he would prefer such a Fatima as that described by Park—dark as midnight and twenty-four stones avoirdupois—to that glorious creature of the same name portrayed by Lady Mary Montague, but not more glorious than some of our townswomen.

What, then, if we were to say, and we are to say, and now say, that all the wide world over there is not to be found a street, or square, or plaza, or park, or promenade, or trottoir, where you

very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an Oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* countrywomen that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness:—when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundredweight. His very Graces are all fat. But it should be remembered that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which colour most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts; Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair.

After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sydney Smith gives some good advice on the subject:—"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

will see a finer collection of beautiful faces and figures, and complexions and graces, than in Princes Street of Edinburgh, any fine day at four o'clock by the bells of St Giles. Oh, we know we will have France and Spain up in arms, and China, and Africa, and all the rest, standing up for their beauties—but we care not. We are sure of our case, and heartily defy Monsieur, Signor, Bashaw, Nawab, Mandarin, or King Obi. The truth is, the tastes of all these people are seared and blunted, and twisted by original sin—a reason we are astonished Professor Blackie has not taken advantage of, in answer to all those objections to his theory arising from contrariety in our subjectiveness. He is welcome to it for his next edition.

Then the strength of our case enables us to admit that you may find in Madrid, or Paris, or Constantinople, some superb creatures, but then does not every one know that all the rest are exuberantly plain or ugly? We may apply to them Berkeley's simile of a tribe of melons—all tame and insipid, with rare exceptions of one in a hundred rising to supreme excellence. Yea, in our Princes Street, you do not find the mere national diversity of a race, such as Franks, Italians, Spaniards, or Hindoos, where the same contour or colour pervades all, now and then only culminating in beauty; but that wider diversity which results from a union of noble stocks—Celts, Saxons, Scandinavians, and Normans. The effect is obvious, if not striking—no two faces

or figures alike, yet how numerous the fine characteristics of the best forms and features! To apply, again, our simile: they differ, like apples of rare kinds—pippins, kings, and paradises—in size, plumpness, flavour, and colour, but with a general excellence pervading all,—not to say that they do not rise at times to as high altitudes as the Continentals, without, as the latter, shaming the general level. Nor do these grander creatures seem to think they are endowed beyond the common. Heaven bless that modesty, the fairest gem in the tiara of Scottish beauty—your fine mademoiselles, signoras, or begums, have their noses in the air, snuffing up the incenses of man's flattery. We are not afraid on this subject. We bid defiance to the nations, and they had better let us alone. We could shew them, we suspect, something they don't dream of. Look to the thrones. Whence came the fine nose, the pearly teeth, and noble expression of our own queen, but from Walter Stuart, and Bruce's daughter, Margery? Why is Eugenie so fair as to be the wonder of even the French?—just because she inherits blood from the Closeburnians.* Is not the Royal Princess of Prussia

* Though Sir Bernard Burke is a little dubious about Eugenie's Scotch blood, it is pretty certain that one of the Kirkpatricks settled in Malaga, and that one of his daughters (by a Spanish lady) reputed to be beautiful exceedingly, married a cadet of the great grandee Montijo's, who desired to put an end to mesalliance unless a lineage as long as their own could be shewn on the part of the bride. Thereupon the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whom Sir Walter Scott called the Horace Walpole of Edinburgh, from his proficiency in virtue, supplied his fair countrywoman with a pedigree, beginning with that incident wherein Roger Kirkpatrick

also in the line of the Scotch Stuarts, described as fair by the high-cheeked Berliners?

Who could have said that Miss Gilbert, when she disappeared from our Nelson Street, was destined to rule the heart and kingdom of Louis of Bavaria!—nay, was there not a Lowel spinner descended from us, who, married to a Mexican Dictator, walked as Mistress in the regal halls of Montezuma?

Having thus said something in favour of their physique—thanks to some of our gods or goddesses, we can't tell which (Levana, perhaps)—we need little defence for the psychique of our Scottish women, and those of Edinburgh in particular. They present themselves to us first as creatures of feeling—lovely, delicate, fond, and faithful. “Look you,” says Monsieur, “how do the women of your country get through their love affairs with so little trouble?” Just so. These Continentals think our

is recorded to have entered the church of the Minorite Friars, Dumfries, and completed the murder of the Red Comyn, whom Robert Bruce had stabbed on the high altar, but doubted if he had killed him outright, whereupon Kirkpatrick said, “I mak sicker” (sure); and that has been their motto ever since, their crest being a hand grasping a sword dripping with blood. The pedigree, beautifully drawn up, was sent to Spain, and when submitted to Ferdinand VII., the royal humourist, on coming to that part of the heraldic humbug in which the origin of the bridegroom's progenitors seemed lost in the mists of ancient Caledonia, exclaimed—“Let the son of Montijo wed the daughter of Fingal.” It is also pretty certain that a maiden grand-aunt of the Empress inhabited a very small house in Dumfries till within these last couple of years; and that her Majesty has several first cousins of the same Pictish patronymic, sons of her mother's sister, who married her cousin, holding respectable but mediocre mercantile situations, one of them having been in trade at Havre a short time back.

females destitute of emotion because they use so little artifice in the expression of their feelings. Now, we do not wish to be too severe on the women of other countries. May Cupid pass us by, and avarice shrivel up our heart, if we are severe on any of the sex. Yet we aver that the women of France, Italy, Spain, and many parts of the East are almost all born—flirts.* They have scarcely got to their feet when they begin that great work which is said to be the business of the sex, and it is all done by what we might call ostentatious reserve, artful coyness, acted modesty, a kind of hide-and-seek with a white handkerchief held out to tell where they are. They send their tiny darts from behind gauze defences, their dark and dazzling eyes leering the while to see how they strike. They do not wait till Cupid taps at the

* "In the United States most of the young women have a lively turn for light literature. They have not much acquaintance with history, or other serious reading, and but a smattering of many scientific things, picked up from casual lectures. They are taught the usual accomplishments of the sex. They are ordinarily but poor musicians, and know little of drawing; but they dance well and ride tolerably. There are many defective points which forcibly strike one recently arrived from the refinements of the Old World. Among these the loudness and harshness of the voice are the most disagreeable, and certain phrases familiarly used by the best among the ladies of Yankeeland fall on the English ear as inexcusable vulgarisms. No amount of vivacity or *naïveté* can reconcile us to the long-drawn-out 'Oh, yes!' or 'Did you ever!' or, 'Yes, indeed!' or, 'Do tell!' or, 'Well, now!' of a New England *belle*; or the sharp, 'I know it,' or, 'No two ways about that,' 'And no mistake,' &c.; or the frequent violation of grammar and pronunciation. 'It warn't,' 'Anywheres,' 'Not as I know of,' 'Going a housekeeping,' 'I'm a coming,' 'How have you been?' 'I'll do it right off,' and a dozen such expressions, have shocked me 'time and again' (to use one of their pet ones), coming from some of the sweetest lips in the United States."—GRATTAN'S *America*.

window on a rainy night (as Anacreon sings), and take him in through pity, and dry his wings. They rather inveigle the little rebel. What delicious labour, behind the drooping rim of their *sombreros*, their fans, the corners of their transparent mantillas, their white veils, all kinds of wind-woven defences; what work of attitudes, turning of the eyes, tintinnabulation of the tongue, stealthy slipping of their spying little feet, (of which they are so proud,) to make a true *spirituelle*—a creature altogether so artificial that an honest Scotsman wonders if she really feels anything at all of the passion which makes a Scotchwoman sigh, but only in secret. Do they not act, on a small scale, the old atrocity of the robe of the Romans called, *Multice*, or *Ventus textilis*, described by Erasmus somewhere in his “Colloquies?”—

“And if, in fact, she takes to a ‘grande passion,’
It is a very serious thing indeed;
Nine times in ten 'tis but caprice or fashion,
Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead.”

Or might we not call it Modesty in Arms, determined to conquer—to die? Ay, but they don't often die of the passion in those countries. If one Narcissus will not be caught, another may; and the pining of these echoes is not among the rocks, where the Shepherd in Virgil found Love, but only behind the arras of their counterfeit, waiting an opportunity for another display.

No, Monsieur, Scottish women do *not* get through

their love affairs with little trouble. Their love is too deep, heartfelt, and sincere to be expressed by art. They do not first try to fascinate and then try to think they are fascinated. They receive the wound as the dove which closes its wings on the barbed shaft. Sometimes, like her, too, they die rather than reveal the secret. Yea, a Scottish woman never babbles a love-tale of her own passion. The secret of *her* love must be carefully drawn out through the throbbing heart, the dewy eye, the pressure of the hand that trembles as it presses; and the pressure is not an appeal—it is an answer. Trouble enough here, no doubt—often a delicious trouble; but it is seldom known to more than one. And we say, as is a woman's love, pure and secret, so are her other affections—her domestic virtues—tempering with her gentleness the fiercer and more rugged nature of man; and ever through the dark clouds, as they gather above his head, she beams forth in her brightness the rainbow to the storm of his life. What deep and thrilling interest—what high and burning zeal—what quenchless ardour—what enthusiasm—what feeling and devotion, mark the ebb and flow of our fair countrywomen's affections! And what a *tintamarre* these Continentals make of theirs in comparison with this—like musical glasses, hollow and empty—not a drop of pure *lacryma Christi* there! As for the quiet virtue of household loves or domestic affections, they have no time for them, far less heart

or soul. They will sweep, with their silken skirts through the midnight masquerade or the pillared and groined cathedral, and leave their hearthstones unswept, and dry hearts round them too, uncheered with the music of their voices. They will listen to a serenade, a *taratantara*, or *fandango*; but the love-lyrics of the heart, by the blazing fire of their homes—such as ours of Burns or Tannahill—they have no soul for.

You must live in Scotland to see how our women manage these things.* Yet these Con-

* We have improved from the olden times. Ladies were supposed to like Malvoisie in the morning and Rhenish wine at night; and the poem from which we derive this information (Chambers's "Annals of Scotland") gives such a curious picture of the life of a fine lady of 1600, that we are tempted to repeat some of the details. Her maids come to her apartment in the morning to light the fire and to prepare for the mysteries of the toilet. When all is ready the lady gets up, has her hair dressed by a couple of attendants, and, being bravely attired, looks in the mirror to see that all is as it should be. She has, however, to make a further preparation for the toils of the day; she drinks a cup of Malvoisie with sugar in it, and she walks out into the garden to breathe a little of the fresh air. In the meantime breakfast awaits her, and she sits down to a trifling meal, which consists of a pair of plovers, a partridge, and a quail, together with a libation of sack. Thus fortified she goes about her household duties—

"To see your servants may you gang,
And look your maidens all amang;
And, gif there ony wark be wrang,
Then bitterly them blame."

By the time that all this is arranged it will be proper to have some further refreshment, and the lady orders whatever dainty dishes she pleases—

"Ane cup or twa with Muscadel,
Some other light things therewithal,
For raisons or for capers call,
Gif that ye please to eat."

After this repast the lady reposes or reads a book until supper-time, a meal which took place about five or six o'clock. The poet takes particular pains to mention that, while partaking of supper, it was necessary

tinentials cannot banish nature altogether. See how they flutter when they do get a touch of genuine pathos, as, by a translation of Scott or a mangled song of Burns, ay, or by a lilt from that jolly old fellow, Béranger—pity he was not a Scot—when he sings his fine “Old Woman,” in imitation of “John Anderson.” It is because we prize before mere intellect the genuine graces in a woman that we have given them precedence; but even as to intellect we have a spare gauntlet.* Have we not a host in Mary Somerville, who, though her ancestors were Norman, was of Scottish extraction? We grant the Continentals their Sévigné, their Dacier, their De Staëls; but let them tell us who composed “Hardyknute”—“The Flowers of the Forest”—“Auld Robin Gray”†—

that the eating should be accompanied by music of the organ, the shalm, the timbrel, the viol, and the lute,—“to gar the meat digest.” The evening might then be given to mirth, followed by a slight collation, of which a draught of Rhenish wine—“for it is cauld and clean”—is the only imperative duty. After such a well-spent day the lady retires to her couch to dream of silk, satin, and velvet, gold chains and pearl necklaces, rings, bracelets, and broderies.

* It does not accord with our plan to go very far back in our examples, otherwise, we could perhaps make a strong case; but we cannot resist what is stated by Scotstarvit. He tells us that the bench was once graced by a woman. This was towards the close of the sixteenth century, when James, Earl of Arran, filled the office of Lord Chancellor. His wife, according to Scot, was accustomed to sit on the session on the bench beside the Lords of the Outer-House, who called no tickets of causes but by her orders.—*Scot's Staggering State*, p. 8.

† The history of our Scotch songs is exhausted. We give the following merely because it is put forth with something like new authority in Mr Conolly's late sketch of Bishop Low. Bishop Low, who was on terms of the closest intimacy with the Balcarres family for sixty years, and who was treated more like a kinsman than a visitor, gave a curious account of the ballad, which was to this effect:—“Robin Gray, so called from its

“Roy’s Wife”—or “The Land of the Leal.”
Have they a Miss Jeanie Elliot, a Grizel Baillie,

being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was produced soon after the close of the year 1771. Lady Margaret Lindsay had married and accompanied her husband to London; Lady Anne was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse herself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scottish melody of which Lady Anne was very fond. A dependant used to sing it to a quaint old song, and her Ladyship wished to adapt the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in her closet, Lady Anne called to her little sister Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near her:—‘I have been writing a ballad, my dear,—I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father’s arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wished to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! help me to one, I pray?’ ‘Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by the fair authoress, and the song completed.”

How little do we know of the authors of some of our best songs, and how little do we think, when listening to some of the strains of our Scottish poets, how sad and mournful have been their lives—how little of that joy which they have left to others was theirs. Frequently we know nothing of them. Few who are acquainted with the sweet songs of Tannahill, know anything of his terrible end, and still fewer the history of the struggling one who left us the cheering song, “There’s nae luck about the house.” “The writer,” according to Weir’s History of Greenock, “was Jean Adams, born about 1710. She became a schoolmistress—gave Shakespearean readings to her pupils, and admired Richardson’s ‘Clarissa Harlowe’ so much that she walked to London to see the author. Jean Adams published a small volume of poems, printed at Glasgow, in 1734, which met with little encouragement, and a large portion of the edition was exported for sale to Boston, in America. Towards the close of her life she became a wandering beggar, died in the poor-house of Glasgow on the 8d April 1765, and ‘was buried at the house expense.’” The life of J. Howard Payne, author of “Sweet Home,” was one of remarkable vicissitudes. Of an evening, says one who knew him, we would walk along the streets looking into the lighted parlours as we passed. Once in a while, we would see some family circle, so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop, and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. “How often,” said he once, “I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing ‘Sweet Home,’ without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head. The

or a Joanna* of the same name and kith, a Lady Anne Lindsay, a Lady Nairne, a Mrs Cockburn, a Mrs Grant, yea, a Miss Brown, or an Isa, with her inimitable "Ae Lamb o' the Fauld," and her Burns's Prize—all of whom have had less or more to do with Edinburgh? No, they give us only a host of *prima donnas*; but who, of all their *cantatrices*, has ever bestowed on us a stray feeling of beauty embodied in a written line of poetry?† Not one—let her sopranise into the third heavens, and her apotheosis be celebrated by a *furore* as wild as a saturnalia.

world has, literally, sung it until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office; and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

* This accomplished authoress was on intimate terms with the "Man of Feeling," the "Great Unknown," the author of the "Isle of Palms," and other leading literary men of her day, and, after a long and active and useful life, she died, in 1851, at the great age of eighty-nine.

† How does it happen that, in the society of Edinburgh, we so seldom hear Scottish songs? Beautiful as all admit and feel them to be, they seem to be practically proscribed. Our young ladies generally give us Italian music, under the pretext that it is easier. It is certainly less open to criticism, for the many do not understand it—neither do they care for it. People refrain from talking, through politeness; but mark the difference of attention when a plaintive Scottish air is sung—not a whisper is heard, and not a sound which may cause the loss of a single note. We have certainly heard an Italian song given with great taste, and we regretted that power should be exclusively bestowed, we may say, wasted, on foreign music. Let Italian music be duly cultivated, and it must improve the general taste without in any degree depriving us of the feeling of appreciating our own. The real admirers of it are the exceptions, because few have had opportunities of hearing it to the best advantage, unless when abroad.

CHAPTER III.

The Honeycombes.

"Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd."

POPE.

4
THERE was a merchant in Glasgow who, having acquired a fortune, and along with it the caste-feeling of wealth, was very much annoyed with one of his sons, who was so entirely destitute of pride that there was no getting him to be the son of his father; he would associate with the humblest, and seemed never so happy as when he was in the society of excessively common people, enjoying their humours, their coarse but expressive language, their jokes, and their ale; there was, in short, no way of getting John to be a gentleman; the fine clothes lost their pile by rubbing against the frowsy smock-frocks of his chums, his money was spent among them, and his educational ideas were smothered by the slang of common life. Every remedy was tried without success, until at last his father was advised to buy for the youth a couple of miles square of Highland bog-land, at a trifle an acre, build a small turreted house upon

it, supply it with some Highland cottars, and send John with a Highland wife to be the laird. The plan was tried, and met with that success which attends schemes founded on a knowledge of human nature. The true Highland pride took root, and sprang up as naturally as hair out of a Celt's nostrils. John became as genuine a Highland aristocrat as you might find in all Caledonia. As it is some time since this took place the Honeycombing has so far progressed, and by the year 1960 the family of John will be regular "Old Parchments," who would reckon it a degradation to be detected speaking familiarly with such potwalloppers as John's old associates.

By our anecdote we mean no more than to indicate a truism, that land is the real root and nucleus of the aristocratic caste, retaining, in its wonderful influence on the sentiments of the proprietors as on the regards of the public, its perfect independence of the means by which it is acquired.*

* The story in Hierocles of the man who offered a brick as a sample of the house he had to sell, does not appear so absurd when we are reminded of Peter Pendriech, who was so enamoured of his purchase of a Highland property that he carried a part of the soil in his pocket, to shew to some London friends—in whose estimation he wanted to stand high—as an evidence of his new honour. This is simply ridiculous, but the land-feeling takes on more obnoxious aspects, such as,—“information for the people,” that trespassers will be prosecuted. Even pigs, who know nothing of *meum* and *tuum*, are not safe from being shot if they intrude upon the hallowed ground. A story goes that a proprietor, who made his money in the china and delf line, sent a letter to a great Whig baronet in these terms:—“Sir, If your piggs (*sic*) are not kept off my ground I will shoot them.” The answer was, “Sir, I will comply with your request when you are able to spell a word with which you ought to be familiar.”

Almost all our old families in Edinburgh owe their status and consideration to land, and we might expect the ordinary results in their manners and customs; yet perhaps it is true that there is more of exclusiveness and reserve in our Edinburgh specimens than you will find anywhere else in the kingdom. Nor would it be very philosophical to say that these features are merely phases of pride, a sentiment which exists in every creature, and flares out more offensively in the democratic beggar, as he struts about in the enthusiasm of something he calls liberty, than in the aristocrat. We glory in the noble sentiment embodied in Burns's song of a man's independence, unless where it is meant to be implied that a man can only be a man where he is poor, and especially a *sans-terre*. As generally accepted it reminds us, when we hear it in the true dithyrambic vein, of a blast of wind which, in seeking for a *vacuum*, knocks down old castles and towers and ancient oaks. We remember Lucian's story how Jupiter laughed when he saw Archimedes trying to confine air in a bottle, but we seldom think how he might laugh, and probably does, as he looks down and sees us little homuncles here below endeavouring to conceal our pride, at the very moment we are displaying it in the very form of a *proud* contempt for those who have, perhaps, less of the ugly thing than we, and ten times more to justify it, if it ever could be justified.

There may even, we suspect, be some ground for doubting whether the true caste-sentiment, when it is sufficiently mellowed by time, and takes on the form of a custom of action, and speech, and bearing, is properly designated by the term pride at all; or whether it is not rather a condition of the moral affections suited to a social position, and without which the latter would not, as nature intended, be sufficiently recognised and distinguished; for of this we must be satisfied, in spite of St Simon, Fourier, and Owen, that varieties of condition in society are about as natural and inevitable as the mental qualities by which men are distinguished, or the physical, whereby organic and inorganic entities are diversified, so as to be known. Diversity is a mean of knowledge as well as of enjoyment, and he who would reduce it runs a risk of landing in *nihilism*. Accordingly, nature's desire or propensity towards this moral shape is so well satisfied in the true Honeycombe that we expect what we find—those results of dignity and composure by which he is generally conspicuous.

We do not trouble ourselves with the question how much merit is due to that honour which is not exposed to temptation. It is enough for us to be satisfied of the fact that a man does not brag of his dinner and wine an hour or two after he has eaten and drunk it, neither is he to be feared for entering your larder or wine-cellar; he would rather be at ease. If he is very sure of being sated

every time he gets hungry, his composure will look a little like *nonchalance*, and his vivacity be sobered into *bonhomie*. Less or more of this belongs to all people who come to be well to do in the world; so vulgar a thing is a sop to democracy, unless, indeed, that democracy takes on the form of a tinkering of human nature, and then it is an incorrigible monster.

Nor do we see any reason for the other Castes worrying themselves with envy of the "Old Parchments," who are so numerous in Edinburgh, and keep so carefully apart from the new people, as if, according to John Bright, they were made of porcelain and the others of delf. There are many considerations besides the common one, that every one has a right to choose his companions. We are always forgetting that, if there are many men who are born with a love of rule, there are also many naturally inclined to render homage; and we are doubtful if human nature, in any of its relations, ever yields an intercourse more genial, kindly, and satisfactory, than that which subsists between a rich, generous, and considerate landlord, and an obedient, grateful, and not slavish servitor.

How many feelings—some of them very ennobling and beautiful, and not inconsistent with a stoical virtue—would be destroyed by the wild theories of blenders of Castes! We have evidence of it in the very literature of history and fiction, which the people of our day gloat over for the very

reason that it is picturesquely diversified by the romancer's art of introducing the lights and shades of high and humble life. It may be true, notwithstanding, that the humbler orders might have some cause to complain of the decrees of fate were certain families destined for ever to be lords of the soil; but this, by the very efforts of nature herself, who does so much for us at the very time we think she is doing nothing, is impossible. Do we not see them tumbling down every day, principally through the disintegrating effects of extravagant heirs?—

“At opera and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Till, at Vienna or Versailles,
They rive their fathers' auld entails.”

The Highland Lairds are almost all sold out,* and their possessions have been bought by enterprising

* The vicissitudes of Scotch families would form a good subject for a moral sermon. Passing over the Stuarts themselves, how many old Scotch or Highland families have been reduced, and divested of their lands and honours. The great Clanronald Macdonalds, who disputed the supremacy with the Lord of the Isles, are gone, and their islands and properties on the mainland are divided among strangers. Reay's country, the ancient inheritance of the Mackays, is now the property of the Sutherlands. The territory of the clan Farquharson has gone over to the Queen, and the proud Macnabs can claim only a burying-place on an island in Loch Tay. The list might be extended to pages. Coming to individuals, Ann, Duchess of Hamilton, proudest, richest, and best-born heiress in Scotland, was at one time so reduced as to owe her daily bread to the expertness in millinery of her follower, Miss Maxwell of Calderwood, whom she afterwards requited magnificently. Charles Gordon Urquhart, laird of Burdoyards, one of the renowned family of Urquhart of Cromarty, “after passing many years as an officer in the Scots Greys, and mixing in the first society of London and Edinburgh, was necessitated by his extravagance to sell his estate, sank, step by step, to the lowest depth of misery, and came at last a wandering beggar to his own door, or rather to that door which had once been his own.” He retained only the ancient

merchants, who, in their turn, will be Honeycombes in the course of the next century. Giddy heiresses, too, help the process, for Love sometimes laughs at entails as well as at locksmiths; and if we add that old families—never great *proletaires*, from some cause which physiologists have not been able to explain—die out, and their properties seek heirs among those whom the patricians of the house despised, we see very good reasons for not

burial-ground of Kirkmichael, which, having descended in strict tail, is now possessed by David Urquhart, who would rather lose his head than give up this heritage, which secures him the chieftancy of the chivalresque Clan Urquhart. Of that heroic tribe, who has not heard of the twenty-five sons of the famous Thomas Urquhart, of whom seven fell at Pinkie, and others "travelled with great gallantry to forrain countries," as quaint old Sir Thomas Urquhart in his "*Pantoxronoxanon*" has it; or of Lady Margaret Urquhart, in whose clothes her brother James, Earl of Airlie, escaped the night before his intended execution, after being taken prisoner at Philphaugh?

If we look to Ireland, we find the same causes in operation, quickened by the Encumbered Estates Act. Take an instance or two out of hundreds—that of the heiress of Connemara, the daughter of the famous Dick Martin, who, literally a princess in her own right, if judged by the extent of her possessions and of the antiquity of her lineage, died all but an actual pauper, the other day, as it were. What story of fiction is more striking than that of D'Arcy of Clifden Castle, Galway, who, after the ruinous sale of his estates, took orders, and became a missionary in the very district which used to be his own; or what more marvellous instance of the depreciation of property than in the sale of Castle Hyde, Cork, the inheritance of one of the Clarendon Hydes, and first cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, deprived of his fine old place in the famine? But what are these to the changes in the family of Cromwell? "Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Protector's great-grandson, was a grocer on Snow Hill, and his son, Oliver, the last male heir of the family, an attorney of London. Several of the Protector's granddaughters' children sank to the lowest class of society. One, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a little Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters; the elder the wife of a shoemaker, and the younger of a butcher's son, who had been her fellow-servant. Another of the Great Oliver's great-granddaughters had two children who earned their scant bread by the humblest industry, the son as a small working jeweller, and the daughter as the mistress of a little school at Maidenhall."

being much dissatisfied with a system which, besides not being for ever exclusive, is often a good support to the virtues, and of which the worst that can be said is that great people elect to choose their own companions, as if the same liberty were not insisted for by every one above the bearer of a wallet-bag; and even beggars will only potwallop comfortably with their own kith and kin.

It is surely a great comfort to those who wish to rise into these altitudes to know that, if the brave deserve the fair, they may get their desert by abjuring faint hearts. We have all heard the story of Bowes, the low adventurer, who had pluck and address enough to obtain the hand of the famous Countess of Strathmore,* and whose name of

* This lady, who died in London on the 5th May 1860, was twice married, first to John Bowes, tenth Earl of Strathmore, and second, to the Right Hon. William Hutt, M.P. for Gateshead. Her maiden name was Mary Milner, and she was born, we believe, at Staindrop. Her marriage with the Earl of Strathmore took place on Sunday, July 30, 1820. His Lordship died the day after the nuptial ceremony, in the 52d year of his age. His estates were not entailed, and he made a full settlement of his property previous to his death. The title of Earl of Strathmore, which he inherited from his father, was an old and celebrated Scotch title; but in 1816 he was raised to the English Peerage as Baron Bowes, of Streathlam Castle, in the county of Durham, and of Lunedale, in the county of York. The English barony expired with him, and a doubt arose whether a marriage in England subsequent to the birth of a child would legitimise that child in Scotland. The question was decided by the law courts in the negative, and the Countess's only son, John Bowes, Esq., was not permitted to take the title of his father, but it devolved upon his Lordship's youngest brother, Thomas Lyon Bowes, who became Earl of Strathmore, Viscount Lyon, and Baron Glammis, Tanadycce, Sirlaw, and Stradidochty. His grandson, Thomas George Bowes, is the present inheritor of the Scottish titles and estates. The late Dowager-Countess of Strathmore was married to Mr Hutt at St George's, Hanover Square, London, on the 16th March, 1831, when that gentleman was member of Parliament for Hull. Her son, John Bowes, Esq., of Streath-

Bowes, conjoined with Lyon, now figures on the parchments of that ancient house. It would require a fine analyst to distinguish the globules of the Bowes blood from those of the Lyon in the veins of the existing descendants.

. The same process is continually going on. It is not yet sixty years since a Highland family, not far from Pitlochrie, which had got well riddled and crusted by time, fell into the scrape of having no male heir. There was no entail, and every chance of the family going down among the snobs. No one of the neighbouring lairds' sons could come to the rescue. But what has beauty to do with the

Iam Castle, is the proprietor of the English estates of the junior branch of the ancient and famous family of Bowes. He was elected one of the members for the southern division of the county of Durham in the first Reform Parliament in 1832, and he sat for that division till 1847, when he retired in favour of Lord Harry Vane. He is at the head of the well-known Marley Hill Coking Establishment. The late Countess had no issue by her second marriage. She lived a retired but useful life at Gillside, and was much respected by all who had her acquaintance.

But here is an example of a rise which will astonish the reader. The Montgomeries of Eaglesham had from an early period a dwelling-house in the Saltmarket. Alexander, Lord Montgomerie (who died about four centuries ago), had a daughter, Margaret, married to John Stuart Earl of Lennox; their son was Mathew Earl of Lennox; his son John Earl of Lennox; his son Mathew Earl of Lennox; his son Henry Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary; their son King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; his daughter Princess Elizabeth; her daughter Princess Sophia; her son George I.; his son George II.; his grandson George III.; and his granddaughter Queen Victoria. It would thus appear that the ancestors of our Sovereign fourteen generations back lived in the Saltmarket of Glasgow! What would Baillie Nicol Jarvie have said could he have divined that in the year 1859 the descendant of a *Saltmarket lass* would sit on a British throne—come down from London to assist at the completion of an amicable and permanent union between his worthy successors in the magistracy of Glasgow and the descendants of his old friend Rob Roy Macgregor, and actually send the water of Loch Katrine through the streets of Glasgow. My conscience!

pride of Highland lineage? So thought a gallant officer whose germ had sprung into existence somewhere about the Saltmarket. He had heard of the impending danger, hurried to the breach, and married the heiress off-hand. No sooner had he settled among the heather than, like the John of our story, he felt the divine spirit of aristocracy rising up in him; but then he was a *novus homo*, and how could he carry his wife's name? What was to be done for the gallant Major, who had burned to be a Honeycombe? He consulted a lawyer, and got his wife to entail the property upon himself and his descendants, under the condition that he, the Major, should bear the name and arms of the old proprietors of this piece of hill and bog. He accordingly changed his name,—built an addition to the old mansion, to make it as like a castle as possible,—strutted about as a Highland Lord,—and got very easily over head and ears into debt. Yet, such was the rabidness of his ambition to have the property kept in the line of the Saltmarket blood, that, regardless of the claims of his children, he conveyed it to trustees, for the purpose of conserving the entail, by collecting the rents and paying off the debt through a long course of years; nay, so long was the scheme a-working that it was not till the third generation, and after many of a large family had died, that the heiress, a granddaughter, got a penny out of the estate. Then she plays the same game as her grandmother, gets a

novus homo of poor descent from England, who carries the name, lives upon the small rents, and gets among the "Blue Veins;" and all this complicated work is about a piece of hill-ground, the income of which is not more than that of a well-to-do sausage-maker.

The examples of families dying out, and being succeeded by upstarts, are no less common. We all know the rise of the Forbesees (Copperbottoms) of Callendar: only one generation served to raise them into Honeycombes—the son of the first Copperbottom having married the daughter of the Earl of Wemyss.* There is also a rapid honeycombing

* The Honeycombes are sometimes great moralisers, and talk of fate, who is rather heavy on them. They are fond of great mausoleums, on which there is generally written some lines indicating the fleetness of life, the vanity of human wishes, and the greatness of their houses. They have a good deal to lose, and are not ever quite reconciled to give up their possessions; and when they come to be obliged they naturally complain a little, either in borrowed Latin or Greek. If the successor praises the predecessor, it is only because he is satisfied the whole family is great, and that the world sustains an awful loss in the departure of every scion. An upstart on the property of an ancient family pays great attention to the new mausoleum, that, if possible, it may outstrip the monuments of the extinct family. Could anything be grander than the monument to the first Copperbottom, erected on the ruins of the Earls of Linlithgow and Callendar? The widow has erected a splendid mausoleum to the memory of her departed lord. It is circular, 45 feet high, with a rustic cell 19 feet in length, and 36 feet high. Over a Doric entablature rises what within is a dome, and without is covered with a stone tiling and rib mouldings. Over the door in the north of the cell is a Greek inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"All things we mortals call our own,
Are mortal too and quickly flown;
But could they all for ever stay,
We soon from them must pass away."

Edinburgh is on the eve of being graced by a superb mausoleum to the

going on in the numerous participators of the enormous fortune—ill-gotten to a large extent—left by the notorious Gilbert Innes of Stow, the grandson of a poor Highlander who rented a small farm called Rora, in the north. According to the law of honeycombing, the vices of the money-maker* do not affect the escutcheon adopted by the descendants, and in this case we believe that a motto was chosen,—“The Lord willed it.” Some half-dozen of old family inheritances have been bought by the children of the heir whom the Lord willed

memory of the late Colonel Gordon of Cluny. We would recommend the praise to be in Greek also. *Sic itur ad astra.*

Since the above note was written the mausoleum has been erected.

* M'Nab of M'Nab, when accused in Court of having some thirty bastards, stood up and said,—“It's no true, my Lord; I hae only twenty-four;” but we have it on as good authority, that Gilbert Innes did not deny to thirty-six. One solitary fact will for ever secure for this man the proper estimate of his virtues. Among the last of his victims was a woman—otherwise decent and well-behaved—who lived in James' Square. She had borne to him several children, and thought that she had possession of his affections. She saw that he was getting very old and infirm—not far from eighty-six—and began to be apprehensive that she and her poor family would be left unprovided for. Under this fear she prayed him earnestly to make some arrangement, whereby she and they might be placed beyond the danger she dreaded; a promise was given that she would be made safe, but she was acquainted with his procrastinating habits, and at every visit she repeated her request, until he became fairly reduced to do something for the sake of peace. One day, accordingly, he came to the house, and having seated himself, drew out of his pocket a paper parcel, very nicely tied up, in addition to being as carefully sealed with large blotches of wax. He handed it to her with as much solemnity as his nature was capable of, told her it contained a settlement in her favour, and enjoined upon her the obligation not to open it till she heard of his death,—using a severe threat, that if she disobeyed him in this she would fare the worse. The woman was perfectly satisfied,—nay, delighted,—and things went on as before.

It was not long before this bank governor died worth £300,000, and when the woman opened the packet, she found in it a sheet of blank paper.

to succeed to the fortune of this man. It is only the great income of £15,000 a-year which induces us to particularise the H——s of P——ff, a family in the West End, which originated some ninety years ago in a respectable shaver. What fine old Honeycombes the Yeamans of Murie were, who used to be in Edinburgh, and whose name is extinct some years ago. The story goes that the first of them was a sailor, the son of the famous witch, Grizel Jamphray, whose memory is connected with tar-barrels and prickers. The young Jamphray having come up the Tay, and seen what he ascertained to be the flames of the pyre on which his mother was burnt, turned his helm, went to the West Indies, became a buccaneer, returned a rich man under an assumed name, bought the fine estate which was then, as it is now, in the market for sale, and founded a family, which came to be among the most respectable in all the Carse of Gowrie.

To understand the Land Caste of Edinburgh, we must know that the families naturally connected with the city, from the proximity of their properties, such as Niddry, Edmonstone, The Inch, Dalmeny, St Germain's, Prestonfield, The Grange, and so forth, form but an insignificant portion of this ramifying Caste. Some of these, indeed, take their rise from civic dignitaries, in whose elevation, abilities, honesty, and public spirit had a share.

It may rather be said that the city is a kind of

rendezvous for the Honeycombes of Scotland, and many too from England, who take houses for a year or two, alternating their residences with their country mansions and castles, which they occupy during the summer. It is of no importance to the permanency of the Caste how often they shift, for their scent of each other transcends all mortal sympathies. It is said by some naturalists that bees know their brethren and sistern of the same hive by the scent, and truly it would seem that our Honeycombes have a wonderful faculty in discovering the flavour of mildewed parchments, and even distinguishing by the nose the degree of intensity, ranging from pure green up to the yellow rotten mould, which corrodes both skin and wax seal, and leaves the glorious vestiges in trollops and rags as old as the Conquest; and so in proportion is their love of each other,—hardly observable where the skin is only fifty years off the sheep's back, but increasing as the age increases up and up, till the pity is that the ascent cannot get so far as the skin of the goat that suckled Jove. An arrival of one coming near to such as are of the age of Haig of Bemersyde, Hunter of Polmood,* Stirling of Keir, Hay of Dupplin, Scott of Scotstarvit, Ramsay of Dalhousie, and such like deities,

* This is said to be one of the oldest Scotch families; yet the descent has more than once been broken. The blood of an Edinburgh merchant now fills the veins of the Polmooods. There was an old prophecy that the Hunters of Polmood were never to prosper. In Hogg's time the ownership of the property had been contested for fifty years.

spreads among the class with a celerity far quicker than the movement of such a vulgar power as electricity. They seem to know, as if by instinct, that an addition has been made to the forces required to repel the inroads of these terrible modern mill-spinners, merchants, and tradesmen, all odorous of really the products of nature, who, with their land-purchases, coaches, powdered lacqueys, escutcheons, and emblazonings, are coming so provokingly near, that every day they tremble lest the common creatures, in their grotesque imitations, touch the brass of the knocker, perhaps made by some of them, and demand entry like a knight at the palisades. And then the dignified complacency of their evening assemblages, where two hands meet, moved by that very nervous fluid, and two pairs of eyes shine on each other with the self-same effulgence that directed the hands and illumined the eyes of their *pro-abavi* five hundred years ago. What to this is any mere emotion which could heave the hearts or bedew the eyes of fathers and sons, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, who have been separated only for the small period of twenty years?—only a vulgar hysteria to a divine complacency.

Alas, for poor human nature! there are many reasons other than what we have given why men need not trouble themselves to envy those who are called great. It is too true that they are eternally smothering their natural affections, lest they should

offend that decorum which consists in disobeying nature; and we suspect they are not good sufferers, in a world the evils of which they are always trying to shut out by merely conventional stratagems. So pampered, too, by menials, and such idolaters of each other and themselves, they are often so ill fitted for bearing the chastisements of Providence, which are strange and cruel to them, that they make fretful sick-beds; nor has this aught to do with good or evil deserts, for generally they are superior not only in their outward respect of the virtues, but in their practice of them, though rather as worldly offerings to earthen shrines than heart-felt sacrifices to Heaven. So true it is that wealth, which is a wand of power in the hands of a wizard, changes into a serpent and strangles him.*

* "It has been wisely said that there lie as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them. I have a rich neighbour who is so busy that he has no time to laugh. God knows that the cares which are the keys which keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights when others sleep quietly."—ISAAC WALTON.

CHAPTER IV.

The Law Lords.

"The difference is all a hum
Twixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum,
And what is all this mighty bellum
Twixt lords of paper and of vellum?"

OLD SONG.

Non sunt quales erant. The Law Lords or Judges in the Court of Session,* are not now what they used to be before the Whigs took all the gowns from the Tories. The real beginning of this change was the era of the passing of the Reform Bill, though long before there were indications of

* The Court of Session was established in the year 1532, as "ane college of cunning and wise men, baith of spiritual and temporal estate, for the doing and administration of justice in all civil actions," and was to consist of a president and fourteen ordinary members, the one half clerical and the other half lay. The second Lord President of this court was Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, who was appointed to the office in 1548. He is described as a man of learning, and who did much to advance it among his countrymen. He was much employed in diplomatic embassies, and was one of the commissioners to witness the marriage of Mary to the Dauphin of France. Among the benefactions of Bishop Reid to the cause of learning one of the greatest is his bequest of 8000 merks towards founding a college in Edinburgh for the education of youth, which money was laid out in the purchase of the site of the famous Kirk of Field, on which the University now stands. Bishop Reid died at Dieppe, not without suspicion of having been poisoned at the instance of the House of Guise, whose enmity he had incurred by his spirited conduct in Paris. Adam Bothwell, another Bishop of Orkney, took his seat on the bench as an Ordinary Lord in 1565. In 1567 he married Mary and Bothwell, and two months afterwards he crowned James VI., then a mere infant. "He was after-

what the old families, whose cadets looked to the bench as a place where they had certain hereditary rights, had to expect when the Liberals came to acquire the ascendancy. Even so early as 1812 these reformers had begun to turn their eyes, with a leer of confident expectation, upon the ermined robes and horse-hair wigs, much in the way the soldier-crabs view the tenanted buckies where they are to house comfortably when the inhabitants are dead. It was clear that no mercy would be extended to those learned foggies who had presumed for so long a time to monopolise the luxury of dispensing, or dispensing with, justice, and pocketing therefor their two or three thousand a-year. So when John Clerk was waited upon by a friend of the then Solicitor-General, Mr Wedderburn, with the request that the latter might, notwithstanding of the change of Government, be allowed for a short time to retain his silk gown, till it was seen whether the new Ministry would hold their feet, the answer of the eccentric counsel was ready,—“Na, na; tell the b——s I must have his gown.” Yet how ill-natured some people are; though perfectly aware that motives are like Harlequin’s jackets, one beneath another, certain Tories do not hesitate to

wards delated for not visiting the kirks of his country, but from Lamb-mass to Hallowmass. *Item*, that he occupied the room of a Judge in the Session, the sheep wandering without a shepherd. *Item*, because he solemnised the marriage of the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell, which was altogether wicked, and contrary to God’s law and the statutes of the Kirk. He submitted to the discipline of the Kirk, and was restored to the ministry.” He died in 1598.

allege that all the grand principles of liberty enunciated with such learning and eloquence in the *Edinburgh Review* were all derived from the egg—"We must have the b——s' gowns." And so they have got them,* and the wigs too—the one

* The bitterness of the Whigs, after ousting the Tories in 1806, was curiously exemplified by John Clerk. Upon the occasion of Lord Melville's impeachment, Mr Clerk was afraid of an illumination. In Scotland, excepting with a small minority, Lord Melville was highly popular; nor was this at all remarkable, as his Lordship's partiality for his countrymen was notorious, and numberless persons owed their fortunes and station to his friendly exertions. When the news of the acquittal came to Edinburgh, it was intended there should be a general illumination. This ebullition of public feeling gave great offence to the "Talents;"* and Mr John Clerk, then Solicitor-General, determined at least to prevent this as far as he could. He waited accordingly on the Chief Magistrate, and delivered to him a written legal opinion, the evident object of which was to terrify the Town Council, which he certainly succeeded in doing. A copy of it is preserved, and is too curious to be omitted. Listen to the wish-born logic:—

"I am of opinion that it is against law, in a city of the size of Edinburgh, to do anything by which a mob may be collected, for the purpose of compelling the inhabitants to illuminate their windows. The meanest person in the city who attempts to make a mob, or does anything whereby a mob may be gathered for the purpose aforesaid, acts against law, and is not only liable civilly for any damages that may be done, but may be prosecuted criminally for punishment; and the crime does not depend on a following mischief, but upon the act by which a danger of mischief is occasioned, whether such mischief actually follow or not. And if it is illegal, even in mean and ordinary persons, to do such acts, I conceive it to be much more culpable, and, therefore, more highly punishable, where such acts are committed by persons in the higher ranks of life, whose example is more dangerous, and who have not the excuse of ignorance. And most of all do I hold it culpable when such acts are committed by magistrates or persons in authority. These persons must not only abstain from such attempts themselves, but they must give no countenance

* "ALL THE TALENTS" ADMINISTRATION.—On the death of Mr Pitt (Jan. 23, 1806), Lord Grenville succeeded to the Ministry, and united with Mr Fox and his friends. The friends of this Ministry gave it the appellation of "All the Talents," which, being echoed in derision by the Opposition, became fixed upon it ever after, Feb. 5, 1806. The death of Mr Fox (Sept. 13, 1806) led to various changes, and this Ministry was finally dissolved, March, the next year.

supplied as formerly by the old aristocratic house of Willis, and the latter from the successors of

to them in others, either directly or indirectly by connivance. And, on the contrary, it is their duty to do everything in their power, by exertion of their authority, and by employing those who are under their orders, to prevent every attempt of the kind.*

"And, farther, it is against law, in any case, to do anything whereby the inhabitants of the city may be compelled to illuminate their windows against their will. I hold the breach of the law to be much greater, as it is much more dangerous, where the proposed illumination is on account of an event as to which there is not a union of sentiment. Where an account arrives of a great victory obtained by his Majesty's arms, and every person is filled with joy, there is so little risk of harm from an illumination that it is held to be allowable to give way to the public feeling, though it is not strictly agreeable to law, and there is a sort of sanction by practice to illuminations on such occasions. And where there is reason to apprehend that the public mind is very much divided, and that the most opposite feelings possess different parties, the joy of the one must not be allowed to break out in anything in which it may be met by the discontent or displeasure of the other. An illumination is a thing of this sort; and if it is allowed to take place on account of the event the news of which has just reached the city, I do not think it will be possible to prevent mischief. Wherefore I am clearly of opinion that the authors, promoters, and persons in authority, who connive at an illumination on this occasion, must involve themselves in illegal acts, and will be very deeply responsible for the consequences.

(Signed) "JOHN CLERK.

"EDINBURGH, 15th June 1806,

"(Sunday)."

In consequence of this strongly-expressed document, the Magistrates issued a proclamation, in which they stated, that "information having been received that many of the inhabitants of this city and suburbs are desirous to testify their joy on the acquittal of Lord Melville, by illuminating their houses; but his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland, in the absence of the Lord Advocate,† having communicated to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city, and Sheriff of the county, 'that, from information received by him, it appears that there are apprehensions of riot and disturbance in the city, in case of an illumination upon the acquittal of Lord Melville,' the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Sheriff, however desirous the citizens may be to illuminate their houses on the above

* What would Mr Clerk have said to the Marquis of Anglesey's "Agitate, agitate, agitate!"

† The Hon. Henry Erskine, M.P. At the subsequent election he was returned member for the Dumfries Burghs.

Clerehough; nor is there any wonder that they look very much like their predecessors: so utterly false is the adage, *Simia in purpura*. Nay, though the men are of bran-new families,* not higher

occasion, do hereby recommend to them to abstain from that mode of testifying their joy at this time.

"While they congratulate their fellow-citizens in the honourable acquittal of that distinguished statesman by the highest tribunal of the nation, and participate in the general feeling of happiness on that occasion, they trust that nothing will be done to injure the property or persons of individuals, which the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Sheriff are determined to protect."

Notwithstanding this manifesto, the illumination was pretty general; and amongst other instances of enthusiasm may be noticed that of Messrs Campbell & Young, brewers, who, in the centre of their yard belonging to their premises, placed a butt of their excellent stout, over which was suspended a transparency of the Dundas arms, under which was, "The friend of his country." The supporters of the noble Lord entered by the west and retired by the east gate. This continued till near twelve o'clock at night.

The Magistrates, the Merchant Company, and other bodies, voted congratulatory addresses upon the occasion. In short, every possible mark of respect was paid throughout Scotland by the citizens generally to their countryman.

We believe, at the present date, as political bias against his Lordship has subsided, that all parties consider the decision of the House of Peers as a most just one. That Lord Melville was careless in money matters is plain enough, and that he acted foolishly in reposing confidence where he ought not is sufficiently obvious; but that he was guilty of peculation is altogether unfounded. Had he been tainted with the vice of avarice, would he have died the poor man he did? or would his son ever have parted with the beautiful estate of Dunira to pay the debts of his father?

* However much the Law Lords may be thought of among the *parvum* tribe, they receive very little honour from the Honeycombes. The antipathy with which they are viewed by the Highland lairds, comes very close to the liking we ourselves have towards the Highland mist. On their part this feeling may arise from the little success they meet with in their lawsuits, a species of warfare now much in vogue since the redressing of wrongs by fire and sword has been shelved, and the fiery cross displaced by the serving a summons. A friend of ours, engaged in a jury trial at Inverary before Lord W—, seated beside his client—a chief of a Highland glen who traced his ancestry to before that paltry body of a gardener, Adam, and whose ancestors were so tall men that the waters of Noah's flood only got up to their knees—was at some considerable dif-

often than worthy tradesmen, you could hardly tell the difference if we would just consent to admit that we cannot find a certain indescribable something which belongs to their predecessors—that look of birth and breeding so perceptible in the cadets of the old families, (especially *after* we know that they really are such,) which they say it is as impossible to describe as it is impossible to imitate.

Certainly the real picturesque of the judicial character was not to be found in the old occupants of the bench, in the same degree, at least as respects decorum, as in the present. The latter creep into

fasculty in keeping the chieftain quiet. Lord W—— had cause occasionally to animadvert strongly against the conduct of the gentleman, who, by snapping his fingers, taking snuff, unsheathing and sheathing his dirk, found means to get rid of his extra indignation. The case in dispute was about the right of A's bull to eat the herbage of B's park, wherein grazed B's bull. These worthies, like their masters, viewed each other with no very amicable feelings, and one day Bull A having entered the enclosure of Bull B, a battle-royal took place, in which the aggressor was most ignominiously rolled in the mud, to the damage of his hide and his master's honour. "I believe," said Lord W——, "it would be easier to make Highland bulls agree than Highland lairds." With that the irate chief, losing all patience, started up, drew his dirk, and exclaimed, "My praw Lort o' paper, hat I you whaur ta moorcocks are gillies, I't," and he made a horrid grimace and flourish with his weapon. He was with difficulty removed from the court, shaking his head most ominously.

All who have attended our law courts know something of the pertinacity and ingenious stubbornness of Gaelic-speaking witnesses; but the following caps the climax of good things in that respect. A bankrupt of Highland origin, who had been previously whitewashed on three different occasions, was brought before the Sheriff of a neighbouring town for examination, when it was found that some matters connected with his failure could not bear the searching investigation of his Lordship. The nature of some dubious transaction was brought nearly to a point, after a great deal of fencing on the part of the bankrupt; and at last a question was put which it was impossible to evade. He hesitated for several minutes; but, on being peremptorily ordered to answer, said, with his best Highland accent—"Would your Lordship ask me in Gaelic, for my English i 'dune "

their gowns and seem to be worn by them, while the former threw theirs over their shoulders and seemed to wear *them*. Nor will there appear much of a paradox here to those who know that a Judge ought to mock his nature somewhat by appearing so grave and simple as almost to seem dead to the passions and emotions which go to form the characteristics of human beings, whose piebaldness is the very means appointed by the Author of nature for classifying and distinguishing them. And so we come to the distinction between our old and new Judges: while the latter feel all the responsibility of their elevation,—sometimes as much due to political servility as to inherent ability,—the former, as conceiving themselves born to the dignity, carried it easily, and often with little prejudice to the peculiarities, foibles, and even vices of their true character.

But if they had not at all times the picturesqueness of a priest of Justice, they found means to impart an interest to their characters, derived from the *bonhomie* and *brusquerie*, which, without disobeying her behests, they played off under her blank eyes.* The light of the golden beetle was

* We doubt, if we were to go far back, how far an examination of the decorum of these old Judges would be in their favour. Some years ago there went the round of the newspapers the story of a certain Lord Justice-Clerk, of some hundred years back, who married his servant; and no doubt it appeared strange enough that an incident of so domestic, and certainly not very unseemly character, should have been made so much of. But we have in our possession an old black-letter kind of Chaldee MS., of a much more curious kind, written by a clerk of some religious house, wherein he says—"It is ryght mournfulle to see ye doinges of

refracted by the varied lenses in grotesque forms
in these days * when one might have seen a grave

these profayne men of ye lawe, whilk are yenough to bring a plage upon
oure modern Egypt—

Carmen et Jigge,
Calix et Swigge,
Scuta et Progge,
Equus et Dogge,
Amor et Jorum,
Dei sunt eorum.

There is at this tyme ane learned Judge upon ye bench of Justice who,
when he was yonge, was goe given to ye softer sexe that he did engage a
servyle woman to keep an engyne yclypt ane mangel, an engyne whilk
was introduced here from the Lowe Countries for ye purpose of smooth-
ing habulziements; whereunto yong and prettie handmaidens did resort,
and wherebye ye said yong manne, whose name by ye way was Rake-
wynds, had ane opportunitie of makyng his devoirs unto ye same. So a
wagge did indyte these lynes upon him, which are wytty and deserve to
be keepit—

‘When Rakewynds wold yong handmaidens entangle,
He tryed ane artful dodge and krypt a *mangel*;
And nowe kyng’s Advocat, ye dodge still suits him,
For in his guilty *callendar* he puttes them;
And when he’s made a Judge he will be ready
To hange these pretty mayds upon a *wuddy*.’

Nathless, I am bound to saye that ye said individuall makes an excellenty
Judge, and is attour a fyne fellowe.

“Then there is my Lord Oillysydes, a maist jolly dogge, moch given to
jokying and baggyng, and who yet did as they saye wryte some very
sentimental layes, wherein he maist drolly descryved himself as ane *chylde
of Nature*! wherewith the pepil laughed moch at so bigg a bairn and such a
modder, whereupon ye said wagge did also indyte ye following lynes,
alswa deserwing to be keepit—

‘Of whilk sweet muse is Oillysydes ye sonne?
Of none, says Oillysydes, I’m *Nature’s own*—
Bot poets’ judgements are notte always rigght,
’Tis certain he belongs to Widdow W—te.”

* When shall we see a scene again like the following?—The Court had
been engaged in the discussion of a Bill of Suspension and Interdict relative
to certain caravans with wild beasts on the Mound, in the course of which
Lord Bannatyne fell asleep. This cause having been disposed of, the
next was called, which related to a right of *lien* over certain goods, when
the learned Lord, who continued dozing, having heard the word *lien* pro-

Lord staggering up to his chair, and alternating the wild orgies of a whole night's debauch by commencing the duties of a Judge; or another grave and reverend Senator dealing forth a hearty fisticuff on the thick head of a clerk for presuming to say that his Lordship might as well send a pair of old boots to avizandum as the case he had ordered there; or another replying to a Counsel who pled his wife's death as a reason for delaying a case—"Ay, Mr A——, that's a grand excuse, I wish we had a' an excuse like that;" or to go higher, the very head of the Court denouncing an ermined brother as a "guse" for writing in a book bad law, and leading a poor litigant astray; not to mention such freaks of Lord Hermand as when, for instance, he read a whole chapter of "Guy Mannering" to the Court, and could scarcely be restrained from finishing the volume; or the peculiarities of the good-natured Balmuto, as when he would burst out into a loud laugh at one of Henry Erskine's jokes three or four minutes after the general laugh had died away into silence—merely because his honest head had taken all that time to be penetrated to the tingleable

nounced emphatically *Anglicé*, not *Gallicé*, by Lord Meadowbank, made the mistake here recorded:—

MEADOWBANK—"I am very clear that there was a *lien* upon this property."

BANNATYNE, (half asleep)—"Certainly; but it ought to be chained beca-a-se," * &c.

BALMUTO—"My Lord, it's no a livin' *lien*—it's the Latin word *lien*."

HERMAND—"No, sir; the word is French."

BALMUTO—"I thought it was Latin—for it's in italics."

* The way in which his Lordship usually pronounced "because."

place.* Whether these and such like incidents, of which our chronicles are full, ought to be taken as examples or exceptions, there still remains no doubt of the comparative freeness, if not *bonhomie*, of the Scottish bench prior to the great era of change; neither is there room for question that this manner, even when it descended to buffoonery or sheer psittacism, was somehow or another compatible with a greater amount of dignity of learning than our ermine exhibits in these latter times of frigid decorum. You may try to account for this in any way you please, but it will probably be easier to make the attempt than to dispute the fact. An obvious enough solution may be found in an observation which has the appearance of being excessively absurd, but which may nevertheless be excessively true, that while the conviction of talent produces often only the reserve and gravity of the owl, or the contempt of the bubblyjock, the consciousness of rank and birth for the most part makes itself known in not only the mere appearance of what we call dignity and authority, but also in some of their intrinsic qualities. Of course, you may say, even though you may be of the caste of the conglomer-

* We might mention other oddities, but refer to Lord Cockburn's "Memorials" for the freaks of Erskine and others. His Lordship leaves out a curiosity in which he himself figured. One day he had bounced into the Second Division, and came out again in a hurry, meeting Jeffrey at the door. "See you any paleness about my face?" said he. "No," replied Jeffrey; "I hope you're not unwell?" "Don't know; I just heard Bolus (Lord Justice-Clerk B——e) say, 'I for one am of opinion that this case is founded on the fundamental basis of a quadrilateral contract, the our sides of which are agglutinated by adhesion.'" "I think you had better go home," said Jeffrey.

ates, that it is all semblance, mere pasteboard and Dutch gold, but then we must just take the liberty—even although we are not of the Honeycombes—of turning round upon you, and asking why you and all the world besides permit yourselves to be cheated by it? Nay, so much do we go along with you, that we have no other wish than to be undeceived when we mention our conviction that the late Lord Justice-Clerk * with his homely patronymic, and in spite of the disfavour with which he was viewed for his hauteur, sent forth more weight and effect in a look or a word than what was carried by a harangue of his brethren, with titles ridiculously derived from a few acres bought with the fees of yesterday.

Yet a very slight acquaintanceship with the Parliament House will satisfy any one that our new men—being Scotchmen—cannot sustain, like the English judges, the owl-like gravity to which

* It is amusing to see how the lesser judges sometimes imitate the higher. A ballie of Dundee, after witnessing the Lord Justice-Clerk pass sentence of death very impressively upon a criminal, happening to have a fine of eighteenpence to impose on an offender, thus solemnly addressed him—"You must therefore either go to jail or pay the money, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Yet if his lordship had a dignity of manner, his official denomination did not carry the same weight. His lordship was enjoying shooting upon one occasion over a friend's estate in the country, but happened to trespass in pursuit of game on the property of a neighbouring proprietor. The farmer, on seeing the intruder, cried out to him, "Hey, there, get oot o' my neeps," to which adjuration no attention was paid. Raising his voice, he again bawled, "I say you there, d' ye hear, get oot o' my neeps." Turning slowly round, his Lordship, in a dignified manner, inquired, "Do you know who I am, sir? I am the Lord Justice-Clerk!" "I dinna gie a d—n wha's clerk ye're—clerk here or clerk there, get oot o' my neeps."

they so clearly aspire. We suspect Sawney was never intended to look very grave and at the same time very learned for any great length of time. He is uneasy under the titillation of the foetus of a joke struggling to get out of so ticklish a place as a Scotsman's skull. In his judicial aspect he reminds us of the old custom of the Greeks, who appointed five men to judge of the merits of their comedies, and though the award behoved to be given in favour of that which was the most laughable, the umpires were expected to give their judgment with the utmost solemnity. That the gravity is a mere self-denying ordinance against which the spirit revolts, an hour's attendance will prove any day. The powder is always under the wig, only suffocated a little by the tow or horse-hair. A spark from Mr Logan will easily reach the predisposed President or some other, and the pluff is immediately followed by three crepitations, to the last or all of which there responds the doubtful *refrain* of the solicitors and the audience.

"There, was a case in America, my Lord, where a man, by a bill, promised *not* to pay, and yet was made to pay."

P—T. "It must have been a Scotsman who signed that bill." (A laugh.)

LORD C—. "No—an American; but of course he must have gone from Scotland." (Laugh.)

LORD I—. "There was a mistake. The debtor intended, no doubt, to have written, 'I

promise, by this note, to pay,' and left out 'by this.'"* (Laugh.)

And so the crackle goes every now and then; but while we admit that this kind of judicial fun must sound in the ear of at least one of the unfortunate litigants very like the merry tunes played upon the drum in which, according to the Hungarian story, a culprit was shut up to die of starvation, we are bound to confess, what is, indeed, a psychological curiosity, that it is the best legal heads that secrete the matter of these fulminations. So true it is that in all the sciences, scarcely excepting even mathematics, and certainly not theology, a vein of pleasant humour is found not only not incompatible with deep cogitation, but rather as in some way its helper and coadjutor. Yet, admitting, or rather asserting, this propensity to throw off for a little their rigid decorum, we still retain the consistency of our statement of the diversity of aspects between the old bench and the new. We easily recognise the difference between

* The newspaper-reporting bears often hard upon the credit of these judicial "Joe Millers." For instance, one paper attributes to the acute President the folly of saying, "He could *not* have been a Scotsman who signed that bill."

A horse-dealer in Edinburgh having hired a horse to a writer, (attorney,) the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse, when the hirer insisted upon payment by bill, if it was not convenient to pay cash. The writer had no objections to grant a bill, but said it must be at a long date. The hirer desired him to fix his time, when the writer drew a promissory-note, making it payable at the Day of Judgment. An action was raised, when the writer desired the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied, "The bill is perfectly good, and, as this is the day of judgment, I decree that you pay to-morrow."

jets spurting out from the imposed bed and the roll of vapour from the killogie, or the protruded head of the tortoise looking for a blink of sunlight and that of the lion as he tosses the dew from his main and flies after his prey.

But the difference is even greater, if we are to believe the Lord President himself, when he made his speech at the Burns' festival, and gave it forth that we have no giants on the bench in our day. Of course, he did not mean to deny that we have *just* men—only they do not contain among them any Justinians. The Stairs, the Meadowbanks, the Blairs, and the Braxfields have no one to represent them in aught but the desire to hold even the balance of justice. A tame mediocrity of talent has stolen in upon us wherein there is no *Cantor post Lesbium* to blow the trump of the old legists. We suspect the learned lord was only humiliating his humility in the deep gnomon cast from these reputed Anaks which Time elongates as he goes. In many cases these giants were, after all, only Grants, and, even admitting their greatness, they are only a few names spread over centuries. Nay, we are apt to think that the Tory lord was inclined to be satirical at the expense of the judicial Whigs born of the Reform Bill, were it not that we might gather from his threnody that we are never more to have inequalities, with mountains towering over molehills—a doctrine which is belied by examples in the other sciences, wherein we

have Faradays, and Owens, and Murchisons, and De Morgans, and Wheatstones still among us. Certain it is, at least, that the "Ah, Tam, we cam sune!" has not the same application in law that it has in literature.

It may even be said that the Whigs during their three decades have had two great men for each; John Clerk and Jeffrey for the first, Cranstoun and Moncreiff for the second, and Cockburn* and Rutherford† for the third, while the Tories could

* The laziness attributed to Cockburn was co-ordinate with a carelessness of obligation and a certain want of sympathy with the wants and feelings of those beyond his own fireside or circle of friendship; whereas Jeffrey was true, tender-hearted, warm, and genial. It is said that an agent, who had sent Henry an important case, was so suspicious of the advocate that he tied up his brief and papers in such a way as to know whether the knot was unbound. Next day he waited for the cripple clerk of the advocate, and getting him to open his bag, found, to his dismay, that the papers were in the same state in which he had tied them up. "Why," said he, "Cockburn has never unloosed them." "Never mind," replied the clerk, "he says he'll carry your case." And he did carry it.

Take next an example of his dallying coldly, if not heartlessly, with a matter of life and death, in the case of the poor old wretch who was hanged at Stirling for the murder of his wife. The inhabitants of Stirling forwarded to Cockburn, who had tried the man, a petition for a favourable recommendation to the crown. The petitioners dwelt much upon the age of the man, eighty-one. When they got back the rejected appeal, there appeared written on the back, "It is better to be hanged at eighty-one than at eighteen." Something analogous is the better-known instance where Cockburn, having defended to the best of his power a culprit who was condemned to be hanged, and having heard the man say he had not got justice, "No," said Henry, "but you will get it on the 18th of next month."

Jeffrey was always well read up and prepared—in one remarkable instance too much so. We have it upon the authority of Mr Calder that he sent him once the papers in a case, with twenty guineas of a fee, to prepare an appeal case. An excellent paper was returned—*on the wrong side*. The agent was horrified to see he had so bad a case, but Jeffrey made amends by writing as good a paper on the right side.

† The most peculiar feature in this talented man was his pride, which, on the occasion of his putting on his silk gown, approached absolutely to

boast only of a fat scurra* to keep them laughing at their misfortunes. It is true that some of these six were not what are called great lawyers, though they were great advocates and clever men; but we have a stubborn, and, no doubt, very impudent notion, that a great lawyer is not always the best or most useful judge, just for the reason, we suppose, that minds which love to speculate on great principles have often no great patience for details, and it is only from our investigation of these that we can arrive at a just appreciation of rights. We are thus led to the confession that we are very well

the grotesque. It was said that he used at first to go into the advocates' long hall and hear the rustle of the silk. In one instance a respectable gentleman, a clerk to one of the Lords, followed him there to speak to him. He met the great man after he had wheeled about and was coming up in full swing. The great man noticed that the gentleman was aiming at the formidable effort to address him, and such was his sense of elevation that he actually beckoned him off with a superb waive of the right arm. We have all heard how he addressed Mr B——, the advocate, who happened to be standing with his hat on at the door of one of the divisions, and whom the new-fledged Solicitor-General took for a macer—"Why don't you open the door, sirrah?" Then, how this folly increased as his honours grew. He spouted his Italian from volumes of gold, sipped his tea from Sevres china, drew his graces from Grecian gods, and then laid him down in a mausoleum of resplendent granite, leaving directions that it should never be opened. Who was great and pure enough to be near him save his wife? And there they lie, but they cannot even speak to each other. Even genius will not keep a man anurous. He must extend the stump of the *cauda equina* till it becomes a veritable tail.

* Though it is pretty notorious that Patrick's solemnity was the cause of that laughter which was in others, it is not so well known that he was very easy to be put down when the banter was turned directly upon himself. Scott used to take the light out of him, and then the solemnity was real. On one occasion, when Scott was coming limping up, with his towering forehead reflecting the light which came through the figure of justice, "There comes Peveril of the Peak," said Patrick. "And there," replied Scott, "is Peter of the Paunch." Patrick's solemnity was the reverse of humorous.

pleased with the men we have, if we might not hazard the suggestion that, taking the whole bench, we have now more useful talent *en masse* than ever we had in times when we had a great light putting out or dimming a number of little ones. We are just, in short, to remember that we are not to be always bawling out "Nothing to Parmeno's sow," merely because the said sow lived and grunted a long while ago.

Of John Clerk it may be said that nature did very well to break the model. One of his kind, as a pillar of salt formed somewhat after a satyr, of which people might take scrapings to give zest to insipid food, was enough at least for a few centuries. His morals were merely tolerated, where not concealed, for the sake of his wit, but one peculiarity, not overlooked by Lord Cockburn, crystalised him into uniqueness. In the active part of his nature he was the very Skye terrier of humanity; even with a kind of love beaming in his gray eye and the tail wagging, the grin and the shaggy eyebrows showed what the *bonhomie* had to penetrate before it got out. You had a full inch of crystalised vinegar in place of sugar, as in Crabbe's case, before you could get at the genial sympathies of his nature, and even these were always sharpened by a tang of satire. But still more strange was the self-satisfying character of all his convictions,* his

* Lord Cockburn dwells on this peculiarity of the man, which was certainly extraordinary. His contempt for the opinions of others was co-ordinate with his perfect satisfaction with his own. Nor did he conceal

sallies, his anger, his drollery, every conclusion of the intellect, every turn of his humour, every gratification of his passions. It was impossible that he could be wrong because he acknowledged no judge in heaven or on earth but John Clerk. Whether he was giving his feast of brandy schnapps,* or

this always from the judges. On one occasion, after he had spoken in a case before Lord Alloway, his lordship commenced giving his opinion, which was hollow against the advocate. John put on for a short period the old contemptuous grin, but he could stand the contradiction no longer. Rising, and turning his back to the good-natured judge, he gave a contemptuous waive of his hand, saying, "My lord, I'll awa," (Alloway,) and limped off.

* The feast of brandy schnapps was a Rabelaisian bit altogether congenial to so coarse a mind as John Clerk's. Though not purists, we must refer the reader to his friends, especially if he have stones in his gall-ducts which he wants broken by the movement of his midriff. But we may give another example of the moral taste of this eccentric being. One night he was interrupted in his studies by the rumbling entry of two Gilmerton carters. John turned up his gray eye, and as the men seemed inclined to hang about the door, he rose and hirpled up to them. "My cart's broken, sir," said one. "My horse dee'd last nicht," said the other. "And what have I to do with that, ye b—s?" "You're my faither, sir," said one, taking his front-lock in his hand and bowing. "You're my faither, sir," said the other, with the same sign. "And wha was your mither?" inquired John. "Twa mithers, sir," replied the men at once. "Twa mithers?" responded John. "Ay, sir, we're cousins, and you're our faither, ye ken." John meditated grimly, and grinningly drew out his purse. "Weel, there's five pounds; and never let me see your ugly mugs again." "If they're no bonnie, they're your ain," returned one of the carters. "Weel, ye —, that's worth other five pounds," and John, with a grin, handed him the money. The reader has only to count the kin to understand the morality of this man, who was received into the best society of unco-guid Edinburgh. One evening Clerk had been dipping rather too deeply in the convivial bowl with a friend in Queen Street, and on emerging into the open air his intellects became in a considerable degree confused; and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of minuteness or certainty, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his own house in Picardy Place. In this perplexity he espied some one coming towards him, whom he stopped with this query, "D'ye ken whaur John Clerk bides?" "What's the use o' you speerin' that question?" said the man; "you're John Clerk himsel'." "I ken that," answered John; "but it's no himsel' that's wanted—it's his house."

riding down openly in his carriage to his mistress at Hamilton Lodge, or sitting carousing with the thief Maccoul or with Vickers the thief-catcher, to study them, or reading the Riot Act to the cats who disturbed him, or raising a headstone to Baudron when he lived, or pleading a case with the power of a Titan, or in his latter days deciding one against a strange-looking being, to see how he looked,—he was equally right in his own eyes; nor did he ever seem to doubt that others dared not say he was wrong.

A man so formed was not qualified for the duties of a judge. "Is your lordship not open to conviction?" "Ay; but I would like to see the man who would convince me," contains the secret of that failure which many have attributed to the infirmities of a fast life and advanced years. That meioratry, or worship of the will, which in him was only a form of contempt for the opinions of others, and was not only impatient of counsel and council, but hardened under the solicitations of reason, formed a contrast with the less famous men of our day, who will be satisfied with the conviction that they have patiently and anxiously endeavoured to get both to the law and the *morale* of every case that comes before them. Then as to the members of that famous galaxy to which he played the sun, we find that all the five made very good judges, but they were not giants on the bench as they were at the bar or the platform, nor

did we ever hear that the golden scales ran any risk of being broken by a surcharge of justice,—all which only fortifies an opinion entertained by many, that a poor pleader often makes a good judge, while a powerful debater as often a very bad one—an opinion which leads again to the conclusion, that there is what is called a judicial faculty, which is not only independent of shining parts, but runs some risk of being ignored by such a gift. Then this said faculty is not so very scarce or mighty a thing after all. We have heard some people say, with some truth in the joke, that they would undertake to perform the duties of a judge and please *one* of the litigants as much, and displease the other as little, as do the very best of our grave senators, for the small sum of a hundred a year. The great secret seems to be to investigate well. Nine cases out of ten decide themselves; and in regard to the tenth, if you discover the turning-point, and are bold enough to give it a pathological touch by blowing upon it, you will bring the scale into the just position.

That much of all this is true, you may discover by inquiring how the seats on the bench are filled up. Bless you, good confiding litigants, think ye these arbiters of your fortunes are set there to weigh your rights because they themselves have been weighed? What terror might seize your litigious spirit were you to know that you, a good red-hot Tory, who sings at dinners, “Awa, Whigs, Awa!”

or "What Dauntons Me?" or "Lewie Gordon," are tried by one who is placed to try you because he is a Whig and not a Tory. But what matters it? Does not the Government know that they all judge pretty much alike when they get on the ermine and draw the money, whether very talented or not, very politically biased or not? In short, the qualification may be all summed up in the formula, "Please one litigant and displease another; and the greater the pleasure, and the more intense the displeasure, the greater the justice." Nor can this be called a banter when we know that the old adage is true, *summum jus summa injuria*,—too much law is nothing better than iniquity. So thought the late Robert Forsyth,* advocate, who

* This very excellent man and learned lawyer was remarkable in many respects. The nightcap which he wore during the day at home was the origin of an anecdote attributed to another source. One day at a consultation Jeffrey said to him, "Why, *Forsyth*, you're like a baker." "And why not?" replied the other; "is it not here that I make my bread?" Successful as he was in making his bread, so as to call forth a common sneer from Cockburn, who was always in debt, "There is a man who made money at the bar," he was not one who valued money for its own sake,

it was not rather that he was regardless of it. To give an instance,—a certain writer, known to him to be in difficulties, went in upon him one day, and, putting on a lugubrious face, asked him for a loan of fifteen hundred pounds. The easy man, probably recollecting that the writer had given him fees when he stood in need of them, rose, and going to a drawer, drew out a bundle of bank receipts, the fruits of midnight toil, and casting up the sums, handed the receipts to the writer. Of this large sum we believe he never received one farthing, and he scarcely ever mentioned the circumstance. We suspect that if the Laird of Bonally had figured in this transaction, it would have been in the part of the borrower, and even then he would not have bottled up his sour sneer.

It was in the Parliament House that Forsyth loved to be of all places. For forty years he was the first advocate there in the morning, where, long before nine, his tall figure might have been seen moving backward and forward in the gray dawn of a dull winter day. And there was no

ought to have been a judge. There is the good old anecdote of him, that when he was writing a paper for a client, and when he thought he had given quite enough for his fee, he used to ask his clerk the amount of the *honorarium*. Then the clerk would tell him, and in the event of the fee being small, and well enough satisfied by the length of the paper, he pronounced with solemnity—these words with which the Court papers generally conclude, “In respect whereof,”—a clear proof that that long-headed man was of opinion that too much law might become injustice; but then you see the art by which he brought them to harmonise.

wonder he loved the place, for it consorted well with his love of his profession as well as with his peculiar humour. Though a man of kindly heart, there was no getting him to be serious on almost any subject. The agents wondered often, when they consulted him on some important case, to hear him begin playing with it, if not with the agent himself; yet some thought that this playfulness was resorted to for the purpose of allowing him time to master the subject. His mind was busy grinding all the while he was amusing his consultor with the strange piebald figures he painted on the wings of the windmill, but the man never failed to get his meal in the end. Nor did he care who was the auditor. He would continue for a full hour tickling the brains of a clerk with the quaintest fancies—enough if he gratified an inherent passion, though often satisfied that the wondering clerk did not understand a word of it.

It was on a summer night, after ten o'clock, that an agent met the now old advocate walking along Princes Street, as if bent on some object. The agent felt curious where he was hastening to at solate an hour, for by this time he had renounced the Parliament House, and was altogether *abagendo*, so he followed him along the Bridge, up the High Street, and into the Parliament Square. There he stopped opposite to the door of his old triumphs and love, looked wistfully over the front of the building, muttered some words to himself amidst sighs, turned, and with unsteady steps hurried away in the direction of home. He had come out for that last sight. Some yearning had been busy with him, and he must gratify it. We think of the soul revisiting the moonlit places of its former affections, and, silent as that soul, he would probably never mention that stolen visit, even to his wife. Out of such little weaknesses poetry can weave her mystic figures to charm the ear.

But to be a little serious, the riddle which gives rise to so much badinage between the lawyers who deal out law and the litigants who want justice, would seem to be easily solved by the fact that the supposed two personages representing these moral entities are really one, with the difference that she is arrayed sometimes in a red robe and sometimes in a white. A case will explain our meaning. The same learned lawyer, while one night sitting in his study in his house upon the Mound, was visited by a person who wanted two guineas' worth of advice.

"Well, sir," replied the advocate, "I shall try to give you that quantity."

"You see, sir," said the man, "I hae bought a property, and here are the title-deeds, and you are just to tell me whether a' is right and square."

A very short time sufficed to enable the advocate to test the regularity of the progress.

"The title seems quite regular," at length he said.

"Ay," responded the man, "you see I hae the first infetment."

"The *first* infetment," said the advocate, looking curiously at the man from under his nightcap, which he used to wear, as he said, to keep in the wit; "then there are two infetments?"

"Ou ay, sir; but I was ower clever for the first purchaser, ha! ha! for ye see as the first infetment carries, so Erskine says, I ran and got mine passed and recorded."

"And you knew the other person had purchased and got a disposition to the property before you?"

"Quite true; but a' is fair in the law."

"Yes," replied the advocate, "all is fair in the law, and the law says the first infestment carries; but the law also says that no man shall be allowed to be *lucratus* by his own fraud, and therefore your title is bad."

"Guid Lord," cried the man, "is that the law! And whaur's the justice? Will I no get justice?"

"Yes," said Mr Forsyth, "you will get justice when the property is taken from you."

"And are law and justice just the same?" asked the astonished culprit.

"Just the same," was the answer.

And Mr Forsyth used to say that this was the only instance where he really succeeded with a common man in divesting him of the idea that law and justice were essentially different.

Yet we are not drawn out of that position adopted in our humour, that the learned President had no reason to flare out his humility in declaring that we have no judicial giants; for if justice is identical with law, and if, as all declare, justice is not so recondite a personage as Echo in the old fable, and can be easily discovered, we are better with our earnest, honest, painstaking judges than we would be with some mighty Justinian ranging through the Pandects and astonishing us with a mass of learning, bearing the same proportion to the few

pounds involved in a case, that the sack did to the bread in Falstaff's *déjeuner*.

In a still more delicate respect our senators are not what they were. In former times the paper lords could hardly, in so far as regards caste, be distinguished from the vellum lords. They were all blue veins, and the latter hung upon the tails of the heads of their cadetships. Now they are bran new, and they have been taught by one grand example, that they cannot, without being snubbed, hold their noses higher than a very moderate angle. That example of blackballing, on the part of an Aristocratic Club in Princes Street, was an opportune incident, and it acted beneficially; for why should men who have been raised to eminence by the voice of the people from whom they sprang, aspire to get beyond the atmosphere of that people, and nod their condescension on those who feed them. It is well for judges to consider that, if they ought not to be much among the people, they ought not to be so far removed from them as to be beyond their sympathies; and surely true dignity can never lose by a proper familiarity.

CHAPTER V.

Our Men of Genius.*

"Where'er the rays of Science cheer mankind,
Or Learning's hallowed light illumines the mind,
There Knowledge pours her countless treasures forth,
And points to Wisdom, Honour, Fame, and Worth ;
There splendid talents proud distinction claim,
There Genius earns a never-dying name,
Virtue asserts her power, and Merit tries
No more in vain to bear away the prize."

It is only a phase of the natural pride of man, that contention which is to be found in histories between rival countries and rival towns on the subject of claims for the honour of having given birth to great men. The greatness must, of course, be measured by the admiration of mankind,—a

* In a review of Lord Cockburn's "Memorials," the *Witness* remarks : —"Ireland produced many famous orators, shrewd statesmen, and great authors, but they did comparatively little for Dublin, even previous to the union. With the writings of Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Thomas Moore before us, we can point only to one work which continues to live in English literature—the *Drapier Letters*—that issued originally from the Dublin press. London drew to itself the literary ability of Ireland, and absorbed and assimilated it, just as it did a portion of that of Scotland, represented by the Burnets, Thomsons, Armstrongs, Arbuthnots, Mickles, and Smolletts of the three last ages; and in London the Irish became simply Britons, and served to swell the general stream of British literature. But Scotland retained not a few of her most characteristic authors; and her capital—in many respects less considerable than Dublin—formed a great literary mart, second at one time, in the importance and enduring character of the works it produced, to no other in the world. Nothing, however, can be more evident than that this state

test with which we must be contented, though Heaven knows how poor a one it often is. Were that admiration founded always on the two great considerations, power and beneficence, we might be pleased to acquiesce; but it more often happens that they are not combined in one individual, and that we adore power without goodness far more frequently than we do goodness without power. Though at the expense of wandering a little at the beginning of our subject, let us just remark, that, even in the case of Homer, about whose birthplace so many cities contended—the question still remaining whether there ever was such a man at all—we have, we suspect, only one of the attributes; for, in spite of Mr Gladstone and Colonel Mure, we could never find in the immortal “Iliad”—by way of a mere amateur’s mode of reading of it—a single sentiment which tends to raise human nature much above the level of selfishness and cruelty. His gods are no better than Montagnaros of Olympus, and his goddesses furies of the guillotine, much fonder of blood than of the true nectar—souchong. His humanities, excepting some pretty

of things is passing away. During the last quarter of a century one distinguished name after another has been withdrawn by death from that second great constellation of Scotsmen resident in Edinburgh, to which Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Jeffrey belonged; and with Sir William Hamilton the last of the group may be said to have disappeared. For the future, Edinburgh bids fair to take its place simply among the greater provincial towns of the empire; and it seems but natural to look upon her departing glory with a sigh, and to luxuriate in recollection over the times when she stood highest in the intellectual scale, and possessed an influence over opinion co-extensive with civilised man.”

touches about Andromache, which appear extraneous, and very likely the work of a gentler hand, are all stained with gore, and only varied in the different ways of hashing and hammering the wretched bodies of his chief actors.

Coming up a little in time, it is certain that Alexander of Macedon deserved a rope only so much less than Burke, (not the sublime,) that he was a god, or his mother a liar; and we are to remember that, though the ancients often murdered the men whom they subsequently made gods of, they never hanged them after their apotheosis, for the reason probably that they could not get at them in heaven.

No one knows upon what principle Edinburgh has proceeded in honouring her great men by monuments. She has not kept by her own illustrious children, insomuch as she has statues to those who were not born within the sound of St Giles's bells; nor has she honoured her own offspring who have proved themselves worthy of commemoration.* And then, when she has conde-

* In his discourse at the opening of the Tricentenary of the Reformation, Dr Guthrie took occasion to lament the want of a monument to John Knox, affirming that we did not even know where he was buried. The latter complaint, however, is scarcely correct, as it would appear from the following extract that a pretty close approximation to the identical spot has been made on good authority. The extract is from the preface to a work, edited by Mr David Laing, and recently privately printed for the Bannatyne Club, entitled, "Charters of the Collegiate Church of St Giles:"—"Knox was interred in the common burying-ground at the south side of St Giles's Church, in the presence of the Regent Earl of Morton, the rest of the nobility, and a great concourse of people. Like his great coadjutor, Calvin, at Geneva, no stone or memorial appears

scended to raise a memorial, it is either far above or as much below the merits of the individual. For our part, were the beauty of the city not concerned, we care little. Monumental honour is but a rough way of measuring merits at the best, whether they be of power or of beneficence, and it often resolves into a proof of the saying of Jean Paul,—“The sprig of the laurel, like the lemon in the mouth of the wild boar, is never put into our mouths until we are shot and dished up;” if, indeed, it may not be said generally, in reference to stone-and-lime expressions of our admiration, that they are principally due to those who leave nothing to testify to their greatness, save that gratitude which is so often written in sand.

Had we our choice we would devise city monuments on another principle. We would celebrate those powers and virtues through which a place is renowned, by a composite erection, with representative allegories, in which all the great men who had contributed to a department might have a place. In the designing of these, such as Mr Noel Paton would have more congenial subjects than in allegorising Wallace on the top of a crag where he

to have been erected to mark the place of his interment; but there is reason to believe it was nearly in a line with the entrance to the south transept, a little to the west of Charles the Second's equestrian statue in the Parliament Close. In such a site a statue of the great Reformer would have been much more appropriate. The erection of the Parliament House in 1681 was obviously the means of obliterating the public burying-ground round the church, but the mass of human bones found in its immediate proximity during the process of renovation bore ample testimony to its previous existence.”

never stood, just as if mere physical elevation had anything whatever to do with moral grandeur, unless perhaps to dwarf it. In our view, Edinburgh is chiefly famous for achievements in metaphysics, medicine, political economy, criticism, political liberalism, romantic fiction, Scottish poetry, popular and periodical literature, geology, and, we may mention, as disjoined from medicine, anæsthetics. Some things which we might have good right to claim we can afford to concede to other claimants—such as chemistry to Glasgow, and bitter ale to Burton-upon-Trent; but, remembering the great celebration under the genial dynasty of John Wilson, we cannot part with the haggis.*

* The competition of haggises, which took place in Edinburgh a good many years ago, was the suggestion of Professor Wilson. Every man was to bring his own haggis. There were some eighteen or twenty on the table. We have heard the names of some of the competitors,—the Ettrick Shepherd, Blackwood, John Johnstone, George Boyd, (of Oliver & Boyd,) and of course Wilson himself. It was a hard judgment: many were perfectly bewildered with twenty different tangs on the tongue at once. James Hogg cried out, "I gie it up—it's perfectly impossible!" "We would need the hail fifteen," cried another; "and I'll be d—d if they could decide it," roared Wilson.

In 1840, there was a competition of another kind. A party of gentlemen, alike of rank and high standing, dined in the Fleshmarket Close, and what with fun, frolic, humour, song, speech, and jest, spent an evening of varied and most unbounded hilarity. The object of the meeting was to decide certain bets touching the comparative merits of steaks taken from different parts of the same animal; and never were savoury slices of the right sort, fresh from the gridiron, and supplied with all appliances hot and hot, eaten with greater relish, or washed down by liquids more befitting the majesty of the viands they followed. From proximity to the market-place, the Tavern-keepers of that ilk have become as knowing and skilful in the art of buying as the butchers are in selling; minute attention, too, is paid to the art of rendering tender; nor is dramatic unity more important in giving point to a play than due correspondence between the briskness and temperature of the fire below, and the operations to be performed on the gridiron above. Mr Paterson's cooks

Chief in our metaphysical allegory would stand, of course, David Hume, with subsidiaries to repre-

understand their business, and perform it invariably judiciously and well; dexterous turning is a *sine qua non*, and none save the initiated are at all aware of the virtue that resides in a *cast* less or more, in bringing prominently out or hampering the perfection of flavoured juiciness, when done in the very nick of time. Dr Kitchener, we rather think, never tasted an Edinburgh Fleshmarket steak, otherwise so supereminent a judge would have lauded Scotch collops of the right sort above all other collops in the world. At the meeting alluded to all varieties of steaks were tested, and after a fair and dispassionate comparative trial by jurors, who judged, not from evidence tendered, but the more unerring dictates of their own palates, the *hewkbane* carried hollow beyond every other sectional offering which the body of a beefer can possibly yield. And thus, considering the varying opinions of *gourmands*, a great constitutional principle has been established, to the marked advantage and information of diners *in or out* in all time coming. As a preliminary, it was agreed that each juror should tell a good story, sing a good song, or forfeit one bottle of champagne, agreeably to the decision of two-thirds of the company. And the fun that arose out of this rule is altogether indescribable. Among other guests present on the occasion, there happened to be our friend Charles Mackay, *alias* Baillie Nicol Jarvie; and as it was impossible to fine him on the score of singing, he was tested in so many other ways that he at last rose and said that, however sorry he might be to leave so happy a meeting, he had no choice left, his presence being imperiously demanded at the theatre. Forth, therefore, he went, and after a little interval a titled gentleman was called to the door to receive some communication from "mine worthy host." And it was to this effect—that the fondness of the company for Scotch songs had recalled to his mind his sister's qualifications in that line, and that, after a good deal of coaxing, he had prevailed on her to favour the company with a stave or two, if such were the pleasure of his honourable guests. "Most undoubtedly," shouted all and sundry, and again a gallant knight retired, and after a brief absence re-entered, bearing a decent-looking matron under his arm, dressed *à la Meg Dods*. The said lady was warmly greeted, and obtained a seat close to a gentleman who had been forty years absent in India. A glass of sparkling champagne put her in the highest spirits; and oh! how sweetly she did sing—"as sweet as if her throat with fiddle-strings were lined." But not contented with musical triumphs, she commenced ogling the Hindostanee up, it may be said, to the *embarrassé* point. The gentleman blushed more than once; for, being ignorant of the trap set by Sir A., he could not help himself; and doubtless his mind was greatly relieved when he subsequently learned that the lady happened to be a man in disguise, and that man Baillie Nicol Jarvie, who had no engagement at the theatre on the memorable occasion mentioned, whatever he might have in the Fleshmarket Close, Edinburgh.

sent Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and Sir William Hamilton.

The power of the chief is undisputed—the beneficence is questioned, at least by the women. From that day when the washerwoman at the North Loch threatened to drown “the atheist” down to this, when, to the dismay of our present townswomen, there appears carved upon his tomb in the Calton, “Blessed are they who die in the Lord,” the great metaphysician has been the object of female hatred. It was in vain that the good-natured man tried to conciliate them by that pretty and ingenious essay of his on love and marriage. He is still the fiend in human shape who has shut upon thousands of human beings the portals of heaven.* You may

* The philosopher was well repaid by the admiration of his male friends; but we do not take as any evidence what he says on that occasion described by himself in his letter to Dr Robertson:—“What happened last week, when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin’s children at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duke de B., (Bourdeaux, afterwards Louis XVI.,) a boy ten years old, the eldest, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself of the number, from the pleasure he had received from reading many passages in my works. When he had finished, the Count de P., (Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.,) who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me I had been long and impatiently expected in France, and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But, what is more curious, when I was carried thence to the Count D., (d’Artois,) who is but four (six) years of age, I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends the Parisian philosophers than this incident.”—*RITCHIE’S Life of Hume*. We suspect all this to have been a bit of French politeness—not so curious as David’s own curiosity. His facetiousness led him to indulge occasionally in the bagatelle. Among other legacies, in making which he amused himself, the following whimsical one has been related. The author of “*Douglas*” is said to have

at some tea party, where the fury runs over even more luxuriously than the old maid's decoction, try to remind them that they pay a poor compliment to the sublime doctrines of their faith when they attribute to a mere creature so great a power; for, in the true Calvinistic spirit, they will tell you, that he was preordained to be the greatest enemy to Christianity that Scotland or any other nation ever produced. We dare not say, Why hate the poor preordained man? for, of course, the reply is ready, that good stanch Hume-hating tea coteries were also in the decree.

Nay, we believe that they view even Clovenfoot himself with less disfavour. Though they wont read Hume, they will hang with great gusto over Professor Blackie's translation of "Faust,"—in the new edition of which, by the by, we hope the author has seen proper to make the flea prick the courtier, and not, as formerly, the courtier prick the flea,—or "The Gentleman in Black," or the "Address to the Deil," wherein there is indulged a kind of notion that Auld Nickie-ben

"Might even tak' a thought and men';"

a hope they never would have extended to the author of the Essay on Miracles, even if he had

had a mortal aversion to port wine, and to have had frequent disputes with the historian about the manner of spelling his name. Both these circumstances were often the subject of Hume's raillery; and he bequeathed to the poet a quantity of port wine, on condition that he should always drink a bottle at a sitting, and attest it under the signature of John Hume.

been living in these days. There is a story that Jeffrey tried to joke Mrs Russell out of her hatred of the philosopher, saying to her, that his style was so clear and lucid that she might see her pretty face reflected in it. "Heaven forbid!" she replied, "for it would be the face of an atheist." "The Goddess of Reason was a pretty French girl," was the retort. "We women have little to do with reason," replied she; "I would rather be the Goddess of Love." "And what would you make me?" said the hopeful but incautious critic. "Why, Cupid, to be sure." A man never regrets the littleness of his body so much as when he is in the presence of woman.*

But whatever may be the antipathies to Hume as a writer on religion—and it must be admitted that herein he was more incautious than was consistent with his great good sense and knowledge of the world—he was beyond all doubt the greatest metaphysician the world ever saw. He is a miracle of clearness where almost every other man is a mystified, purblind groper, who touches a cloud and cries out, "El Dorado!" By two or three leading ideas, so simple that even a child might understand them, he startled the moping philosophical

* Jeffrey had a fortune for having witty things thrown at him. Perhaps the best was Sidney Smith's impromptu, when, coming in, he found Jeffrey sporting with the children in the garden, and riding on an ass:—

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobite as Gracchus,
As fond of vintages as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

beliefs of thousands of years, and by "repulsion," created the Scottish School of Metaphysics, and also the German School of Critical Philosophy. The Germans, proud of the antiposition, love to place the fine, fat, gawsy face of our townsman opposite to the small, twinkling-eyed visage of Kant,—a wonderful antithet, for they are the two poles of all the world of metaphysical thought.

In our second group would appear as principal the great Cullen, who, though born at Hamilton, and resident for a time in Glasgow, where he lectured on chemistry, was bred at our College, and latterly came to Edinburgh, which became the mother of his imperishable publications. For secondaries, there is a host in the Monros, Gregories, Hamiltons, Bells, Abercrombies, Alisons, Bennetts, Laycocks, for we may say that our city has never been without some great medical name, though we die just about as thick as anywhere else. In drawing the serpent of *Æsculapius* Mr Paton would not forget the dove, long famous for mutual affection, *annuimus Columbi*. Adam Smith would be the Coryphæus of political economy, standing almost alone, if Mr Burton would not consent to hand him that particular pin he describes so wonderfully in his "Wealth of Nations," where-with to bind his mantle; yea, as yet almost alone, he might stand on the *umbilicus orbis terrarum*.*

* We might apply Pascal's remark on Cleopatra's nose to the capture of Adam Smith by the gipsies when he was three years old. If the child had not been recovered, what state would Great Britain have been in?

For criticism, we have, of course, Jeffrey, among whose angels Lord Kames would be entitled to his wings,—for no one could say that the Edinburgh Reviewers could clip them, if, indeed, the doubt be not whether his “Elements,” described by Johnson as a pretty book, do not entitle him to take the precedence of Jeffrey, whose criticism, however elegant, never took on any systematic form. Mr Paton would have room here for numbers of those little harpy creatures he draws so well, with sharp beaks, pecking at Genius, as she stands in the glare of Jeffrey’s gray eye, so stern, yet so kind.

How many competitors for the principal figure in political liberalism? Yet can there be any doubt about Brougham, if he would take off at his sitting to the artist those tartan trousers, a vestment which no Muse except her who inspires the bagpipes, or perhaps that stately hizzy who appeared to Burns in the midst of the reek, has ever taken under her protection?*

A terrible swarm

* At the present day the gorgeous clan colours formerly worn in the Highlands are very generally superseded by the dull uniform gray of the shepherd’s plaid, a species of stuff which Lord Brougham has fairly immortalised. Everybody who has seen his lordship for the last twenty years or so, has seen the famous black and white trousers in which he delights. The fact as to these monotonously-succeeding garments, we believe, from good authority to be this: When Lord Brougham was in Inverness—about the time referred to—he purchased from Mr Macdougall cloth for no less than forty pairs of shepherd tartan trousers, and in this ample supply he has been going on ever since. The tendency of grayish stuff, however, to take the place of the ancient clan colours, would not have been less marked had Lord Brougham never worn anything but broadcloth. We have said that his lordship purchased cloth for forty pairs, a rather startling fact, only to be explained by the *res gesta*. The order, we believe, was cloth for three pairs, but the Highland dealer

of gentlemen, many with wigs, but all with open mouths and very windy chylopoetics, would create a difficulty in selection.*

having mistaken the order sent three pieces. His Lordship got three pairs cut off and returned the rest, but the Highlander, with characteristic perseverance, again sent the pieces to his lordship, who, for the humour of the thing, consented to retain them. We may call this a "drapery" anecdote, and the following may very appropriately accompany it. Lord Campbell relates of Lord Brougham what he calls a "napery" one, and which has been attributed to meaner authorities. Mr Brougham, while a youth, resolved on performing a pedestrian tour to the Trossachs. At Stirling he "put up" at the house of a lady who had dealings with his father. Everything was arranged for the comfort of the future Chancellor till the morning, when a loud knocking was heard at the door of the young barrister,—“Get up, Maister Henry,” cried the old hostess, “there’s twa Southrons come to their breakfast—your sheet is the only table-cloth we’ve got in the house, and we wad like to be decent.”—The “Life of the Rev. Dr Hugh Heugh” has a description of an interview which a deputation of Scotch Dissenters had some years ago with Lord Brougham. From our private knowledge we can add some odd incidents of the affair. His lordship, on coming out of the court to meet the deputation, immediately on being informed of their object, burst out into a volley of exclamations to the effect that, but for dissent, there would be “No vital religion—no vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion!” While pouring forth this in a most solemn tone, he was all the while shaking violently the locked doors of a lobby full of committee rooms, into one of which he wished to find entrance, and calling for an absent official not only in passionate tones but in phraseology which the reverend deputation, at first unwilling to trust their own ears, were at last forced to believe was nothing better than profane swearing. At last, he suddenly drew himself up to the wall opposite a locked door, and with a tremendous kick, smashed the lock, and entered, exclaiming, first in a vehement and then in a solemn tone, but without pause, “—that fellow!—where the — does he always go to! No vital religion, gentlemen, no vital religion—no, no, no.” Brougham’s wit in his early days, as well as his propensity to punning and impromptu, are well known. The following appears to be well authenticated:—The Duke of Gloucester, being in conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument that he observed hastily that the Chancellor was *very near a fool*. Brougham replied that he could not think of contradicting the Duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his royal highness’s *position*.

* One of our most brilliant men of the day is Sir David Brewster. His higher qualifications are generally known, but who would ever suspect to find in him a punster. There is no punster to be compared with Sir David Brewster—his *bon-mots* come so quietly, and with such force, when

Romantic fiction, as emblematised in that grand structure in Princes Street, demands unanimity of admiration. We, of course, are bound to except: the Monument is not one of our pet composite tributes. It is too much for one man in the midst of others, past or to come, whose genius in their particular walk was or may be scarcely less than Scott's. At least, judging from his own generosity in all matters, except politics and Reform Bills, we might calculate on the consent of his Shade, as under the moon she comes from the old ruins of Dryburgh and hangs over that figure so quiet beneath the Gothic pile, to allow us to appropriate

he has an end to serve with them. One day, hearing that a disrelished and uncharitable party in the congregation with which he was connected had assumed to themselves the title of the *Sinews* of the congregation, Sir David said, "Surely they are the *sinews*, for they do not bleed." Another day, when dining at the University table, and addressing himself to the Professor of Latin, with whom he had a difference, he said, "Dr Gillespie, you had better try a little of *mirum* (my rum) now, for I can assure you it is wonderful." The doctor hesitated, and the professors laughed, and then the doctor pettishly remarked, "You may laugh at Sir David's wit, those of you that see it, but for my part I see nothing to laugh at in it." Sir David, who had been punning upon the Latin word *mirum*, (which signifies *wonderful*,) immediately exclaimed, "Was it ever heard of before that a Professor of Latin did not know that *mirum* was *wonderful*?" I remember, says a gentleman, that "one day I happened to be talking to him at a window which looked into a court where was an arbour, in which some women appeared to me to be washing clothes. I said to him, 'I thought, Sir David, that that had been an arbour.' 'Well,' said Sir David, 'and so it is an arbour. What makes you think it is not?' I replied that I did not think it could be an arbour, because there were women washing in it. 'Oh,' said Sir David, 'do you not know that *arbor femineis dabitur*?' Probably some of my readers may have been taught Adam's Latin Grammar in their youth; if so, they will at once recognise those Latin words—the beginning of Adam's rule about the gender of trees. Certainly that line was far enough away from the subject of washerwomen, but Sir David's wit made it applicable in a very curious way."

some niches to smaller men. Nor will Coila, another genius, object to our proposal to cauterise that wart on the face of her sister, the Lady of Calton—well knowing that her Bard did not love these things on the faces of his beauties, in the degree in which the Persian poet did moles. We would give some pretty faces about him, in some suitable design between the Royal Institution and St John's Chapel. Burns certainly is not ours, but he drew his inspiration from Fergusson, who belongs to us, and he sang the praises of our city, the beauty of our Burnet, and the charms of our Clarinda, and he resided among us for a time. The pity is, we can hardly expect to get honest Allan to walk across the garden and form one of a group along with Fergusson. Yet what is he to do, that gentle pastoral poet, on the face of a rampart, which is only not bristling with cannon that we have no invading enemies at present; unless we are to suppose that when the Armstrongs and the Warrys are placed there, they shall bang away to the tune of "Corn Riggs are Bonny." We owe this blot*

* The tutelary genius of Edinburgh has shaken off this erection as if by a shudder of disgust. A fall of earth has come down upon the promenade, broken up the parapet, and made such devastation that the whole work has been demolished. There was no remedy but to clear it away, and resign the bank to its own appropriate guardian, Nature. No one is sorry; and, indeed, we are surprised that the people so long looked on without an indignant reproof of this anomaly—the setting up of a small poet on a rock overlooking men to whom he was at best but a *homuncio*. In place of looking down upon Scott and Burns, honest Allan will now, it is said, occupy a site in one of the gardens, so much more appropriate to a pastoral warbler, as well as in keeping with his quality. We say this, with all the admiration due to the "Gentle Shepherd," which requires

to the mere accident that Allan was of the forbears of Lord Murray.*

We wish we could settle the question of priority in the institution of our cheap periodical literature, to which we ought to have a memorial; the idea is a broken one. Our old newspapers in Scotland were, to a certain extent, literary sheets, but perhaps the first who issued numbers dedicated to the Belles Lettres was Allan Ramsay, whose penny blatts were so welcome to the breakfast-tables of our Edinburgh gentry. It seems, however, that the true originator of the regular periodical sheet of cheap literature in Scotland was the person who started *The Cornucopia*. It was got up, we are informed, in connexion with the students of Edinburgh College, and was in all respects as regular a literary organ as any that has appeared since. The name of this individual † would be worth in-

no praise from us; but we must recognise the difference between a particular and limited excellence, and power. A Tannahill or Haynes Bayly may have written some of the sweetest lyrics in our language; but we are not to forget that this very excellence was, in truth, an exclusion of those great parts which enable a man to sway his generation.

* Allan was scarcely less free from criticism in his own house—"the poet's nest." The poet was extremely proud of his new mansion, and appears to have been somewhat surprised to find that its fantastic shape rather excited the mirth than the admiration of his fellow-citizens.

The wags of the town compared it to a goose-pie; and on complaining of this one day to Lord Elibank, his Lordship replied,—“Indeed, Allan, when I see you in it, I think they are not far wrong.”—WILSON'S *Memoirs*.

† George Mudie, an Edinburgh compositor, of considerable ability, but of somewhat erratic temperament, is the person alluded to by “Darnick.” He was formerly connected—say in 1824—either as editor or manager, with a London daily evening paper, published in the Poultry, and bearing the ominous name of *The Eclipse*; but which, Eclipse-like, enjoyed

quiting after, for the credit is really due to him as the originator of a great revolution in literature.

a very brief existence: a few days only, if we remember correctly, having sufficed to witness its birth, progress, maturity, decline, and death.—*Editor Ladies' Journal.*

In reference to George Mudie, as the originator of our cheap periodical literature, the following letters, addressed to the Editor of the *Ladies' Journal*, in reply to the author's observations, appeared in that paper of 14th and 28th May :—

EDINBURGH, May 10, 1859.

SIR,—In "Darnick's" article on the Castes of Edinburgh, in last week's *Journal*, I observe that he has been led into a mistake in ascribing the institution of cheap periodical literature to the originator of *The Cornucopia*—Mr George Mudie. There was cheap literature in the market a long time previous to the date of that publication; and I believe the first of the kind was the *The Halfpenny Magazine*, originated and published by the late John Glass, printer, which was issued every Saturday. After continuing for some time, the title was altered to *The Edinburgh Magazine*, and published three times a week, with original illustrations, designed and engraved by a then eminent wood-engraver—the late Mr Bruce. It was then enlarged and published once a week, the price being raised to a penny.

Previous to the alteration of the title of that publication, another made its appearance from the same office, entitled *The Literary Magnet*; and it was not till about the demise of the latter that *The Cornucopia* was commenced by Mr Mudie, and I have no doubt that the idea was suggested by the publication referred to—the only difference being that *The Cornucopia* was issued as a broadside, similar in size to the present *Daily Scotsman*, while the others were printed in 8vo and 4to respectively. I may state here that, while *The Halfpenny Magazine* was going on, Mr Mudie was engaged in writing and publishing the *Daily Police Reports*, of which, I daresay, some of your reader will remember, as having enjoyed many a laugh at the humorous manner in which the cases were reported. Happening to know something of these matters, I think it is but right, if there is any merit to be ascribed to the party who first gave us a tasting of that fruit which is at present so abundant, that it should be awarded to the right individual.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

W. G.

INVERNESS, May 19, 1859.

SIR,—I observe that several of your correspondents have of late been treating of the origin of cheap literature, but with somewhat imperfect information on the subject. Mr George Mudie, whose name stands out most prominently in this matter—and deservedly so, for his *Cornucopia* was a decided advance on all predecessors—had not the merit of originating cheap literature in Edinburgh; nor was that merit due to Mr

In proffering this justice to an unknown individual, whose name may yet come up as something

John Glass, the printer, with his *Halfpenny Magazine*. Previous to these efforts, by a year or two, a publication had lived and died which was in reality the first herald of that literary blaze which has since overspread the land. This was *The Itinerant's Journal*—a series of original tales and sketches, in prose and verse, first issued, I think, in 1827. It was a sheet of twelve pages, and the price one penny. The editor and contributor was an eccentric genius of the name of Greig—long since gone to the land of shadows, along with the printer, Mr Thomas Colquhoun. Greig's sketches, in so far as I can judge of them at this distance of time, were of their kind excellent; and amongst its contributors were Mr William Sinclair, author of a volume of poems, (who is now somewhere about Stirling,) and Mr Andrew Young, who went to St Andrews as teacher in, or master of, the Madras Academy.

The Itinerant's Journal, I believe, perished, not through want of support—for I can bear testimony to the avidity with which its contents were weekly devoured by the subscribers—but to imperfect commercial management. Ever since it has been a matter of regret to me that so original an idea was not more energetically wrought out. Poor Greig in that case would have had a happier fate. He had been a player as well as a painter; and, literature failing, he tried both arts again, little to his reputation, and still less to his profit. Yet the man who could paint a portrait, play Richard the Third, and write a tale in a corner of the printing-office—his only desk a printer's galley—(I have seen him figuring in all these capacities,) was no ordinary person, and the poor fellow deserved better luck. He died in great poverty, about the year 1832, after having tried to revive *The Itinerant's Journal*, but which, at first without competition, fell unheeded amongst the flood of cheap literature with which Edinburgh was then inundated.—Yours very sincerely,

E. F.

In reference to our early periodical authors we may mention that there is still some doubt about the names of the authors who wrote the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Lord Cockburn gives a list; but we understand that Mr Robert Shand, of Edinburgh, a gentleman well known for his taste in the arts, and as a collector, has in his possession the title-page of the first number, with the initials of the authors' names written in the handwriting of Lord Brougham. This differs in some degree from Lord Cockburn's list.

As connected with Mr Shand's collections, and also with the subsequent editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, take the following:—Mr N—t, the celebrated auctioneer, who knew Mr Shand's love for curiosities, came up to him one day, with a very grave face. "Shand," said he, "I have a wonderful thing in your way—perhaps the greatest curiosity in the world." "Indeed, what can that be—anything in the fine arts?" "In the very

F

more than one of the ordinary bubbles of the day, we have no wish to detract from the merit of others who followed in the track, one of whom, at an early period, valiantly threatened in his prospectus to give "the last mortal stab to Ignorance," nor do we deny that the old lady has got many a cut, though we doubt if she is yet as dead as a stone. It is at least certain, that if these bitter enemies of one whose condition is said to be one of bliss, have done her no great harm, they have done themselves and "their tills" much good. A fine subject for our designer—a dagger at the breast of Ignorance, and a hand in her pocket.

We could experience no difficulty in finding an excellent device for geology, even were we dissatisfied with Hugh Miller shewing a piece of "the Old Red" to the shade of Hutton, and one of his "Foot-prints" to that of David Hume.

But, in these latter days, when pretension takes so often the place of merit, it is still more satisfactory to turn our eyes in the direction of a discovery for which our city has become famous over the world. We allude to that department of science known by the name of anæsthetics, the chief agent in which is the renowned chloroform. Admitting the principle to be of American origin,

finest of arts, sir. "What, then? Come away." "Here it is," taking from his pocket, with the most dainty fingers, a little bit of old paper, and whispering, "A retired bill of Mac—y N—r's."

if not known in some shape by the Greeks, the discovery by our Professor Simpson of an additional agent so powerful has transferred the reputation due to the country of the original discoverer to our own city. We believe that our ingenious citizen is well aware of the extent of merit due to himself individually, as one who was fortunate enough to put a bottle to his nose—more wonderful that bottle than any vaunted by a conjurer, ay, than even that which held a conjuror himself—the famous Asmodeus. No doubt if the learned professor had been led to this bottle by any knowledge *a priori* of the true chemical nature of its contents, his own estimate of his good fortune would have been less humble, nay, quite deservedly much greater; but we believe it is ascertained that the trials made by him and his friends were altogether irrespective of any scientific views of what principle was concerned in anæsthesia—a certain substance already formed to their hands having been simply tested empirically by the nose. Yet, withal, we would be delighted to see our discoverer figuring in some allegory in the shape of Hercules strangling the Lernian snake (pain) with a white cambric handkerchief.

There are other triumphs of progress connected with our city. We might particularise the special invention of Messrs James and John Gray, which consists in enabling the people of this country to spread an advertisement before the eyes of a hun-

dred or two hundred thousand individuals, almost in the same day, at the cost of a few shillings. That gigantic sheet with its wonder of typography is verily one of our "powers." We would award those gentlemen a panel in our allegory of popular literature, representing the genius of Merchandise whispering in the ear of Fame as she blows her trumpet.

But great as all these things are, what are they to a theory of creation, and what one theory to three? And one of these tells us the wonderful story of our being—how we were at the beginning very small animals, and how we became the big creatures we are now by passing through various forms, not excepting the medial one of an ape—the very reason, no doubt, why man plays such tricks in the face of Heaven as to claim a genealogy so little favourable to his other pretensions. We happily do not need Mr Paton's assistance here, for we have seen a device which pleases us much :—Science stands on a high pillar, and has thrown away, with much contempt, a book called "The Vestiges of Creation." Fluttering, it is falling in the midst of four very respectable-looking men, who, seized with terror, are making away in different directions, but one is collared by a person, whose hammer in his pouch shews him to be a geologist, and the contest is doubtful.* In the

* Yet we cannot help wondering that one so acute as David Page could be so far misled by the mere fact of the proof-sheets of a book having

thick atmosphere appear the grim ghosts of Hutton, Francis Maximus M'Nab, and Hugh Miller, on whose pale countenances may be observed a smile, as if the hurry-scurry delighted in some way these shades.

Those honoured dead to whom we owe the grand hospitals for which our city is famous, do they not deserve a niche somewhere? No; these gentlemen, so wise in their generation, have taken care to get superb monuments erected to themselves.*

been in the possession and power of a man, as to be blind to the internal evidence—afforded by the book itself—that one with whose writings he was familiar could not be the author. Notwithstanding the wretched theory, false facts, and most unscientific science, the *Vestiges* is a book with a style at once seductive and charming—a characteristic to which it owes its spurious reputation.

It is impossible for any one at all conversant with styles to take up such books as the “Traditions of Edinburgh,” or the “Annals of Scotland,” or the “Life of Robert Burns,” and detect a single feature suggesting a resemblance to the verbal structure or form of thought of the *Vestiges*. We have no wish to depreciate any useful application of the mind to whatever subject: these books have a style very well suited to their contents, and form interesting reading. We know, too, that the subject has a very peculiar effect on flexible modes of composition, but there are certain features that mark a formed manner which it is impossible to disguise, and upon this evidence we have no hesitation in freeing the reputed author of the responsibility of a volume which, however absurd—not to say atheistical—is clothed in a tasteful if not elegant dress.

* (George Heriot *loquitur*.)—“This, however, I will say, that I have sometimes envied my friends their fair and flourishing families; and yet have I seen such changes when death has removed the head—so many rich men’s sons penniless, the heirs of so many knights and nobles acreless—that I think mine own estate and memory, as I shall order it, has a fair chance of outliving those of greater men, though God has given me no heir of my name.”—*Fortunes of Nigel*, ed. 1831, p. 239.

CHAPTER VI.

The Minute Philosophers.

Believe the small philosophers who tell ye,
The soul's great laboratory is the belly.

Parody on Essay on Man.

WE do not call a man a great philosopher merely because he takes up with a great subject or a great object, as when Richard Owen bestrode the great Galapagos tortoise to measure its twelve feet girth and was carried off by it, amidst the laughter of the Queen and Prince Albert. Neither do we call a man a small philosopher because he directs his attention to a small object, as when Sir Joseph Banks boiled, as some wag said, a flea, and finding it become red, cried out, "A lobster, by Jupiter!" We use the designation minute philosophers much in the meaning of its inventor, Berkeley, for those inquirers who take a view of a subject so concentrated and limited as leads them to ignore other views more general, and yet not transcending the bounds of human reason.

Of these minute philosophers we have a sect in Edinburgh, and though they make no great noise, and are not very numerous, they are self-confident, probably because their number is small. Like the

Galapagosians, of whom we have mentioned an example, they speak only once a year, that is, at pairing time. They are busy enough, too, in depositing their eggs, but the buzzards of philosophy, who take big flights, and probably despise these slow-going creatures, whose noses are always grubbing in the earth, pierce the said eggs, so that the numbers are thus kept down. So, too, as with those Galapagosians, you may see the tail, but the head is so often retracted within the shell that it is seldom visible. Indeed, now when the phrenological Solon is dead, it is doubtful if they have a head at all, unless a certain reverend doctor shall take the honour, for, as regards the author of the *Vestiges*, who would have the best right, he will not shew himself on any account.

From the hints already given, we may know somewhat of the origin of these peculiar thinkers. It is altogether a mistake to deduce, from their negative kind of atheism, that they are in any way connected with Hume, who would as thoroughly have despised them as they thoroughly differ from him. Hume came, by his analysis, which was strictly Pyrrhonian, to have no faith in anything, viewed philosophically. All things were reduced to appearances, without any evidence of the reality we dream of. Our sect, again, have too much faith in sensible things, and too little, or rather none at all, in existences or powers not get-at-able by the five gates of knowledge, or, perhaps, a back-door of rea-

son. Hume's doctrine of uncertainty has been the means of imparting to many a man a faith in supernaturals to which he flies in the very necessity of having something to believe; but the minute philosophers, by their very dogmatism in limiting their observation to dead matter and living tissue, exclude universals and celestials altogether. Supernaturals either don't exist at all, or, if they do, we never can know anything about them, so it is the part of a wise man to let them alone.

We thus get a little insight into the peculiar form of mind possessed by these gentlemen. They have only one God in a kind of duality—dead matter and organised tissue. What we call mind is just the tissue of the brain. If you don't have a little clot of brain representing some faculty, the things recognisable by that faculty have no existence. You may have an ounce of religion in an ounce of brain, or you may have half-an-ounce, or you may have none at all. Tissue is everything—not that it contains the spirit, but that it is the spirit. If you ask how this piece of cerebral tissue can perceive things out of it, the answer is, that it is its quality so to do, and there's an end on't. It is just as strange that a piece of magnetised iron can act where it is not.

Of course all nature being thus bound up in material powers and qualities, the minute philosophers never go out of these anywhere into the five universals, or the four infinities, or any such

incomprehensibles so much spoken of, and so little understood. They have a mortal hatred especially to the infinites, and laugh heartily at the impossibility of a thing without a beginning or an end. Why, it's just as easy to conceive of a thing having no beginning at all, as to have a beginning out of nothing; and then, when they have to account for any new phenomenon, it must be a development, never a miracle. Hence the Vestiges; and these minute philosophers are all vestigearians. They don't care though you twit them with having no example to shew of any origin of species. Have they not developments in other ways? Any dead matter in new positions develops new characters. The brain tissue under changes produces new developments. Are these less wonderful than a new species out of an old? What a state of exultation they were in when Mr Weekes produced his mite. Why should he not produce a lobster out of electricity and brick-dust? There would be another Graham's island, which would startle the involutionists, by shewing some new species which would transcend man evolving from the slime of ten millions of years. But their hopes died away when the poor mite was shoved out of the world, because, having no mother, it had no caul on its head, and it was a shame to say it was big with young. Undismayed by these things, a hopeful minute philosopher of Edinburgh went over to St Andrews, and erected in his garden a strong battery, which

he kept playing on ground-flint for God knows how long a time, but the never a mite, nor crab, nor lobster would come at the bidding of the Prometheus.* In other respects it is easy to see how

* After the story of Mr Weekes's mite had gone the rounds, a good many minute philosophers, besides Mr Crosse and our Edinburgh experimenter, tried the Promethean scheme. We have it on good authority that a G— M—, Esq., in Westmoreland, much given to the old subject of the transmutation of metals, resolved to make an attempt also. He accordingly erected, at great expense, a large battery, got granite burned in a kiln, and ground to powder, a supply of phosphorus, and several other ingredients, all of which he placed in a huge iron pot, and over this placed a bell-glass. Upon the mixture he set agoing his apparatus; but, fearful of being spoken of, he kept his machinery a profound secret—even walling off a part of the garden, and keeping the key of the entry door always in his pocket. Even birds convey secrets—wonderful doings at least. A neighbour, Mr H—, got some hint of what was going on; and, being a practical joker, he resolved upon fun. And nothing would deter him from scaling the wall one moonlight night, with a lobster in his pocket, which he had that day got in a present from Liverpool; which lobster he contrived to place in the iron pot among the granite; and, having replaced the glass, he got safely to his house. It was early next morning that the philosopher went to his creative laboratory, and before nine he had flown over the neighbourhood with this new species of shell-fish which he himself had created. Nor was the mystery solved till he met H—'s servant, who, running up to him, cried out, "La, Mr M—, you have got our lobster. Missus wants to boil 'im."

The reader will probably recollect an analogous story of a gentleman who experimented in metals. One day he had set all his instruments agoing, and left a servant to attend to the furnace; and, when he came home, what was his joy to find a solid lump of silver among the ashes. Minute philosophers have feelings; and he took his own way of expressing his, by inviting a number of *savans* to dinner, with a view to surprise them with the result of his experiment. The subject was opened, the silver exhibited, and all eyes a-goggled at the wonder. Now, in the midst of the excitement, a silver spoon was found wanting; nor was it long in coming out that the servant had been using the spoon in some way about the furnace, whereinto it had dropt. The dinner was a failure for that once.

"I mind o' the bigging o' 't," said Edie Ochiltree, which malaprops are not uncommon. After Bishop Watson's marriage into the Dallam-Tower family, he was a constant visitor there, especially during the long university vacation. Whilst there, he used to ramble about the hills and dales, with a hammer in his hand, chipping any little pebble he fell in

they work. As religion has something to do with a beginning, and a beginning something with a Deity who has no beginning, they are shy at such mysteries. What have they to do with anything but tissue? Is not a man's body just an instrument to be played on by external qualities and powers for a few years, and then to be broken up like an old fiddle? So we see them always setting forth their schemes of improvement. How much better than learning the young moral philosophy or religion to get them to study their corporations. There is no science so useful to man, as a reverend doctor assures us, as physiology. Teach the young how they are made, how many bones they have in their crania, the texture of their chylo-poetics, how they digest, assimilate, secrete, and excrete. There is the secret of human happiness. How earnest is one of our prints on this subject! But somehow none of these crazy religionists will listen. Of course we dare not object that if physi-

with. In one of these rambles, it chanced that he got to the top of Helm Craig, not many miles from Kendal, and picked up a substance which he at once pronounced to have been thrown from a volcanic crater. On his way home, he came naturally to the conclusion that Helm Craig itself was an extinct volcano. At the dinner-table, he produced the piece of lava as a proof of his amazing discovery. The authority of a professor fresh from his laboratory, and still fresher from the University of Cambridge, could not be gainsaid—the gentlemen too well bred, the ladies too gallant, to attempt it. Next morning, the butler addressed the bishop thus, "Dr Watson, excuse me, but I thought I heard you say at the table yesterday that Helm Craig was an extinct volcano. I don't know what an extinct volcano is, as I never saw one; but I do know that, when I was a lad, my father and I had a blast-furnace on Helm Craig, and that is a piece of the cinders from the very spot." "Say nothing about it, William," said the doctor, slipping a guinea into his hand.

ology is to be the great means of making people happy, you would require to follow it up with pathology, so that we might know what is wrong in our mechanism; and then, after that, wouldn't we require a touch of therapeutics to tell us how to bring the engine into good working order again? Surely if the instrument gets out of tune, we should know how to screw up the pegs. A minute philosopher in another sense of the term might have changed his immortal stanza—

"Whatever be the means, whate'er the issue,
The proper study of mankind is *tissue*
Some say the head is the immortal part,
And some insist as strongly for the heart;
Believe the small philosophers who tell ye,
The soul's great laboratory is the belly."

All this is just in the wake of that immortal work "The Constitution of Man," the grand textbook of the minute philosophers. The title is inscribed on a gravestone in the Dean Cemetery. Pope's epitaph on Newton came far short of that simple immortalisation. Yea, "Here lie the bones of Leibnitz," was nothing to an inscription which sets forth the great secret of the constitution of a creature who, Burns declared, was, and for ever would be, a riddle. How pitiful it is to think that the world, which is a congeries of constitutions, should be so ungrateful as almost already to have forgotten the great boon thus inscribed on imperishable marble, and the more ungrateful that the author takes such care of religion as a part of

that constitution; but, somehow or other, the old school seem to see that the religion so extolled in the great guide-book is only a tune on the same viol. If you happen to have the religious tissue, why, allow its development. It will at least amuse you; if not, you must, *quoad hoc*, be tuneless. These deepchoral hymns, which come from the home of the soul as a winning sound of hope to the spirit weary of earth, are not heard where the brain has not the little clot of substance. There is no religion to reply to the question put in a sentimental way in a little *brochure* lately published by a minute philosopher, Why did God do so and so—say, form a creature destined to have a cancer in her breast? What did she ever do to merit the infliction? Unfortunately, all the care taken by the tissue of itself, by being taught physiology, could not have kept away that sore from those parts which young lips hung upon and from which they drew the aliment of life.

No, the minute philosophers have no answer to such questions, because their first causes are not of heaven or of any other place, and their final causes are all of earth. True, they don't deny the existence of evil. Some of them have had the toothache, but then they teach that, if the unfortunate creature man, whose constitution is so well known to them, would just consent to be a good boy, and take care of himself, he might dodge himself out of a great many of the scrapes of life. They are

always for concealing or diminishing the dimensions of necessary evil, so as to have as little necessity as possible for calling in the aid of religion. In short, a great number of the ills that flesh suffers, flesh is not heir to so much as the cause of. How many go to sea in crazy ships!—how many tempt foul mines!—how many dance before the show-lights in muslin gowns!—how many rush into the arms of the social evil!—and so on, and on; for the inevitable evils, they are not so many or so very excruciating after all. Developments take care of the tissue that develops. Thus death is no evil to the lower animals, who know nothing of it; and as for pain, it is doubtful whether they feel it. Then, as for man himself, does he not distract himself about a bugbear, when he lies groaning and shaking at the expectation of dissolution—yea, a veritable bugbear, for when the matter is inquired into, death is found often to be very pleasant; at least, if you would just learn physiology, you would be able to keep it off a good while, and to know that when it comes it is only a cessation of development. Then how it may be ameliorated by such means as another minute philosopher, Jeremy Bentham, taught. When one is on his death-bed take care of the utilitarian rules—never mention death to him. Let the attendants be cheerful and gay, let them come and go, and speak of the last new novel or play, or anything else the moribund creature is known to be fond of. Trick the spirit out of its absurd yearn-

ings after what they call another world, and try to get the heart to cease amidst a flutter of earthly hopes, if you can; if not, why, then, take the next best—minimise the pain by the moral laudanum of an entire oblivion of heaven or hell, or any other fanciful place, which man, to crucify himself, has built up out of insane fancies, wild hopes, or spasmodic enthusiasm. And then, have we not had jolly “diers,” such as the reiver M’Pherson, who played, and danced, and sang, before he danced in the rope; Jean Paul, who kept dipping his flower-drawn thoughts in the cerulean, in order to dazzle men’s eyes when his spirit was fluttering on the last inch of brain; Thomas Hood, who kept punning when one-half of his body was a joke to the other; and Jeremy himself, who kept urging on his attendants that fond scheme of minimisation of all circumambient plagues that dared to come between him and the “nothing” he sighed to become *part* of.

No doubt, the minute philosophers pretend they can look as much abroad among the planets and away up among the stars as other people, but then it is always with the physical eye. They are still on the hunt after causes rolled up in masses of matter. Then the powers working in these far-away regions are just secondary, and there they stop. If the sun shines, he is just a big burning lamp; and if the moon shines, it is just by reflection, as would a well-scoured warming-pan when

the fire is bright. If the earth flies round, carrying them along with it, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour or so, it is just the action of a whirling-gig; and then as for the circuit round the sun, a schoolboy can imitate it with his sling and a stone in it. All is just the old efficient causes in operation under their noses. Nor is there any use in looking where you cannot see. What does any man know of what lies beyond Aldebaran? And what is the use of speculating where your speculations tend to nothing but adding space to space and time to time, when you know nothing about either space or time, except as mere relations to matter and movement?

They say that Ganganelli used to shudder when he thought of the mystery of man's being. So well he might, and Thomas Carlyle, too, puts his hand over his eyes when he looks up at the moon, and says, "It is dreadful, that vision overhead!" Don't we all shudder at this view? No, not the minute philosophers. They rather laugh at those who tremble, if they do not hate these entities, space and time, as the very matrices where are engendered the mysteries whereby man befools and assifies himself. They knock out the eye of Polypheme, and sit in the cave of the enchantress of second causes. Even were it true that the Antinomies reduced us to despair, shewing us as equally balanced Infinity and finity—eternity and limited duration—a beginning or no beginning—Deity or

no Deity. What then, most minute and reverend masters? Is the mystery of our being, and of the universe in which we are—so small and yet so great, so nearly allied to earth, yet so near to heaven—a whit diminished? Oh, but they have a cant against cant. They do admit a Deity, but they view Him rationally, while we make a bauchle of the notion, setting Him as a watch over sparrows, whereby they cannot chirp but He must have a hand in it. They remove Him far away behind the curtain—the wise king is in the cave at Ogygia. But they are worshipping Penelope; and cannot she sing or ply the distaff, or weave her endless web, going in at one end and coming out at the other, to their admiration, though Ulysses be not there? There is no use for him at Ithaca, when the suitors can eat their beeves, and drink their wine, and court their mistresses.

It is almost needless to speak of the religion of these worshippers of nature. They alone can speak of it. The reverend doctor is sometimes very bright; the *Scotsman* proclaims it sometimes so unctuously that you would suppose the preacher and writers acted Cantwell *versus* Rantwell; but what do they *think*? That's the question. Why, that religion is just a natural quality of the tissue—about as natural as your desire for porridge; not different from any other yearning, but, of course, God has no more to do with it, or it with God, than in any other case of secondary causes. So you will find

- the reverend doctor and the rest ignoring the new birth of converted Christians. Bless you, mark how unphilosophical such a notion is. Is the Deity to be dipping down through that circle of efficiencies which are quite independent of Him, and work in their own way, and every now and then to be touching hearts, with no rule to guide Him, and sometimes, it may be, with no thanks from minute philosophic minds, all for what? Cannot He let religion alone, as He lets love or hatred alone? and if the tissue is not able to work itself into a saving condition, what is the use of the powers it possesses? Then it is so tantalising to think that the frame of nature is to be disturbed in this way, and knocked off its hinges and out of its sockets every now and then, so that the noble creature man has no chart to go by to which he can trust; whereas the lower animals are let alone with their instincts,
- without any such intermeddling from above at all :

"The tortoise securely from danger does dwell,
When he tucks up his head and his tail in his shell."

Such intermeddling would, in short, be a miracle; and what could be more unnatural than a miracle?

It is just to be doubted whether they are not too knowing. They don't admit some of the benefits of a becoming ignorance. If they saw less clearly in one direction, they would have a brighter vision in another, and they do not know they are under the rule of the nightmare inclination. Make a point ever so clear, Berkeley says, it is great

odds that a man whose habits and the bent of whose mind lie in a contrary way, shall not be able to comprehend it; so weak a thing is reason in comparison with inclination. True, but the sun must decline amidst the shades of night before the firmament of stars can be visible. Human reason must be humbled in the shades of conscious ignorance before the mysteries of faith can be seen and accepted. The one resents a scrutiny into itself, the other solicits our placid and admiring contemplation. The one reveals to us a series of wonders, obscure and surrounded by a material finity, attracting curiosity, sporting with the feelings, exhibiting design in evil as well as in good, and leaving us in a bewilderment, the parent of regardlessness, satiety, and despair. The other leads us into regions where order, beauty, and immensity call forth our notions of sublimity, without entangling us in the complexities of mutability and antagonism. The one speaks with Nature's two voices—order and disorder; the other with the Spirit's one voice—harmony.

We detect ourselves in the very act of being serious with minute philosophers; as if we might not as well take Truelove, or Gleickan, or Holyoake, or the Gentleman in Black by the coat-tail, and ask him to listen to a sermon. They are all, as Berkeley says, on the contrary way; and we all know what it is to stop a piece of lead when it is hastening to the earth. There is an old distinction between

mind, which gravitates *down*, and spirit, that gravitates up. We wonder what will become of the minute philosophers when that wonderful time shall come, predicted by one of themselves—no less than Victor Hugo—that time when there shall be a cessation of gravitation, for they have such a tendency to burrow with their noses in the earth that they will be amazed when they cannot get down; but then they will not get up either, for the French philosopher does not promise no gravitation in that direction. So we will be all in the same mess. The planets will rot, no doubt; but what then? the minute philosophers will just say it is an evolution of a power they did not dream of, and then they will consent to die and rot too; and as they never look beyond their own graves, why should they look beyond the graves of the planets? Happily they do not adopt this theory. With them nothing will be but what has been; and what may be is a dream. With them the soul goes in a circle like the body, rising into life and going down into death, so that their faith is expressed by the nursery rhyme—

“Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go roundabout roundy.”

CHAPTER VII.

The Female Philosophers.

" Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below."

WE used to hear more than we do now of the old Avezanian philosophy of beauty, that it takes no fewer than thirty physical perfections to make up a complete woman. Perhaps the reason is that our female philosophers do not think it true: at least if we look at them as they parade Princes Street, we are apt to imagine that many of them have a suspicion that it does not take the *whole* thirty—nay, we cannot avoid the conviction that not a few are satisfied that a woman may be very beautiful with even twenty, or ten, or five, or even none of them at all. But if this is so touchy a subject, what are we to make of the Ciceronian doctrine—applied by him to one section of mankind—when extended to women in general, that it requires a great many more than thirty moral perfections to make a complete daughter of Eve? We are not dismayed—yea, we do not need to

offer the tender creatures the consolation contained in the said Cicero's proverb, that nothing on earth, not even the dew on the rose, dries sooner than a woman's tears; for when did we ever hear of one of them weeping for the want of any *one* of these moral perfections? Nor do they need, for they are satisfied they possess them all. Just see how they stand up even for the possession of *constancy*, a quality which that old dry bachelor, Terence, asserts is perfectly alien from their sweet natures altogether; as where the wretch says, "Wouldst thou know the nature of woman? here it is,—When thou art willing, she is unwilling, and when thou art unwilling, she desires ardently." What a babble the men sex have made of this, from Solomon (who took care to provide against the imputed fault, by calculating that one out of three hundred would likely be found to go in with his whims) down through myriads of sobbing swains, all forgetful, every one of them, that the fault lies in themselves, who are as inconstant as the wind!

But the dear ill-used creatures are not only satisfied—and we think they are right—that each and every one of them possesses all the thirty moral qualities required of them by man. They sometimes aspire to one which the other half of the species do not wish them to possess at all—viz., the spirit of philosophising. The prejudice is not a new one. There is the satirical Bayle, when speaking of Madame de Logis, says explicitly there

is something altogether incompatible between the duties of a mother and a household, and the study of philosophy; and, if we recollect rightly, it was Madame de Longville who asked Rochefoucauld how many women God had given philosophical minds to,—whereunto replied the aphorismist, "Two out of a hundred, and just—let me see—how many?—yes, exactly two too many."* Yet at that time Rochefoucauld was the cynosure of the pretty eyes of the philosophical prudes of the French court. It's all the same throughout: men don't like philosophical women; and the prejudice is the more remarkable that, so long ago as the times of Plato, the first step of philosophy was said to be "to know thyself," which Juvenal says comes right down from heaven, and which Erasmus asserts is a precept for modesty—a quality which men wish in women, and women for themselves, at all hazards. Nor is the prejudice less wonderful in another respect—that as philosophy teaches people to bear, to be silent under injury, to be patient and forgiving, it might have been expected that man, who places on the tender creature so many burdens and responsibilities, yea, reproaches, would not have denied her the means of bearing them with equanimity. No wonder, we

* The old story of Madame de Staël asking Napoléon what kind of a woman was the greatest, to which he answered, "She who bears the greatest number of children," is not adverse to our position. For we maintain, against Bayle, that a philosophical woman is the woman of all women who ought to marry, and have a family, for which we will bring good reasons.

think, that he is always crying out against their petulance, their irascibility, their volubility—in short, their bad tempers.

And this leads to that grand feature in our Edinburgh women: a great many of them are philosophers; and, what is more wonderful, they can *do* crochet, with many other things, and philosophy at the same time. They exhibit a zeal, too, in their studies which is charming. Some say that the Philosophical Institution was the mother of this extraordinary birth. We know better. The real truth is, that the Edinburgh ladies had long been oppressed with the charge that their sex were not obedient to their husbands in all things, and were given to lingual retaliation, impatient and fiery-tempered; and having learned that philosophy would mend all this, yea, reverse that old gibe, that the activity of a woman's hands passed at the Fall into her tongue, they resolved on becoming philosophers. Nor have they failed, under the auspices of the Philosophical Institution* in Queen Street, to put this resolution into effect.

* Our famous institution is just an offshoot from the old Blue-Stocking Club. The celebrated Mrs Montague was the reputed founder of the society known by the name of the "Blue-Stocking Club." The association was formed on the liberal principle of substituting rational delights of conversation for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card-table. No particular attention was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful, and unrestrained; far different from what is insinuated respecting the company by a satirist, who accuses them of going

"To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstances:—One of the most distinguished characters in the early days of

The consequences of this noble resolution are becoming every day more apparent to us. Never was there a town with such women. What a difference between the modern and ancient Athens, in which latter city such vixens as Lysistrata, Calonice, and Myrrhina ruled their husbands, and even took out of their hands the citadel, passed laws, and snubbed every individual who wore a palla! In place of the old clamour there is nothing but gentle whispers; that old Highland-fling of a manner has ceded to the minuet of grace and softness; the former shoulder-of-mutton arms, so pugilistic looking, have given way to the elastic undulating spring of a flowing rotundity; the warlike bushel bonnet, to the small modest and receding thing which just skirts the forehead. No iterations, exacerbations, reverberations, criminations. No wonder our divorce courts came to be used only by the English, (they have got courts of anti-hymen of their own now,) but few people knew the secret. It was not merely to get quit of their English wives—creatures destitute of all philosophy, of course—but to wed Scotchwomen in their places, whose philosophical fame had got over the Borders.

Nor did these *savans* neglect the necessary guards of this comely change. Their hereditary

the society was Mr Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. His conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, insomuch that when, in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was the common exclamation—"We can do nothing without the blue stockings." And thus was the appellation acquired, which is now become frequently in use for all learned and witty ladies.

hatred of honest David, of sceptical notoriety, induced caution, and they resolved to have nothing to do with philosophy except as the handmaid of religion; and as religion teaches patience and silence, (in their sex,) as well as faith, hope, and charity, they could thus keep the candle of their regeneration burning at both ends. We accordingly see that things are so admirably managed at their institution in Queen Street, that on no account is philosophy allowed to traverse the province of faith, unless it be to scatter immortals over it, or rather a mixture of amaranth, nepenthe, and frankincense. How literally they have wrought out their resolution! At that wonderful time, scarcely further back than yesterday, how philosophically they distinguished between Richard Weaver and Thomas Cooper—the collier and the cobbler. It happened that the representative of religious enthusiasm and that of religious philosophy held forth at the same hour—the one in the Music Hall, the other in Rose-Street Church; and what a contrast between the congregations!—in the one, four-fifths women, in the other, one three-hundredth-part—that is, unity; so that the gallant Professor Blackie, who presided over the male philosophers, began, “Lady and gentlemen,” shaking those locks of his, Cupidinal in all save the colour, as if wroth that his Benedictine predilections were thus so unphilosophically snubbed, and sitting down sad and solemn under the vision of bare heads and cold, sceptical eyes, in

place of those small philosophical bonnets under which the Queen-Street *savans* used to look so lovingly upon him. The Soph-sapphos had made their selection between the subtle Thomas and the dear Richard—the sarcastic yet genial author of “The Purgatory of Suicides,” and the fiery chanter of sublime hymns to secular melodies.

While they thus retain their philosophy and their religion, rendering them two beautiful sisters, in place of contending furies, they are able to associate with them the pagan Minerva, the goddess of so many powers and arts, amongst which deserves to be placed that modern invention called *crochet*. Yes, with the exception of a little time given to music, and the romantic knight-templars of the penny blatts, the lives of our philosophical ladies are equally divided between philosophy and *crochet*. There is the Ariadnean thread of the labyrinth of science, and the Penelopean one of the open web. Both are symbols,—the one leading to heaven, the other to an arm-chair. Then the weaving may be so quickly alternative as to be synchronous, or they may go on together *aut Plato filonizat aut Filo (filum) platonizat*. While their brains are weaving the thoughts of the lecturer, their hands are working a doily. How delightful in these youthful spinsters who have yet hope to be providing against despair, and for those who have discharged the elastic goddess, to hobnob with Philosophy, so beautiful, so mild-eyed, so grave, so near a relative

to Religion, as Boethius describes her! No doubt she is sometimes rather a hard-visaged goddess, this Philosophy, at least to some; but these female votaries have wondrous arts of conciliating her. If she frowns a little upon them, they meet the vision of her in the mind by the languid vibrations of some nerve connected with the tongue, on which lies some dissolving jujube, or kiss, or coriander. Nay, they will confront her image with that of a lover whose face is accepted by the retina—and Philosophy cannot be angry at love.

It is a consoling sight for the men sex, especially those who are not philosophers themselves, these gatherings of wise spinsters. Everything around has a philosophic aspect. Stand at the door and see them come up. Some of the younger ones looking with a severely drawing together of alabaster brows, and imparting to Beauty that gravity which has all the effect of the fancied mole on the cheek of Venus. They bustle, because they are bent on something which flutters them, like bright-winged moths when they approach the ant-hills of wisdom. If any of the butterflies of mere sense happen to be passing, you would think they cast some of the dust of their wings on their gayer and lighter sisters who are away after some of the sweet scents of the world's vanities. It is scarcely safe for men of the lighter order to encounter them there. They throw over them the shadow of the bird of Minerva. Let these go to *The Rainbow*, which

is far on this side of the Temple of Reason, up beyond the clouds of Time, whither these angels are bent. Then the older spinsters, who, in a recoil from despair, are hastening to the refuge of dried hearts to get the want of the glow of earthly love compensated by a phosphorescence in the brain. They are now independent of the men sex, who flatter to betray, while the mild-eyed goddess flatters to save and ennoble, and to make fit for heaven.

Then all about has a philosophical look. The words on the windows, "Philosophical Institution," reminding one of the notice on the entrance to the academic groves, are pregnant of import, and meet their glance with an assurance that their destiny is all right. The face of the respectable and amiable secretary has a suitable expression, overlaying his turn for genial and innocent humour. Nor are the directors and men of office—who have left or leapt their counters a few minutes before, and have assumed the true owl-look of "dungeons of science,"—without their patronising and countenancing humility, which belongs to all those who are "so like little children gathering pebbles by the shore of the boundless ocean of God's great universe of knowledge." The street lamps pale their coal-born light before the grave effulgence of all this wisdom, which is to analyse that coal—that light by another light, even that which was struck off as a spark at the creation, and caught in the tinder-box of Eve's mind.

Ah, well, you have at length got into the adytum, and things begin to give promise of a new birth of this deep wisdom by the throes of the lecturer, brought, it may be, from a distant part of the kingdom by the directors, on the principle of the prophet's fate in his own land. But on this occasion he is one of our own Professors who is to open "the five gates of knowledge"—a wonderful subject, considering what enters therethrough and comes forth therefrom under a change effected somewhere about the pineal whereon sits often a very imp of a female soul, who delights in all kinds of transmutations, even to the reversing of wisdom and making it folly. There is a rustling of petticoats, a creaking of whalebone and steel, sitting and resitting, arranging bonnets and lappets to keep the five gates all open, so that the wisdom may have free access; the getting out of the crochet instruments; feeling to find if the *sal volatile*, perhaps extracted from the bones of a grandmother by the wonders of science, is ready to make patent its appropriate gate; fumblings for boxes of jujubes to lubricate another of the gates, famous for the reception of Littlejohn's or Blair's comfits, and the ejection of sweeter words of love of the true Plutonic—not Plutonic—kind; the getting near some unhappy male, who, not being a philosopher, requires comfort for the loss of the cards and quadrille, the wine and whisky-toddy and pipe; the preparation for pinning down in the note-book the

winged words, as beetles are stuck by a pin to the naturalist's pasteboard ;—and all looking the *tecum habita*. Remember the great object of the meeting—so many daughters of Eve waiting to catch the leaves—not the withered ones of Mohammed's tree of extremity, but the green ones of the tree of knowledge. Oh, how unlike the old one !

Nor is the hum and buzz finished when the directors come in from their shops, where in the forenoon they were serving with all humility these very female *savans* before them, and from whom they now receive the honour due to the patrons of learning. They take it kindly and humbly, as become the pebble-seekers. No, you would not find in any of their countenances an indication of any pride of the metamorphosis which consists in a change from selling silks and sausages to dealing out by deputy yards of wisdom. Every one is as demure and humble as Socrates, when he laid past his apron and took on the "irony" of his countenance, that he was so superior to the Sophists; and then, how much more cause have they for this humility of pride when, in place of Sophists, they have before them interesting Sapphos—in place of subtle Zenos and Gorgiases, the philosophical Amelia, the cogitative Helen, the demure Musidora!

But mark the sensation thrilling through the fair creatures when there comes in a little man with a cork foot and a cork elasticity therein—

almost threatening, like the Dutchman's leg of the same material, to carry him further than he wished, ay, perhaps even to the Platonic bosoms of these angels—his eyes a-goggled with the external light of so many luminous orbs fixed upon him—to him a delight, as it was a terror to De Quincey—the said light meeting and conflicting with the illumination within. He is dressed in black, makes a bow by throwing out the cork foot behind—goes up to the desk—hems and clears out the gate of taste to let out clearly the flow of his eloquence. He is not unconscious that there are hundreds of aspirations which if vocabulised would sound, "Would that Heaven had made me such a man!" but he pretends not to know this, and begins to open up the five gates,—the gustative, the olfactory, the ocular, the auricular, the tactive. How wonderfully he describes all the parts—the retina, the drum of the ear, the papillæ, the capillæ, the ganglions, those half-way houses between the gates and the cerebral temple! What a mystery in that notion of Euler's, that we have in our ears a retina corresponding to that in the eye, with only this difference, that the one is for sound, the other for light—the one for words, the other for forms. Amelia looks to Helen, "Isn't that wonderful?" "Who could have thought that we saw by the ear and heard by the eye?" Then how much more wonderful that the very skin can see colours—nay, there is a case where the ear actually heard them; so that, however marvellous

it may appear, it does seem to be all but certain that all our fine senses are only modifications of one general principle of external intelligence. Nay, what may seem to transcend all belief—even of females, who, it is said, will believe anything that they wish to believe—the whole membranes of these organs forming the gates of knowledge are only modifications of one general nature of organic matter. Yes; but, further still, all the inorganic qualities—sound, light, savoury particles, scents, concrete tangibles, and eatables, and liquid potables—yea, all things in nature are modifications of some one secret essence. At the end of which wonderful announcement there is a clearing of throats, an indrawing of breath, a slower suction of jujubes, a cessation for a few minutes of crochet, a palsyng of the hand engaged in pinning down those marvellously-winged words—"Oh, did you ever, Jemima?" "What wonderful creatures we are, Amelia!" "Why, we are all of a piece, Musidora!" "The entire world's of a piece; just dove's-neck silk all over, one might say." "How I shall open mamma's ocular gate to-night, Helen!" "Ay, and shut papa's gustative one!" "Whist, girls! it's all the mystery of the Lord!"

It is all a mistake to suppose that these amiable creatures, often beautiful, too, either *passé* or *à présent*, are not desirous to take upon themselves the burden of matrimony and maternity. We have seen that in one respect their study of philosophy

(we have given merely an example of science) is favourable to both duties, insomuch that it teaches them patience, and enables them to teach their children the elements of a higher knowledge than they get from dominies. We don't at all agree with Bayle, in his note to the life of Madame de Logis, already referred to. "It is the ordinary lot of individuals of her sex who are given to study to take husbands," and so they should. "But they ought not to do so. They should leave it to the unphilosophic to keep the world inhabited. It is too often the case that the world is so unjust to them—in the sense in which Seneca speaks of Cato—as to ignore their transcendent value. At least, if the world does not profit much by them, a husband profits less"—a bit of very absurd speculation on the part of Peter, and refuted, too, by the case of Madame de-Logis herself, (and of so many others we could mention,) who had nine children, all of whom she instructed with great patience and assiduity. And do we not hear every day of sons of merit and daughters of virtue attributing their noble qualities to the love and care of a learned, or at least, cultivated mother? Do not pay any attention to the French sceptic, dear *savans*. We suspect it was sour grapes to him. He could not get a learned woman to have anything to do with so sceptical and impure a thinker. He knew that philosophy purifies the feelings as well as wisdom the understanding, and both faculties would have

resented a connexion which would have dragged the one to the earth, and prevented the other from rising to heaven.

Most happily, however, we know that these *élèves* of Queen-Street College not only consider themselves very well qualified for the duties of their sex, but they do not renounce all hope (like the Florentine) when they enter the sacred door. We are even assured that they do take it rather ill when taunted with renouncing their dearest aspirations. We love to do them this justice, and we must alway recollect that

"He who stands unmoved
When lovely woman is reviled by man,
Deserves to be unmann'd, but not unsex'd;
Yea, made a monster of—hermaphrodite—
One half to war against the other half,
In everlasting strife; as when the devil
Meets God within the heart, and the fair temple,
So lovely in primeval state, is laid
In ruins!"

But, indeed, we need not be so rapturous in our defence of injured philosophical innocence, because though their modesty, as becomes Scottish females, prevents them from publishing to the world the falsehood of the charge, and thereby deprives us of the benefit of their own disavowal of an assertion so adverse to the interests of the species, so dangerous to the perpetuation of the race of Adam's children, we have evidence which is also patent to Benedicts themselves. If they doubt our word, let them attend one or two nights at the lecture-

room, and they will soon see that, in place of philosophy being incompatible with the desire of being married, the very reverse is the fact. Scarcely a lovely spinster but considers one of the men sex as indispensable as her crochet and corianders. Nay, so economical are they, in obedience to the behests of philosophy herself, that they can carry on the listening to a lecture and the work of love at the same instant. If they resign one gate of knowledge to him of the cork-foot, they can devote another to him of the pointed moustache. We have even heard of examples where all the gates were occupied at once—touching, tasting, looking, smelling, hearing—every one having its appropriate object—the example of the men sex coming in for the touch in the form of a warmly-pressed hand,* every pressure being intensified at the

* It would be impossible to give all the varied expression that characterises the act of shaking hands; but there are a few that can be designated, which, like primitive colours, form the groundwork of ever-varying shade. The *pump-handle* shake first deserves notice. It is performed in a solemn, mechanical manner. No attempt has ever been successful to give it grace or vivacity. As a general rule, it should not be continued after your friend is in a profuse perspiration from the unwonted exercise. The *pendulum* shake is of a similar character, but it has a horizontal instead of a perpendicular motion. It is executed by boldly sweeping your hand horizontally toward your acquaintance, and, after the junction is effected, rowing it from one side to the other as long as human nature will bear it. The *tourniquet* shake is next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument of torture by which surgeons stop the circulation of the blood. The person using this style, if he has a large, powerful hand, can throw his victims into intense agony, and even produce dislocation of the small bones of the fingers, and, in delicate persons, easily sprain the wrist. The *cordial* shake is performed with a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied by a moderate degree of pressure, and cheerful exclamations of welcome. This style is indiscriminate and very popular. The *grievous* touch is the opposite of the

utterance of some grand truth from the fountain of inspiration, the fir-desk.

No doubt—recurring to something we said before, that men do not fancy female *savans*—there is a shyness in our sex in “popping” to a philosopher. We know one instance where a friend—not at all given to those studies—felt so overcome at the proximity and vision of so august a union as beauty and wisdom, that he could not for a long time prevail upon himself to vocabulise his ardent wish. He was always impressed with the fear that she would treat him as one who had ventured to propose an earthly union to an angel, who merely happened to be down here as a half-way house in the course of her winged journey to some other region of the heavens. But his fears were not justified by the result. The lady felt for him;

cordial grapple. It is principally used by hypochondriacs and sentimental young clergymen, and is always accompanied by a nervous inquiry about somebody's health. The *prude major* and the *prude minor* are entirely monopolised by the ladies: the first allows the gentleman to touch the fingers down to the second joint; the second gives the whole of the forefinger. The very ladies, however, who use these styles most effectually will, in a moment afterwards, permit the *tourniquet* squeeze, provided it is done in the waltz or other equally familiar dance. We might extend our list with descriptions of the *grip royal* and the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake with *malice prepense*, which are, after all, but exaggerated forms of the pump-handle, pendulum, and tourniquet varieties, and, therefore, can be conceived more easily than described. But we finish with the female-philosophical shake, which can be as intense as the lady pleases, because, though entirely from the heart, it is given under the cover of the head. We see this shake done in great perfection in the Queen-Street College, where, as the different *savans* come in and meet their male friends, there is such an exhibition of something even ap. proaching the pump-handle that you would suspect something, were it not certain that it is a mere welcome to the temple of one of the purest of goddesses.

and even went so far, when he began to balbutiate, as to help him with nearly the half of the sentence; and then, what ecstasy, what a bounding of the heart, what a rushing in the veins, what an inflammation in the brain, when he clasped the philosopher in his arms, and cried—

“Ye gods! receive my thanks,
That I am privileged thus to unfold
The very form of wisdom, and to look,
Deep down through heaven-lit eyes,
Into the very shrine where sits, sublime,
The goddess of that gift which Heaven bestows
On those alone whose thoughts are in the skies,
And the deep secrets of God’s universe,
And call her mine.”*

So much for the desire of these interesting creatures to—we don’t say marry, because the word

* Against all revilers of philosophical ladies, let us quote some of the escapades of men who would have profited by having had philosophical wives—at least, would have been better in a philosophical institution than a tavern. The late Mr N—ie, painter, a very genial soul, and a great friend of the actor, Mr Murray, Charles T—t, and Scott M—ff, was one night with these somewhat jolly gentlemen, and, as usual, got ultra-happy, a term quite understandable even by those who are destitute of philosophy. About twelve o’clock they parted; and Mr N—ie went home to his house in James’s Square, carrying over his head (for it was a wet night) a large cotton umbrella, which went very much like a main-sheet in a gale of wind. Having a pass-key, he got in, shut the door, and stood in the lobby. While thus standing, he took up the notion that he was in his bedroom, took off his clothes, laid them on the floor, and sat down to unloose his stockings. During this operation another notion came into his head, that he was still out in the rain, from the noise it was making on the cupola; so, letting alone the stockings, he seized the umbrella, put it up, and defended himself against the fancied shower. It was a good while after this that Mrs N—ie, who had heard the door open, went and looked into the passage, and there, to her utter amazement, he was sitting, *super posteriorem*, naked to the shirt, and very assiduously holding the umbrella over his bare head. He had been in this position for half-an-hour at least.

Take, again, the story of Snip. The more garrulous of the gossips in certain quarters of the city were, towards the close of a winter’s session,

is not genteel, and is rather discountenanced at the college—but to connubiate. As for their being

occupied with the discussion of a train of incidents much too amusing in their nature to be altogether passed over unnoticed. The story is invested with all the greater interest from the circumstance that the hero belonged to that singularly unfortunate class of the community sometimes more courteously designated Knights of the Thimble. It appears that poor Snip had been at a party which had been given on a pretty extensive scale, in a highly-respectable neighbourhood; but about the precise locality of which it is unnecessary to be particular. And if he was not the lion of the evening, there can be no question that he excited a very considerable sensation. Independent of his having bestowed no ordinary pains on his personal adornment, displaying, of course, in every detail, an intimacy with the aesthetics of attire such only as a tailor and a man of taste could exhibit, his feet were incased in a pair of glossy boots, which appeared to be the object of especial admiration.

Elated by the profound impression he seemed to be making on every side, the poor fellow entered with the greatest gusto into all the entertainments of the evening; and, as a necessary consequence, he frequently found sundry copious libations indispensably necessary in order to maintain the requisite degree of excitement. But, alas! the effect of these potations was soon painfully apparent. And, when poor Snip betook himself homewards, he was, unfortunately, in every sense of the term, decidedly oblivious. Shortly afterwards, another, but less indiscreet, member of the same joyous circle, had occasion to pass through St Andrew Square, when he was suddenly arrested by a pair of beautiful dress-boots lying on the pavement. With a presence of mind which, judging from the misfortunes which had already befallen the individual above referred to, might not have been expected in a gentleman who had been to an evening party, he forthwith looked about him for some trace of the owner, when, *prok pudor!* to his amusement, he discovered the identical gentleman who had made such a distinguished appearance with the jet-black boots at the house he had but recently left, lying, divested of his upper habiliments, on a common stair immediately contiguous. The explanation of the unparalleled circumstance at once occurred to him; and after mentally resolving to take warning from the sad spectacle which was presented to him, he forthwith proceeded to endeavour to convince the luckless fellow that he was not in bed, as he actually supposed, and that there was every probability of further occupancy of the "lodging on the cold ground," being attended with highly injurious consequences—to say nothing of the damage which would be occasioned to the—boots. The individual was, however, too much in that peculiar condition represented by the poet as being both "blest and glorious," and in which the victim is said to be always "o'er all the ills of life victorious," to see with any clearness the drift of his friend's reasoning but

able and willing to take on the duties already alluded to of maternity—may Heaven bless them for the condescension!—they are not only willing, but capable. They don't express this in the college, but we know the fact, not only from the thinning of their ranks in the pews from year to year, but from what we see of them at their homes. Then, there is a scandalous assertion made that they throw off their philosophy when they take on the stole. Nay, it is even asserted that many have recourse to the college to have an opportunity of sitting near the men sex, and inspiring them under the winning veil of Platonism. The charge is as unjust in the one case as in the other. They are in general shy lovers, (the case of the balbutiating swain is an exception,) devoted wives, fond mothers, industrious instructors, and economical housewives. In place of knocking off their philosophy, they knock it into their children. And where could you find a grander spectacle than that of a creature privileged by Heaven's gift, and even the world's approval, to stand aside, and with a look of dignity, not mixed with contempt but benevolence, and perhaps a spice of pity, to allow the world to be peopled as it likes, willing to condescend to such low, earth-born avocations and laborious drudgery?

he yielded at last, and was forthwith removed to a more proper place of safety—hiccuping as he went—"This comes—hic—hic—of going to the—hic—hic—Philosophical—hic—Institution!"

As for some countervailing disadvantages attending philosophical wives—such as where they reduce their husbands to the duty of carrying to them the dictionary, subscribing to their theories, and assenting to their wishes, enforced as these wishes may be (and they can be in every case) by a syllogism—why, we can only say that if these are evils, what are ignorance, thick-headed prejudice, stolid indifference, stony hearts, peevish tempers, extravagance, intemperance, and all the rest, which are never found where the mild-eyed goddess takes up her residence?

We would, indeed, say that in almost every case a philosophical wife is of advantage to a husband. If he is ignorant, will he not adore her?—if wicked, fear her?—if learned, admire her? Then what superiority she assumes over her children. If they are petulant, she knows philosophically how petulance is to be treated; if they are rebels, she quells them by love and reason; if quick of parts, they leap to her instructions; if dull of understanding, they are trained to efforts which will overcome, when directed by wisdom, even dulness incased in clay.

What more have ye to say, ye groundlings, whose noses rejoice in the mud, and who dare to kick your heels—the only parts of your bodies which are capable of motion upwards—against those whose eyes are in the heavens, without

their hearts being deprived of the sympathies of their kind? Go to the college. We don't say to learn—it is too late for you; but to choose a wife. This is the only chance for a man who dares to say a word against our female philosophers.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Ministers.

"Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can or none)
That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own."

POPE.

EVEN yet, in these days of mental improvement, as they are called, by which we mean a fluctuating condition, wherein there are more ideas than formerly passing through the mind, of whatever kind they may be, we suspect that the critical estimates of our ministers are very much of the old style. The preacher is still "the good man," or "godly man," his sermon a "fine discourse;" for, as regards any sufficient reason to account for the admiration that is in them, the hearers cannot yet, it would seem, give any. In short, we doubt very much—yet with the humility which ought to belong to an opinion ventured on a subject so much out of our province—whether the common people of our country are yet more discriminative hearers of a sermon than they have ever been.

We have only two modes of accounting for this condition of the critical faculty among the masses of church-goers. In the first place, the ministers

are not improved in any power of enforcing unanimity of judgment in regard to what a sermon ought to be, and there is no palpable reason why they should be so improved; * and, secondly, the common people, notwithstanding their greater education, are not improved in the attention of their listening so as to make themselves able to discriminate the qualities of a pulpit discourse; and yet there *seem* to be good reasons why they should be so improved. We say *seem*, for where is the man who, in our day, would have the hardihood to assert that education is not, in spite of very suspicious appearances, full of the glorious promise of a moral millennium? And it would be a terrible thing were this last hope of the tinkers of our species to die away like all the other *panaceæ* that, from the beginning of the world, have been held forth for making angels of men. We have no wish to elongate and deepen the shadow when the

* The following judicious remarks in a review of Norman M'Leod's "Plea for Temperance," are worthy of being preserved:—"Is it not the case that our ministers' discourses are framed in language which conveys no ideas to the great bulk of the labouring population, for the simple reason that they do not understand them? Is it not the case that our sermons and discourses are embodied in a peculiar phraseology, so different from the common mode of speech as to constitute a peculiar dialect which only the initiated can understand? and, finally, is it not the case, as a general rule, that the clergy address their hearers, not as men and women organised with various faculties, each formed for its own peculiar and lawful exercise, but as imaginary beings, with such a limited sphere of action, that their spiritual guides must harp continually on the same mouldering strings. If the clergy wish to extend their influence—if they wish to win men from the degradation of intemperance, they must minister to human nature as God has made it—bearing in mind that no more on Sunday than on Saturday does any spiritual influence elevate man above the laws of his being."—*Scotsman*.

sun of a moral and religious enlightenment is said to be struggling to get from under the cloud of ignorance; but so far as we can yet see of the effects of education, they appear to be no more than simply a few tints on the opened petals of the flower, leaving the stock and stem as full of the acrid juices as ever.

If we had no faith in nature herself in retaining and enforcing her normal laws, for keeping always the greatest possible amount of virtue among the societies of her children, we might be inclined to despair of the efforts of man. Just take an example. How beautifully, in the dark days of our ignorance, did she store up in the hearts of illiterate people those wonderful *proverbs* of every land, which were so like a religion and "an economy of human life" graven upon the soul! The very essence of the wisdom of ages, they were in every one's keeping; they were whispered by the old into the willing ears of the young, and carried the sacred sanction of authority, even in the very tones of eild, and the love which the listeners bore to the grandams who uttered them. They appealed to the judgment and the conscience, and brought almost every action of life and every feeling of the heart under the surveillance and scrutiny of reason and religion. These sibylline leaves are blown away, and scattered, and almost lost, and what have we left, or rather got, in their stead? A stimulated craving for the tang of luxuries, and a

ruck of floating images of material things, where sense calls more and more to be fed, and the judgment—seldom sought to be exercised except as the favourer of desires—shrinks from even the whispers of duty. Pride, personal decoration, and penny novels are the grand fruits of education in a great portion of our younger people.* All true; yet the sentiment of La Bruyère still stands good—"However much we may be satisfied that nature has her own unchangeable qualities and biases

* Mr Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull, in a charge to the grand jury delivered some time ago, after a few words of comment upon the vice of intemperance, said—"Gentlemen, let me turn from this topic for a moment to another of great importance, forced on my attention by a case coming before you and me at these sessions, and painfully reviving in my mind the recollection of several cases at the last and immediately preceding sessions. I cannot bear to make a harsh or uncharitable observation concerning either an individual or a class; but I must, in sober sadness, ask you, as men of the world, of social standing and experience—as heads of families—whether you can possibly regard as satisfactory the condition of female domestic servants of the present day? For my own part, I know what is said on the subject by masters and mistresses of all ranks of society, that it is almost impossible, speaking in a general way, to get or to retain a respectable, modest, and trustworthy female servant. Why? Some—nay, very many—will tell you bitterly, and with too much truth, that young women in that class of life are monstrously over educated for their stations and callings; that is to say, that passing away from, or neglecting homely and useful acquirements, their minds are dis tempered and inflated by a smattering of knowledge and accomplishments totally unfitted for them, disturbing all their notions of dutiful, respectful and happy subordination, and giving them a disgust for the plain paths of duty. Instances of this have from time to time been brought under my notice that would be amusing, were they not so painful and even alarming, as indicative of general and increasing tendencies. Dean Swift wrote a tract, 'On the Mis-education of our Gentry;' but a Dean Swift of our day might, at least, as fittingly write a tract, 'On the Mis-education of our Female Servants.' I shall not more particularly allude to cases which have recently come before us here of young women who have stood weeping before me bitterly, and afterwards in the jail, but I know what they have owned as to their having felt 'above their places.'" This charge has been very roughly handled by the *Saturday Review*.

marked on every birth, no man will consent on that account to relinquish his efforts in educating his children."

The reason is obvious enough; education is the key to knowledge, but, unfortunately, it opens more than the temples of science, philosophy, and religion. It opens also the temple of "Vain Fancies," often also the Dagon fane of Voluptuousness, where the votary gets giddy in the whirl of sensual images, and loses all the self-control of reflection and judgment. It is not now as it was when David Hume tried to cheat his inamorata by sending her Plutarch's Lives for a romance. The scent for fiction cannot now be taken off the track by any red-herring drag, however potent. Then the book was usually got as a whole, read and finished, and the mind returned again to its ordinary aliments; but now, by the introduction of numbers and parts, the interest is so effectually maintained through weeks and months, that the enchanted reader resides with the personages, mixes in the extravagant scenes, breathes the thick atmosphere of the places, and walks, and talks, and acts under the charm of the fictioneer.* What

* The following, with some truth in it, is perhaps too strong:—Amongst the indigent classes there has arisen a literature of the most pernicious and debasing kind. It does not contain a single element of mental greatness or moral splendour. It is gross, sensual, and revolutionary. And its influence is potent. It reaches far and spreads wide; but ever amongst the lower classes. It seldom enters a drawing-room; it is excluded from the pure precincts of "the family parlour." It lies on the wet, sloppy table of the vulgar coffee-shop—is carried in the pocket of the 'prentice lad—finds a hiding-place in the drawer of the poor, pale milliner—nestles

preacher, even if he is spasmodic, and deals in the thrilling epithet, or the startling antithet, or the bedaubed portrait, or the brimstone denunciation, or the seraphic hope, or the eccentric action, has any chance, by drumming on the tympanum, to scare away those fanciful personages who live inside, and have there a local habitation and a name, and are bound to the tissues of the brain by the sympathy of a passion? It is not that he has more of Satan to contend with in the form of positive evil, but that the microcosm where his powers of

on the greasy pillow of the unwashed cobbler, who slumbers away the Sabbath morn—is read by clattering groups of young men under the flaming gaslight of some filthy court—and has a welcome reception in every resort of vagabonds and thieves. The “Red” Chartist glorifies it—the infidel adores it in preference to his God. The outcast has made it the companion of his glass, and the female wanderer reads it on her noon-day-bed. Paul the poacher, Dick Turpin the highwayman, Jack Sheppard the housebreaker, are fair specimens of the scandalous characters most popular with the authors and readers of this disgraceful literature. Here the forgery, the seduction, the duel, the theft, the prize-fight, the murder, and “the gallant and extraordinary escape from prison”—the orgies of the sensualist, the savage deeds of the pirate, the vagabond life of the impostor, and the “game” death of the murderer—the song, the revel, the adventures of “the men about town”—and the pleasures of a life in “the tents of wickedness”—are painted in tints that flash and glow before the eye of the soul, until the worst passions are aroused, and a course of revelry begun which terminates in disease, shame, and want.

Many English writers have denounced French literature. They say it is immoral. They assert that it is enough to corrupt whole generations. We do not dispute their verdict.

Why, such is the literature of which we write—English literature. Grub Street sends forth scores of such novels and revolutionary periodicals. We need not thank God that we are not as other men are—that Eugène Sue was not born, and his “Mysteries” not published in our fatherland. We have such men too; and while they find unenviable fame, we need not pretend to be better than our neighbours. It will be time enough to do that when our national literature is purged of Reynolds, Harney, and Holyoake, and when its every page shall teem with beauty, truth, and love. Such a good time is on the wing, and in its advent all righteous men will rejoice.

conversion are to work has become enchanted and changed into a phantasmagoria, not of the images of real flesh and blood personages, which come and go according to natural laws, but of feigned creatures, often loathsome, which claim the affections by a habit, and render the ear as dead to the truths of religion as the rhetoric which falls upon it is flat and unprofitable.

Against this new and startling evil, which an inquirer into the human mind never could have predicted, our Edinburgh ministers oppose most untiring energies. If Satan has assumed a new form they have buckled on a new armour. Their labours in Sabbath schools, the institution of missionaries, and the distribution of tracts, are evidences of a zeal which has been called up by the exigency of a peculiar and heretofore unknown state of society; but *only* called up. The metaphysical thinker will understand our distinction. Our pulpits contain men free from the world's reproach. They have had a calling put upon them,* and they discharge

* If our clergy are often shallow, which we are afraid is true, this also is true, that they are very much what we have made them. If we want to be taught chemistry, we look out for an accomplished chemist to teach us. But in theology we fancy that we have nothing to learn, and don't want to be taught, and don't want an accomplished theologian. A learned, eccentric, and not too popular divine of the last century was consulted about the education of a youth for the ministry, and especially what books he ought to read. Before giving his opinion, he asked, "What sort of a minister d'ye want to make him? D'ye want him to be a popular minister?" Of course the reply was in the affirmative. "Then," says the divine, "my advice is that he shouldna read ony books ava; for if he tak to them he's sure not to be popular." There is more of shrewd Scotch sense under the satire of this witty divine than many Scotchmen and Scotchwomen of the present day will be disposed to admit.

its duties often with great ability; nor is it their fault if they do not, beyond the stated proportion ordained by nature, possess the peculiar gift, no other than a species of genius, which befits them for an apostle's life.

So long as the nine years' curriculum of study remains as the law of the Church, which forces the original selection on fathers, mothers, and guardians, and excludes those who, having undergone the mysterious change of conversion, know themselves to be peculiarly called, we never can have more than a proportion of ministers properly qualified for their sacred vocation. The smallness of that proportion might alarm us. What would be the appearance of the walls of our picture-galleries on the Mound if the artists were only those who had been selected for the profession by their parents, without their ever having seen any real evidence, such as an artist could pass judgment on, of a peculiar bias and aptitude for the art? Yet that is just the state of our pulpits, only the result is less discernible, in consequence of a greater facility in imitating the Divine gift. The old adage of *poeta nascitur* is even, we suspect, more applicable to ministers than to poets or artists. Yet we are insane enough to be trying to *make* them every day, with the inevitable result of shutting our pulpits against those whom the Author of Christianity has Himself made.*

* Street-preaching, were it to become fashionable—which it will never

Were we to count the number of natural-born poets or artists in a thousand, we might probably be startled by a unit; and it is even more probable that the apostolic mind does not occur oftener than once in twice that number, so that the chance of that mind being called to its vocation is two thousand to one!

Then, as a matter of course, if we are right in our theory, a proper sermon must be something which we hear very seldom indeed. Just so. If the Spirit's own men were at all times called, our bad sermons would be as few as the good ones are now. Only consider how many volumes of poetry you will turn over before you come to a piece which

be until some "big wigs," or Peter Scott himself, come out—might yield us some right men. As yet we have had none but half-crazed enthusiasts. There could be no harm in the practice, and a chance of some good. There are bits of soil among the rocks where goats might nibble. We doubt if they would be tempted by such means as those in operation. Take the following example:—One night, while Daddy Flockhart was preaching on the High Street, he had a very small company; but there were among them some of those lost sheep who frequent the pavement of that part of the city. He could not get them to stand and listen, and waxed more wroth than was his custom. "I canna get ye to stand and hear me; but the time is sure to come when ye'll no only stand, but ye'll be a' trying, by tugging at my coat-tail, to get wi' me into heaven; but ye'll may be find, to your cost, that that day I'll hae on a jacket." Harry Erskine dropt some seeds in a very dry place among the whin-boulders of infidelity. Hugo Arnot, of whom we have said something already, openly professed infidel principles. He happened one Sunday afternoon to be on horseback when he met Mr Erskine returning from Divine service. "Where have you been, Harry?" asked the spare, ghostlike historian. "What has a man of your sense to do among a parcel of old women? What did you expect to hear? Where was your text?" "Our text," replied Harry, "was in the 6th chapter of the Revelation, 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name who sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.'" Mr Arnot, who was actually on a pale horse, felt the sarcasm in all its force, and, muttering a hasty exclamation, rode off.

will claim your attention; how many more ere you find one to rivet you; how many more for one to delight you; how many more for one to swell the heart and start the tear of sympathy. Nor could any critic describe what that last is. It is known to be the right thing only after it is read.

Whitfield achieved his triumphs by the most simple of all orations. In St Simon's Memoirs, and also in Baron Walckenaer's Notes to La Bruyère, we have a story of an obscure *prédicateur* who appeared in Paris, and produced such a sensation that the dissipated courtiers of that luxurious age left the royal chapel and hurried to hear the pulpit-orator.

The preacher was no other than the famous Séraphin; but it was the means employed in his oratory that formed the wonder of that critical time.

Neither St Simon nor Madame de Sévigné could describe them. They were too simple for the analysis of French criticism employed on the artificial styles of such preachers as Bouin or Boileau; and the hearers, no longer the dupes of vocables and action, could do no more than lend their souls to an enchantment which they could not explain. The secret lay deeper than criticism could reach, even in the converted heart, which, disdaining tropes and portraits, spoke from the core to the core, and achieved by nature, under the baptism of fire, what was beyond the powers of art.

Our numerous pulpit styles, from the humdrum

to the spasmodic,* owe their origin to the consciousness that is within so many of our preachers, that they are only under the influence of art, which is multiform, whereas that of the Spirit is uniform. Admitting all the excellences of secular oratory pertaining to one who was lately among us, and is now in the west, we are not to believe that the apostolic gift can be perfected by even the thirty or forty rehearsals—to which he admits—of every turn, and look, and gesture, and intonation, of one of his set orations, or that a mirror is the suitable reflector of the workings of the Spirit of life.† With all the success by which another draws his parallels between things on earth and things in heaven, works up his antitheses between all imaginable objects, constructs his paradoxes so

* There is also the weeping style. Dr Pitcairn, going about the streets of Edinburgh one Sunday, was obliged, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. The audience was scanty; and he sat down in a pew where there was only another sinner besides—a quiet, grave-looking countryman, listening to the sermon with a face of the utmost composure. The preacher was very emphatic; so much so that at one passage he began to shed tears copiously, and to use his handkerchief. Interested in this as a physiological fact for which he could not in the circumstances see any sufficient cause, Pitcairn turned to the countryman and asked, in a whisper, “What the deevil gars the man greet?” “Faith,” says the man, slowly turning round, “ye wad maybe greet yoursel’, if ye were up there, and had as little to say.”

† Rehearsals of gesture in a mirror are not much better than those of Dr Blair. That worthy man’s taste and accuracy in dress were absolutely ridiculous. There was a correctness in his wig, for instance, amounting to a hairbreadth’s exactness. He was so careful about his coat that, not content with merely looking at himself in the mirror, to see how it fitted in general, he would cause the tailor to lay the looking-glass on the floor, and then, standing on tiptoe over it, he would peep athwart his shoulder to see how the skirts hung.—KAY. We wonder when gown-presenting will have an end. See “The Idolatry of the Pulpit.”

ingeniously, as first to stun and surprise, and then evolve in a truth which is to edify, and selects his vocables with the view of striking most effectually on the drum of the ear, we are not inclined to think that the spirit of Christianity was born in Greece in the palmy days of metaphor and *proso-pœia*.* Nor are we dissatisfied, in spite of another's rasping metaphysics and curious contortions, that faith is a great hand at dialectics.

We grant that such orators *draw*. So did the Reverend Scipio Sprightly, the black American preacher, who, having been told the story, how Cicero replied, "Action," to repeated inquiries of what was the greatest quality of an orator, said that he had good reason to admit that the Roman was right, for he was conscious that he had never had such "overflowing audiences" as after one occasion when he stood on his head, and in that attitude told his dear brethren that they would never be saved if they did not, like him, turn their hearts upside down.† We want, in short,

* We cannot give any picture in our day like that drawn by the author of "Peter's Letters" of the famous James Lepalie, minister of Campsie:—"He is a fine, tall, bony man, with a face full of fire, and a bush of white locks, which he shakes about him like the thyrsus of a bacchanal. He tears his waistcoat open—he bares his breast as if he had scars to shew—he bellows—he sobs—he weeps—and sits down at the end of his harangue trembling all to the fingers' ends, like an exhausted Pythoness."

† We have a curious example of the difference between the false and the true in Dr Chalmers. While in his dubious state the doctor was a *great actor*; subsequently, the Spirit modified his action very perceptibly. It is well known that before the change in his religious sentiments, he indulged in a considerable amount of gesticulation in the pulpit. One day, soon after his induction into Kilmany parish, he preached a sermon

almost everywhere a certain power veiled in simplicity, a subtile working through sympathy, which wins by tender, yet eager solicitations, an entire renunciation of self to the engrossing passion which yearns for proselytes, and *will* have them, and offers for these the pledge of an interest felt to lie as deep as the clear well-springs of life; all which must in their very nature be found to be inconsistent as well with the efforts of rhetoric as with prosaic dulness.*

While entertaining these views and convictions, we fairly admit that it is scarcely possible to find and describe a test of the genuine pulpit appeal. It is certainly, as we have indicated, not to be found in the numbers of an audience, for people

with even more than usual animation. After service, a tenant in the parish, a sturdy trooper in the regiment of Fifeshire yeomanry cavalry, commanded by Colonel Anstruther Thomson, the proprietor of Kilmany, remarked, "Eh, wasna the minister grawnd the day? It was as guid as a dreeling i' the swird exerceese."—CONNOLLY'S *Sketch of Bishop Low*.

* This earnest force, in truth, is the main element in the impressiveness of public speaking. It carries conviction to the minds of the hearers with a power that nothing else can give. Its absence is an irreparable defect. Sincerity is not enough; a desire to be useful is not enough. Men must have the ardent impulse which, breaking through every barrier, attests to the world their sincerity by urging them to the most devoted efforts in the diffusion of truth. They must be distinguished by peculiar energy; they must have moral power to compel respectful attention. The thorough earnestness of such men in everything they undertake is an attribute of their character, which, if it were not developed in religious agency, would find vent in some other direction. Their advocacy *could not* be marked by a cool indifference, or by a suspicious sincerity. It is part of their very nature "to throw their whole soul into the work." They require no elocution to teach them a mock earnestness, for the natural expression of their mental emotions accompanies and enforces their deep-felt utterances. So spake Paul and Luther, Ignatius Loyola and Whitfield, Peter the Hermit and Knox.—*The Pulpit and the People*, by P. Rylands.

will continue to fly after eccentricity, especially if it be exhibited in sacred places.

Nor can it be found in the mere effect *qua* such in the minds of the hearers, for they will, *for the moment*, be as completely captivated by oratorical displays and impassioned descriptions of merely earthly things, as by a sermon of the right kind, the effects of which will often last for a life.* It seems to be rather in the power of producing a love of religion, through the medium of an affection for the man who is able to inspire the higher emotion; in proof of which we may assert that we have never found an instance of great religious fervour originating from the pulpit, without a yearning for a closer intercourse with the preacher who can

* There is a pretty tale told of one of the ministers of the Tron,—some say Dr Andrew Hunter—some another,—we cannot decide. One day, two of the wretched women who used then, as much as now, to frequent the High Street, were standing looking at the people going to church, when one said to the other, by way of frolic,—“Come, let us gang in wi’ the rest and hear what the b—— has to say.” The proposition pleased the humour of the other: they went in and were kindly put into a seat. We cannot say what they heard, but when the congregation was dispersing, one of the two said that she wanted to remain till she could see the minister. The other laughed and derided her, but to no purpose; the girl was determined, and her companion having left, she kept her seat until she saw the doctor come down from the pulpit, when, with trembling steps she approached him, and in her own way, made known to him her sinful life, and that his words had awakened in her fear and distress. The doctor saw at once that he had not preached that day in vain; took the girl in his arms, and clapping her kindly on the back, told her to wait a few minutes. The girl consented, and the reverend gentleman, afraid he might lose her if he left her, was shortly seen stalking through the streets homewards, in broad day-light with the Magdalen by his side. On entering his house he told his wife he had brought to her that day a lost sheep. She was joyfully received; and such had been the sincerity of her conversion, and such the means of confirming it, that she was long retained in the family, and came to be beloved, respected, and happy.

achieve such marvellous influences over the corrupted heart.*

* The habit of catechising too strictly often makes the minister feared by the young, and where there is fear there cannot be expected to be much love. Even adults are often taken aback by a question. It happened, one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, went to spend the long vacation in the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechising" in the district which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done; for almost all Scotch clergymen, though the catechising process has become obsolete, still visit each house in the parish once a year, and collect the family to listen to a fireside lecture. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation when, the entire household being assembled in the drawing-room, the worthy minister said, in a solemn voice, "My lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then, 'What is effectual calling?'" Never was an Edinburgh reviewer more thoroughly nonplussed. After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror (!) at the thought that a judge should not know his Catechism, his lordship recovered speech, and answered the question in terms which completely dumfounded the minister:—"Why, Mr Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually when he performs them with ability and success." Scotch humour is fond of this subject of catechising. We could fill a volume with the strange answers. One of the best of the more recent is that story, where a minister, Mr S——, in the west country, in catechising an off-hand fellow of a ploughman, asked, "Who made you, John?" "God Almighty, sir." "How are you assured of that?" "Ou, I dinna ken—it's jist the clash o' the country." We may give another, the authenticity of which we can vouch for. On one occasion the late Mr Thomson of Melrose (the father of Dominie Sampson) was upon one of his catechising rounds. In a certain house he had collected around him a few neophytes, with one or two exceptions, of elderly people. To one of the latter he put the common question, "What are you made of, Jenny?" Jenny, who was rather deaf, and her knowledge of Scripture not very extensive, elbowed her neighbour for the necessary answer. "What'll I say, Peggy?" said she. "Oh," whispered Peggy, "dust and cley." Mr Thomson now repeated his question, and Jenny sharply replied, "Curds and whey, sir." "Bruckle metal, Jenny; bruckle metal, indeed," replied the worthy man.

A parishioner of the same gentleman's was purchasing some candles in Melrose, and was told by the shopkeeper that, in consequence of the war, the tallow was up, and candles were dearer. "Losh preserve us!" she exclaimed, "do they fecht wi' caunle licht?"

Nor do we deem it strange that we see more of this in the instances of such men as Spurgeon, Guinness, or Thomas Cooper, or of such laymen as North, Grant, Radcliffe, and Richard Weaver, than in our parochial incumbents, many of whom, especially in Edinburgh, are so much their superiors in talent and learning as well as in the art of oratory.

We have already given the reasons: those men come forward from the impulse of a change altogether internal and beyond all metaphysical analysis; their efforts flow naturally from their enthusiasm,—an affection of the mind which, when properly separated from fanaticism, is the fountain of all success in every undertaking, whether secular or religious.

Viewed as a caste, the Edinburgh Protestant clergy may be divided into five parts—the Established, the Episcopalian, the Free, the United Presbyterian, and the lesser sects. The precedence is, we believe, as we have set them down, though some of the clergymen of the Free Church*

* Like Sydney Smith, Dr Guthrie delights to wrap up his best wisdom and philosophy in a joke. The following one occurred in the course of his speech at the banquet given to Mrs Stowe in Edinburgh in 1853, and is so particularly good and happy that it deserves to be placed among our select Scottish aphorisms:—"I am very much disposed to say of this young nation of America, that their teasing us with our defects might just get the answer which a worthy member of the Church of Scotland gave to his son, who was so dissatisfied with the defects in the Church that he was determined to go over to a younger communion:— 'Ah, Sandy, Sandy, man, when your lum reeks as lang as ours, it will maybe need sweeping too.'"

may compete with those set before them in the elevation of their social movements.

Their grades are, in truth, fixed by those of their congregations. Their characters belong to themselves, and are in general worthy of the confidence of their people.

CHAPTER IX.

The Doctors.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Ask not to what doctors I apply,
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I."

POPE.

OUR medical men possess the three qualities of learning, benignity, and generosity,* which, though differing somewhat from those mentioned by Bayle as being appropriate to their order, we consider to

* They are sometimes too generous. The late Dr Thatcher, one of the most successful accoucheurs that Edinburgh ever possessed, and of whom we may say, that he was as great with the forceps in his hand as he was little with the pinion or pen—being like the eastern bird described by Moore, which "loses all its glory when it flies,"—used to tell that upon one occasion he delivered a woman in the Fleshmarket Close. It was a difficult case, but went well, and the doctor sat down by the fire to haver, as he liked to do, with the women. When thus engaged, a fat, gawsy woman (the grannie) came forward with two or three notes in her hand, which she held out to the doctor as his fee. "Oh, never mind just now, we'll see about *that* when the gude wife gets up;" but the doctor never heard more of payment, nor, though the people were routhie, did he ever get a penny of a fee. From this the doctor took a lesson, and out of it made a proverb which is now very generally known—

*"Tak aye the fee
When the tear's in the ee."*

We have heard of an attempt to improve upon it, by adding—

*"For the moment it dries
The gratitude flies."*

We doubt the improvement.

While upon Thatcher we may give two others of his stories. A certain Mrs G— had had a child which was always weakly. The doctor told

be the characteristics which enable them to do the greatest amount of good to mankind.

They have only one fault—they cannot agree among themselves; and this reminds us of their doings in the olden times. With the exception of the philosophers of Greece, they have been the only men of learning who could set a whole nation in arms by the mere force of a nostrum. Once on a time they contrived to raise a commotion on the continent, which threatened to end in a civil war in Portugal, by the famous dispute whether a patient seized with pleurisy ought to be bled on the affected side, or the other. All the practitioners in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and England were divided by this question. The one half declared that to bleed on the affected side was to send the patient to his long home; the other, that this same operation was to be his inevitable restoration to health. There was no third party, as would be now, to

her to take porter to feed the child, but the mother would not taste drink—she was a stern teetotaler, and the doctor got angry, and called her a fool; nor could he conquer her. One day he called unexpectedly and found the woman almost drunk. "Why, what is this?" said he, opening wide his eyes. "Oh, ye see, sir," said she, scarcely able to utter, "the bairnie takes the—*the colic*, and greets, and I'm just obleeged to tak a dram to cure the creature through the milk, and keep it quiet."

A Leith woman, on the Shore, was one of the doctor's patients. She was not recovering well, and the doctor ordered "breadberry," a Scotch kind of panado. Now, Breadberry, the vintner, lived next door, and it happened that the husband was jealous of the said fat scoundrel, Breadberry. To his horror, he heard his wife calling always for breadberry. "I want breadberry. Bring me breadberry; nothing will please me but breadberry." Getting furious, he opened his mind to the doctor, threatening to divorce her. "Ye fule!" said the doctor, laughing, "*there's breadberry, man,*" shewing him the panado. The husband laughed also, and this really cured him of his jealousy.

contend that the poor patient would have the best chance if he were not bled at all—for at that time men's minds ran so much upon bleeding that the lancet was the real talisman—so much so that, if we are to believe the records of that happy period, a prick through the little vein called the *salvatella*, in the ring finger, would cure a man of melancholy; a result which, if any sturdy son of *Æsculapius* had dared to dispute, he would have been persecuted by his brethren as worse than a homœopathist or hydropathist in our day.

This question of the right side and the wrong has become an inheritance in the profession. Properly speaking, where there exist two such famous medical colleges as we have in Edinburgh, there should be no such side as a wrong one. The poor organism called the human body is liable, according to Cullen, Linnæus, Sauvages, and the older nosologists, to somewhere about two hundred diseases; and a moderate *Pharmacopœia*, like that of Christison or Pereira, contains not fewer than a thousand remedies whereby to cure these two hundred ailments which human flesh is heir to.*

* The amazing complexity of medicines also is one of the most extraordinary instances of absurdity which ever entered into the practice of any art. In ancient times it was by no means uncommon to employ as many as two hundred or three hundred ingredients in the composition of a medicine; and even so late as about seventy years ago, two of the most popular medicines, known as Venice treacle and mithridate, contained sixty-five and fifty ingredients respectively. This enormous complexity was much modified by the influence of Sydenham, one of the most eminent physicians which our country has produced in its darker days, and the two hundred or three hundred ingredients were reduced to from

At first sight man appears to be a fortunate creature, even in the midst of his ills, with such an array of curative means placed by the ingenuity of doctors within his reach; and one might imagine that a good authority, such as Cullen, Gregory, Abercromby, Alison, or Laycock, might contrive to get at the right side, and even to place the wrong one in such a state of abeyance that nothing but a beautiful and amiable unanimity should exist among medical practitioners.

Yet we know that doctors are not the happy family. They remind us, indeed, of M. Ménage's story of the three sisters, Jeanette, Ninon, and Marguerite, who, with all the amiability in the world towards their friends and acquaintances outside their home, lived in continual jarings within. The good *curé* André would mend this infirmity by contriving to get each of the sisters by herself, and inculcating the religious obligation of mutual kindness and forbearance, and he so far succeeded that they severally promised to be kind to each other. And not only did they promise, they set

twenty to sixty. In our day, they are still further reduced to six or eight. Dr Paris declares that simplicity in composition cannot be too much attended to; and yet he abuses homœopathy for acting on the sensible plan of giving a single medicine at a time. But not only was complexity not the only fault of the medicines before Sydenham's days; every known *unmentionable* substance was employed in their abominable *Pharmacopœia*. But even in the time of Paris we had imitators of the old compounders. Our Dr Sanders felt no compunction in framing a recipe of fourteen or twenty different agents. A friend of ours once asked him if he was serious in his expectations of benefit from such a course. "Serious!" said he, "to be sure I am. Have I not twenty chances for your two? If one won't, another will. And don't we know it's all empiricism together."

their minds energetically to work out the resolution, each being ignorant of the intentions of the others. Now they were all blandness ; each was so profuse of helps and sweet benedictions that they began to wonder and to envy one another's success in forcing their favours, till at length the very competition of love broke out into hatred, and they became so enraged that they came to the pulling of their pretty hair.

No one could be more kind and benignant to another than our doctors are to their patients and the public generally ; but their internal quarrels among themselves have become as famous as those of their theological brethren, if indeed the *odium medicum* be not as true a proverb as the *odium theologicum*. A little desultory reading affords us a few evidences.

After the Brunonian bellows had blown the most amiable of men into furious passions, all about a theory which maintained that life was the result of a species of stimulation, and with no other good effect than a return to the classical system of Cullen, there arose the terrible strife between Drs Gregory and Hamilton, which, from its personalities and scurrilities, became the opprobrium and reproach of the city, and indeed of Scotland, for years. Nor had something like peace been well established when there came the outburst of the puerperal war between Hamilton on the one side, and Campbell and M'Intosh on the other, the

symbol in the case being once more the lancet; and the issue a fierce litigation between Campbell and Moir, in which each party laid open his case to the eyes of the public, to shew on either side how many patients each party had saved and how many his opponent. Meanwhile, Liston was sharpening his knife with the view of cutting out Syme, but having cut *himself* out of Edinburgh, he left, on his retirement to London, a good representative in Professor Lizars, who carried on the war, and will likely continue it all his life, unless peradventure he knocks out his opponent's brains with those terrible club-feet boots represented in his ingenious *brochure*. Nor has he stood alone, for Glover, coming opportunely against his foe, tripped him in court without the effusion of blood, and retired to England with the reputation of having vanquished "the first surgeon in Europe."

For a time there had been a little peace in the other departments, but all of a sudden the pathological Henderson, having been suspected of coquetting with Hahnemann, one of the archest traitors to the divine Cullen, the obstetrical Simpson took the field with one of the strongest allopathic batteries ever exhibited. The vocabulation and sound were at least tremendous, and Henderson, with his homœopathic shot, no bigger than globules, but, as some think, very sharp, ran a risk not only of being over cannonaded, but of having a white handkerchief thrown over his nose, charged with a

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certain volatile substance which would very soon have placed him *hors de combat*. But happily for the gentle pathologist, he of the leonine countenance happened at that time to be hard pressed by the great obstetrician, Dr Lee, of London, who plied him with vigour by the *Lancet*, till he fell back in the arms of his sympathising "ladies."* Not, however, to lie there in inglorious indolence, for a new adversary, Bennett, had come into the field, and Laycock and Syme having thrown themselves into the complication, the war is even now going on with increased energy, and hopes of various results.†

It is at least very fortunate for us who rank among the patients, that none of this bitter warfare is directed against us; for such men, with scalpels, and lancets, and endless supplies of kakodyle, must

* No doubt, in that "temple of health," in Queen Street, where so many ladies are daily to be found, attracted by the fame of one who has the reputation of being able to cure sterility. We fairly admit that we do not believe that the doctor ever held out more hopes in this direction than his predecessors, Hamilton or Thatcher. All the three would have despised to take a leaf out of Dr Graham's book; but this does not prevent us from saying that such a power is really held to reside in Queen Street, and that we are entirely and happily ignorant of the means reserved by the head of the establishment to disabuse—as we have no doubt he does—these weak and hopeful creatures of a notion so natural, yet so apt to become morbid. What a crop of guineas comes out of this barren soil, and all unknown to the poor husbands. Our professor is of course above a sign-board, but any other following the same trade might appropriately exhibit a figure of Combe with her 100 children.

† The celebrated Dr James Johnson, editor of the *London Medico-Chirurgical Review*, thus unbosoms himself:—"I declare, as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

at all times be very formidable. No one in a moderate degree acquainted with human nature need be at any loss to account for this spirit of contention among amiable men. It is not their fault: it belongs to old mother nature, who has decreed that no one shall find her out in her recondite haunts, and that those who try shall quarrel among themselves; then this decree is cunningly wrought out by another, which enforces upon every one a doating fondness for his opinions, just as mothers are fond of rickety children. Men seldom quarrel about facts: they don't need—the world proves them and defends them; but where is the man who is not ready to fight for a dogma? Does not Quintillian say that facts are the bones of speech; and is it not therefore that we so often see them stick in the throat? But opinions are the juices, often bilious and acrimonious, and always coming with a spurt in other men's faces. Now, medicine is just a bundle of opinions tied with a snake representing Æsculapius; nor will this be mended till Professor Bennett redeems his promise (in spite of Dr M'Gilchrist) to make it a science as certain as astronomy. It was a mistake in the *Times* not to mention this promise as one of the signs of what is to happen in 1866.

It may, indeed, be said, to their honour, that their war is rather undertaken for our benefit; but then, unfortunately, it is attended with this disadvantage, that we lose confidence in our guides, and when we fall into the sloughs of disease we do not

know well whom to choose for the purpose of getting cured. Even the great Cullen, whom we delight to call *celeberrimus*, was once so honest, or rather forgetful of the prestige of his calling, as to admit that, in spite of the varied contents of our pharmacopœias, a good doctor might carry all his medicines in his breeches-pocket. Then appears Hahnemann, with the still more startling confession that a snuff-box would be a more appropriate and perfectly ample medicine-chest; and, as if these admissions had not been sufficient to take away confidence, the famous physiologist, Magendie, comes forward with the announcement that the best of all medicine-chests is an empty one. And not only did he aver this,—he proved it by dividing a Paris hospital into three parts. To the patients in the one he gave nothing in the shape of medicine; to those in the other he administered bread-pills; and to those in the third he gave the regular allopathic doses from the shop of the apothecary. The result was, that those who got the bread-pills fared the best, those who got no medicines next best, and those who enjoyed the doses exhibited the largest mortality.

Were our minds always healthy, notwithstanding our diseased bodies, it is probable that Magendie's theory—which is capable of proof in many other ways, to the effect, at least, that the number of deaths remains very much the same in places where no doctors are, and in those like Edinburgh

where we have a whole faculty, besides empirics—would be accepted as pretty near the truth, and man would, to a great extent, place his faith and trust in the great natural physician, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*; but such is not the case, as we all too well know, for no sooner do we take ill than we feel pain, and no sooner do we feel pain than we wish to get quit of it. In addition to this wish we have generally a desire not to die and leave this wonderful sublunary scene of enchantment; and then this wish, like all others, when it becomes very strong—and it is pretty strong in sinners—is the easy father to any thought which gratifies the hope of life. Behold in this the grand opportunity of doctors, not less than of quacks: *O Vala! tuum est nobis præscribere.* We then think first of Allopathy, with her thousand-and-one remedies. If this genius can do us no good, we call upon Homœopathy,* an old quack lady with a new tunic,

* But nobody has yet tried moral or spiritual homœopathy. Dr Guthrie is purely allopathic, though graphic. We have doubts. We have known cases where a good dose of crime has awakened the conscience and cured the sinner: and who is so ready, as everybody knows, to step over to the Catholic Church as the downright atheist? But let us hear the doctor. "First, as to spiritual freedom, there is," said he, "a system of medicine—I pronounce not upon its value—which professes to cure disease by the application of substances fitted to produce it. That, at least, was not the method of the Great Physician. He did not cast out Beelzebub by calling on other devils. He opposed to falsehood the truth; and as cold snow to the burning brow, or warmth to the man half frozen, or oil to the stormy billows, or water to the raging fire, so is the gospel to everything bad and vile. By falsehood the world was ruined; by truth the world is to be redeemed. How? Many men think there is but little ill in sin, and so they continue in it. This is the devil's chain; but truth comes in and snaps it, by shewing sin as exceeding sinful, and sure to lead to ruin, un-

and nostrums which, in place of being new, are as ancient as Sophocles, whose line, rendered by Erasmus, *Remedio amaro bilem amaram diluunt*, means—bitter bile is to be cured by bitter remedies; and were not unknown to Dr Hornbook, who, according to Burns, dealt in infinitesimals, such as mite-horn shavings, midge-tail clippings, and globules of *marinus spiritus* of capons. Then, if these potent charms are ineffectual—which, peradventure, they may be—we can send for Hydropathy, who is as old as Horace; * for, in his day,

less it be fled from," (not indulged in in small dozes,) "and the mercy of God in Christ be savingly apprehended.

* The following hit at the water-cure was made by Charles Lamb; and no one but himself could have had so quaint a conceit:—"It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the Deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

The late Thomas Hood, in closing a review of Claridge on Hydropathy, says:—"It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever, which was got under in the way Mr Braidwood would have quenched an inflammation in a house; but our limits forbid. In the meantime it has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge, to see a sick drake avail himself of the water-cure, at the dispensary in St James's Park. First, in waddling in he took a Fuss-bad, then he took a Sitz-bad, and then, turning his tail up into the air, he took a Kopf-bad. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout out, 'Priessnitz for ever!' But no such thing. He only cried, 'Quack! quack! quack!'"

As every creature on earth has its appointed enemy which it fears, so has every trade or profession some epithet terrible to it. The writers have a special antipathy to "shark," a creature with certain yearnings not altogether safe for the higher species. We have heard of a case where an irritable attorney misconceived the epithet "*sharp*" for "*shark*," and actually had a summons for damages printed before he discovered (through another witness) that the supposed libeller used the less terrible epithet. So with the doctors; they equally quake at the word "quack," an animal with certain yearnings also not safe for the human creature—whereunto pertains the story:—A certain Englishman asked a drawling Cockney what kind of character Dr B— of O— bore. "Why," drawled the dandy, "he is the quack (crack) doctaw of the willage," whereupon an

as Madame Dacier remarks in a note to his fifteenth epistle, patients were in the habit of drinking water as a cure, and also of using it for submersion, and even by stillicide for a whole hour a day. If we don't get better in this way, we may next send for Kinesopathy, also an ancient quack, who will rub us right and left, and up and down, and back and fore, for an hour each day, till the peccant humour is rubbed out or forced down into some limbo where it can do us no harm. As it is quite possible that this may be of no benefit to us, we can call in Mesmeropathy, who performs her miracles by making passes at us, and throwing into our souls a fluid called od, from a pair of wild staring eyes, and getting us to suck it up by stroking us down.

Surrounded thus by so many doctors,* each with

action of defamation would have followed had not the witnesses come to a timely discovery.

General D—— was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished in personal cleanliness. Complaining, on a certain occasion, to the Chief-Justice B—— of the suffering he endured from rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy. "You must desire your servant," he said to the General, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and, having provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh-brush."—"Why," said the General, after a few moments' reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me nothing more nor less than washing yourself." "Well," rejoined the judge, "*it is open to that objection!*"

* A paper issued from the Census Office, in 1854, makes us acquainted with the number of practisers in medicine in each county of England and Wales, according to the registration division, and for each county in Scotland, and of the islands in the British seas. Including physicians,

an unfailing panacea, surely there is no reason why, whatever disease out of the two hundred we may be seized with, we should ever be without hope of cure; the cure itself is another thing,* but

surgeons, apothecaries, druggists, dentists, aurists, and oculists, the total number is 34,000. Of these there are in Scotland 3394, viz., 511 physicians, 1576 surgeons or apothecaries, 1194 druggists, and 113 dentists. The medical faculty are said to be a short-lived class; and it may, therefore, be interesting to shew by a few figures how far this opinion is well grounded:—

Under 20 years of age.....	444	From 55 to 60.....	184
From 20 to 25.....	401	„ 60 to 65.....	134
„ 25 to 30.....	373	„ 65 to 70.....	68
„ 30 to 35.....	385	„ 70 to 75.....	29
„ 35 to 40.....	412	„ 75 to 80.....	28
„ 40 to 45.....	364	„ 80 to 85.....	8
„ 45 to 50.....	262	Above 85.....	4
„ 50 to 55.....	296		

From looking at this table it will be seen that, out of 3394 engaged in the medical profession in Scotland, no fewer than 2015 are under forty-five years of age—a fact which we shall leave for the consideration of those who are more curious than ourselves in their inquiries regarding the statistics of mortality in different professions.

* Dr Chalmers, with “still a lingering of lumbago,” wrote to a friend:—“I have got many recipes for it; and the honest folks of Glasgow have been pouring in such a multitude of specifics, that had I taken one-half of them I should not have been able to crawl for six weeks. Among the rest, my beadle, John, told me of a wright, an acquaintance of his, who had been greatly afflicted with the same complaint, and had a cure to propose. I desired him to call between one and two o’clock; when in he came, a fat, well-conditioned-looking person, and proposed a blister round the whole amplitude of my back, where the disease is situated. This I begged leave to decline; and have since been entertained with the mention of others, in the shape of pills and external applications of hartshorn, and plasters of mustard, and rubbings of turpentine, and triplicate coverings of flannel, and last, though not least, a process of ironing with as great heat as was consistent with the feelings of the patient.”—*Memoirs, cheap issue.*

Dr Radcliffe was remarkable for his expediency in all extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and perceiving that no application, external or internal, would be of any service, he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done to

as every one of them is certain he is right, we have often thought it would be difficult to assign a good reason why they should not appear all at the bedside of the patient together. In the estimation of lawyers there is no right and wrong side in a litigant. They bleed on any side, or on both sides at once; nor do we ever hear of an advocate demurring to act for a legal patient who is under a strong mania for litigation, merely because there are other advocates busy working on him at the same time. Why should it be different in the profession of medicine, where the interest of the patient—comprehending even his life—is so much greater? The best answer to this is not honourable to the profession, insomuch as it implies that the practitioner wishes to have the patient all to himself; and the next best is absurd, because it takes for granted that the five or six other pathistical gentle-

let his own servants bring it up. While the cook was getting the pudding ready he took his men aside and instructed them what to do. In a short time up came the pudding piping hot, in the greatest imaginable order, and was set upon the table in full view of the patient. "Come, John and Dick," said the doctor, "you love hasty-pudding; eat this as quick as possible, for I believe you both came out this morning without your breakfasts." Both then commenced operations with their spoons; but on John's dipping twice for Dick's once, Dick took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of the hot hasty-pudding slap bang in his face. This John immediately resented by returning the compliment in nearly a double dose, which almost blinded Dick, and so exasperated him that he took the pudding by handfuls and pelted his fellow-servant, who battled him again in the same manner; and so copiously were they bestudged that they each appeared moving hasty-puddings. The patient, who had been an eye-witness to the rencontre between Radcliffe's men, could not refrain from the most hearty burst of laughter; so much, in fine, was his fancy tickled, that the quinsy burst and discharged its contents. Radcliffe completed the cure, and both the servants were amply rewarded after the joke had had its effect.

men—all ready to swear that their respective methods are the best in the world, yea, infallible—are every one of them wrong, and that he alone is right; a presumption altogether against the doctrine of chances.

But let it be supposed that the patient is a man of more than ordinary sense, and altogether superior to vulgar prejudices; that he wishes to be well, and take the benefit of all the recondite knowledge of all these learned professors; that, in short, he has no anti-pathology to any pathology, and that therefore he wishes to call them all to his bedside,—who has a right to object? Not surely any one or two of them to the exclusion of the rest, when they all declare that they are severally right. And why do they say they are right? Just because all doctoring is founded on empiricism, and empiricism is founded on, if it be not in itself, experience, and the experience of one man is as good as that of another. When Professor Christison writes his recipe containing some six or seven excellent remedial agents, indicated of course by the disease, but known only in their effects by empiricism, or experience, and all calculated to work and energise in different yet beneficial ways, how can he tell if the ultimate effect would be injured by Mr Allshorn's mites' horns, or midges' tails, or globules,*

* Homœopathy is rising, and the reason is, that it boasts a law in the human constitution, while allopathists have nothing but a changing empiricism. See what a wonderful science! Mr B—l—g says that an Indian lady (for it has got that length) called upon him one day, and

or that these would be counteracted by the allopathic remedies, themselves conflicting? Neither, in an *a priori* view, have we any good right to say that the hydropathists' *douche*, or wet sheet, or towel, would, by initiating some new action in the solids or fluids, be otherwise than beneficial to the patient. Then the Kinesopathist, capable of such wonderful manipulation and shampooing as that of Mr Beveridge, has certainly a good right to declare that no allopathic, or hydropathic, or homœopathic effects are inconsistent with his, because these are independent of all other energies. And, lastly, the Mesmeropathist, with such experience as that of Mr Jackson, would certainly insist that the infusion of od—the very principle of life itself—never could contradict the practice of any man.

said that, while in India, she cured an elephant of diarrhoea with a single globule. "Wonderful!" replied the homœopathist; "for, under the exploded system, it took twenty-four lbs. of Epsom salts to cure an elephant of that disease."

The homœopathists say that nature herself is a great homœopathist, but, strange enough, while they give us long descriptions of the minute cells of which the human body is composed, they never allude to the animalcules, which are certainly most infinitesimal doses out of nature's pharmacopœia. And far less do they ever hint that these little busybodies ever do us any good. Listen to the following:—The Académie des Sciences has just received a communication, which has literally caused the quills upon that fretful porcupine to stand on end with horror. A *savant* of Wurtzbourg, M. Wirchow by name, announces the fearful discovery he has just made of the existence of a dreadful microscopic animal, the *truchina sparatis*, in the flesh of hogs, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausage, or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterwards; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A *post-mortem* examination shews the muscles of the body to be filled with *truchina sparatis*, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the attacks of this horrible little monster.

"This is the way physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
 In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
 Without the least propensity to jeer."

But, notwithstanding the wishes of patients, we think it pretty certain that we shall never get the different professors of the various therapeutic systems to act in harmony for the benefit of mankind.* We have not forgotten the fierce quarrel between two of the most eminent of our Edinburgh surgeons, which desecrated the sick-room of a well-known

* Yet there have been instances of genial souls in the profession. Witness Dr Gregory Grant, whose house in James's Court—top flat of the left-hand turnpike, was the scene of many fashionable entertainments. His parties were generally called "musical suppers." At one of these, while leading a dance, the doctor, at the age of seventy-six, broke the tendon Achilles. How much better our doctors would be occupied in musical suppers—without endangering their tendons, than in the continual professional battles in which they are engaged. We could tempt them with some anecdotes which might incline them to our advice. Those occasions often produce humorous *contretemps*. Mr John Bell was an admirer of the musical suppers. We have heard from one who was present at one of these *soirées*, that on a certain night a grand piece was to be performed, in which the great surgeon was to play a pathetic solo on a very shrill flageolet. The piece went thunderingly on. John was ready; silence fell like the genius of still night, and every ear was on the watch; but the flageolet refused a sound; John was left as the mute in the old comedy, and a universal laugh terminated the grand piece.

The mention of this anecdote brings to our recollection another. The parties were again met, and the feast going on up-stairs in the drawing-room in St Andrew Square. Meanwhile a servant, a great favourite, was busy washing the steps of the outer stair, and just as she was finishing, a writer's clerk, who had for sometime been a great plague to her, came up to renew his solicitations—in which he was more impudent than ever. An idea had seized the quick mind of the girl, and she agreed to admit him into the house, but she could not consent to have her newly-washed stair marked by his feet, so that if he had any hope of happiness he must get upon her back and be carried in. The youth was delighted, and having taken his position, was quickly carried up stairs by the Abigail, who never stopped till she deposited him in the drawing-room amidst the party at the musical supper.

Edinburgh publisher, and was witnessed by the patient in the midst of his agony ; and yet neither of them could cure him. Nor have we any doubt that if any patient were to assemble at his bedside the various professors of the old and new theories, he would find them as irrate and violent against each other as the sisters in M. Ménage's story.

We suspect, in short, that the anti-pathies would be in the ascendant, and that wise heads, very suggestive of cures, would be placed in the domain of pathology, vastly in need of plasters, hogs-lard, and bandages.

Nor would it be at all certain that the patient himself would be altogether safe among them, so as to escape the *mêlée* without some dislocation or abrasion, which would stand in as much need of the surgeon as his other ailments did of the physician.

CHAPTER X.

Our Advocates.

"The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all."

COWPER.

THE Advocates are the highest corporation in Scotland, and their dignity is not merely corporate, for they contain among them individuals drawn from the higher castes, who throw the lustre of ancestry over the society of which they form a part.* Yet it is the corporation which for the

* The following account of the Advocates is applicable to their condition a few years ago:—The entire number is 462. Of these there are five Peers (four by descent and one by creation), two of whom are British as well as Scotch Peers, one a Scotch Peer only, and two British Peers only. The faculty have long had a great hold in the Baronetcy, and at present there are twenty-three Baronets on the roll, fourteen being Scotch and nine British. There are three sons of noblemen, junior branches of the houses of Hopetoun, Leven and Melville, and Elibank. There are two knights. There are, or have been, in Parliament, twenty-five. Ninety-two are authors, whose avowed works may be ranged under the following subjects—law, literature, political economy, politics, history, poetry, antiquities, theology, travels, novels, translation of foreign authors, criticism, and animal magnetism. Six are or have been editors of newspapers, and four others have been connected with the newspaper press. About twenty are regular or occasional contributors to the provincial press. Five are natives of the colonies, and passed merely with a view to colonial practice. Three have become bankers. Two general merchants. Two coal merchants. Two brewers. One stockbroker. Three have entered into holy orders, and two have been preachers in ecclesiastical bodies not in com-

most part part dignifies the individual; and this is the more curious that neither the expense of admission nor the tests of examination are beyond the reach of very humble and very thick-headed people. Accordingly, we may often see in the Parliament House the son of a lord burying the honours of five centuries beneath the dust of old acts of parliament and musty precedents, and strutting in all the pride of *gros royal* and horse-hair alongside of one whose father perhaps made, or could have made, the gown, if not the wig, which make *him*. It is not very long ago since a novice in the art of selling over the counter candles and soap became so enamoured of a torn old copy of Erskine's "Institutes," which he bought at a penny a pound wherein to wrap his wares, and turned it to so good an account that he became an advocate, and a very successful one too.*

munion with the Church. Two are licentiates of the Church of Scotland. One is assessor to the magistrates of Glasgow. Two are assessors to the magistrates of Edinburgh. One is assessor to the magistrates of Leith. One is a historical painter in London. One is Procurator for the Church.

* The Scotch bar—a bar justly celebrated, perhaps beyond the bar of any other country, not only for legal accomplishments but for science and literature—exhibits at times great differences as regards the general amount of talent. The last galaxy has almost entirely disappeared, and we are in a period of mediocrity. It seems strange that out of so great a number of educated persons, we should not always have some great minds. We suspect that the aristocratic exclusiveness which has always ruled in this body may partly account for the circumstance. In this respect they have sometimes cut a ridiculous figure. Take, for instance, the case of John Wright, the ingenious teacher and lecturer, who was objected to by a sprig of an old family because he was of humble birth, and would have been rejected had it not been for the bantering humour of Henry Erskine. "Well, well," he said, "they say I am the son of the Earl of Buchan, and you are the son of the Laird of ———." And thus, going over the whole *opposition*, in a strain of inimitable and biting sarcasm, he wound up—"Therefore, no thanks to us for being here, because the learning we have

And why not? Genius knows no ancestral castes. You may trace her through generations packed with cheesemongers, clodhoppers, and coalheavers, still seeking her fountain in the effulgence of Apollo. We need not speak of the many illustrious cases at our bar; a grandson of a barber, another of a gravedigger, another of a watchmaker, and perhaps a similar success may attend one (but this is a secret) who spurned the *board* on which he was a squatter to seek the *boards* on which he is a strutter, and another who, a short time ago, was a stonemason. All right: the father of Demosthenes was a knifegrinder, and that of Lord Eldon, a coal-fitter.

We have said that the individual advocate owes much to the corporation,—we may add, much also, and greatly more than one not a philosopher would think, to the tailor and the wigmaker. The new-fledged Cicero, *in esse*, is a marvellous creature. Let him be, as he has a good right to be, the son of a successful merchant or tradesman—for the mind is everything in all rational organisms—

got has been hammered into our brains; whereas all Mr Wright's has been acquired by himself, therefore he has more merit than us all. However, if any of you can put a question to Mr Wright that he cannot answer, I will hold that to be a good objection. But otherwise, it would be disgraceful to our characters as Scotsmen were such an act of exclusion recorded in this society. Were he the son of a beggar—did his talents entitle him—he has a right to the highest distinctions in the land." The same game has been attempted to be played off since, but the exclusive feeling is getting less rampant. At present it should be exclusively moderated, if we might judge from certain wants which have become very apparent. They are scarcely in a situation now, if they were not many years since, to reject the son of a cheesemonger, or rather one himself, if "a sharp lad."

brought up in his early years, when his father was yet poor but honourable, on meagre fare, imbued with the rustic *bas ton* of his humble caste, and disciplined in the divine school of adversity, the moment he assumes the gown and wig he takes upon him *auctor omnium et fons*—the whole corporation, with its Dean, its splendid halls, its library, its widows' fund, its honorary exemption from taxation—all borne by him as a glorious appanage, whereby he is destined to bulk out, in proportionate dimensions, at set dinner and tea parties, got up for the purpose of being graced by one of the faculty. For we are not to forget that all this adventitious glory, purchased for five hundred pounds and the trouble of a little grinding in dog Latin, is admitted by the public as something which they are bound by usage to recognise. Nor do we object: the young men are honourable specimens of their kind, but all this is quite enough for us to bear, without being obliged to hear the proof from their own lips eternally rung in our ears that they really are not dumb parrots, but duly qualified by nature to be speakers. Unfortunately, every one of them thinks he is imperatively called upon to shew, in drawing-rooms and parlours, that he has not mistaken his profession. He is apt to forget that a snug party is not to be transformed into a jury-box merely because a young advocate is present; and especial woe to the unfortunate wight who starts a point of

L

law, if one of these neophytes, hot from Erskine, is within earshot. It matters not that he be a respectable Writer to the Signet, with a head like a fox, or a respectable, honest, sagacious Solicitor, with a jaw like a shark, and either of them with more law in his noddle than would burst the *dura mater* of the young aspirant,—they must succumb to the learning and dignity of one of the faculty. The evil is indeed one not very easily borne in a city like Edinburgh, where every one likes his fair share of the conversation, but it is not easily cured. We would recommend, at least, that all wine should be kept from him for six months after he is wigged, for his tongue, like a cork, will rise the higher the denser the medium in which it wags. Nor is it in company only that this *cacoëthes*, this gadfly of the tongue, pricks and stimulates our young aspirants for forensic honours. We have heard a story of one, not probably more embryonic than others, who, living in lodgings, so astonished his landlady by a terrible “my ludding,” addressed to a big easy-chair, surmounted by a bolster and night-cap, and lasting from twelve to one in the morning, that, notwithstanding the said bolster gave the cause in her favour, with costs, the only cause, too, he ever gained, she wrote a letter to his father declaring her apprehensions that his son was going mad.

We doubt, indeed, if even this is the worst of it, for the young man is apt to become, all of a

sudden, a great oracle, if not a satirist. This is perhaps explainable. It is well known there is a Pasquin in the Outer-House, whereon appear all kinds of satirical squibs—in other words, the *esprit de corps* is vivified by a pervading competition for the triumph of wit. No wig seems easy if there be not now and then a crackle beneath it.* Nor is it a small thing to be the author of a

*The Court has never wanted its wits and buffoons, and there has always been in succession a head *scurra*. If we begin with Harry Erskine, the most genial of them all, we come down through John Clerk, Henry Cockburn, Patrick Robertson, to Mr L—the present leader. There is the difference to be observed in them all between wit and humour; the difference cannot be defined, unless we are to say that humour is wit, with the addition of fat; and certainly we generally find wits spare, and buffoons well lined about the chylipoetics; but there is such a thing as *dry* humour, which throws us out of our distinction again. The *bon-mots* are endless—some of them wrongly affiliated. For instance, that attributed to Harry Erskine, where he undertook to pun upon the first word of any *subject*, and where his opponent began his sentence with “The king——” and Harry replied, “The king is no subject,” is to be found in Bayle, as occurring at the French court. There is less, though some, doubt about another, rather too well known for being “booked,” attributed to John Clerk, when a countryman, stalking about in the Parliament House seeking for a well-known agent with an ugly face, encountered John, as he was limping along the boards. “Could you tell me where I will find Mr MacGrugar?” said he to the advocate. “Seek about till ye find the ugliest man in the house, and that’s Mr MacGrugar,” was the surly answer. The man went upon his strange search, and having looked at every queer face in the court, he came back to John, without being aware that he had spoken to him before. “Are you Mr MacGrugar?” was the unfortunate question. John turned up his gray eye and tortuous grin, and, with his peculiar rasping voice, replied, “No, you ugly b——r,” then limped away, chuckling over his triumph. Though in the matter of wit Harry Erskine certainly bore the gree, there is little doubt that Patrick Robertson was the king of the Parliament House drolls. The following anecdote is not so well known as many others. “In the Sheriff’s Registration Court, two persons, the one called Jenkins and the other Duncan, were unsuccessful in their applications to be admitted to the roll of voters. These cases gave rise to a keen discussion before the Sheriff, who was strongly suspected to be influenced by political predilections. Duncan acquiesced in the judgment. Jenkins, however, entered an ap-

good joke in such a place, for the *bon-mot* flies with the speed of the perambulators, by whom we mean those who walk the house, but never in the

peal, and retained Patrick as his counsel. When the learned gentleman rose to state the case, the Sheriff who pronounced the original judgment, and was a member of the appeal court, inquired, "Is this the case of Duncan?" "No, my lord," answered the counsel, "this is the case of Jenkins—it is not Duncan." Then, fixing his eye on the judge, he added, with great solemnity, in the words of Macbeth,—

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst."

The two following pasquinades owe their origin to a report that the worthy and talented gentleman who forms the subject of them had been guilty of the sin of *ratting*. This report—which was quickly spread by the *Liberals*, (so called, as it is presumed, upon the principle of "*Lucus a non lucendo*,") who, no doubt, rejoiced that they had acquired so respectable an ally—arose, it is believed, in consequence of the attention paid by Lord Chancellor Brougham to Mr Robertson, while attending the House of Peers as counsel in various appeals, and the pleasure his lordship took in his company. Of course, his own friends knew that a more staunch or zealous Conservative did not breathe, and they were much amused at the exultations of the opposite party upon the *great* accession of strength they imagined they had acquired. No person enjoyed the thing more than the subject of it, and he was amongst the loudest laughers at the verses made in frolic upon him by his friends. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Lord Jeffrey was as much the author of the epitaph as the Parliament-House wits were of the *Jeu d'Esprit*.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

When Brougham by Robertson was told
He'd condescend a place to hold,
The Chancellor said, with wondering eyes,
Viewing the *Rat's* tremendous size,
That you would hold a place is true,
But where's the place that would hold you?

EPITAPH.

Here lies flat,—a Pat
Who longed for that
Good thing prefarmint,
And for that same
A Rat became
And died a varmint.

direction of the bench, and often explodes in a laugh which echoes from one end of the hall to the other. Now, as all men and things come up there to be pasquinaded as well as judged, the Parliament House holds much about the same place in Scotland that the Forum did at Rome, or the Pnyx at Athens. No wonder, then, that the novice comes from it inflated with the pride of a gratified censorship. He has lent the Telenecian echo of his laugh to a decision upon the men and things of the day, against which there is no reclaiming petition. He carries with him the spirit of the censor wherever he goes; and you will even see in his face, especially if he be a Whig, the traces of pity and contempt when he hears extra-

Mr L—— is in the wake of his predecessor, and often not less happy, though he wants the sustained solemnity. We may offer an example or two. Some time ago Mr L—— was counsel for a widow who had a count and reckoning with the man who got her husband's business. It was a confused affair, but with evident cruel bearing upon the widow, and the presiding judge advised the parties "to feel each other's pulses." Mr L—— looked for a moment at the President, and replied, "Where there is no heart there can be no pulse, my lord." The late Mr T—— B——, D.C.S., so remarkable for the proportions of his nose, was, from his long connexion with the Court, and consequent experience, in the habit, occasionally, of expressing his dissent when counsel were arguing against what appeared to him to be established form. On one occasion, in the course of an argument by Mr L——, Mr B—— frequently interrupted him by a sharp repetition of "No, no," with a shaking of the head which had a sympathetic effect upon the organ we have alluded to; when Mr L——, turning to him, replied, "Mr B——, I don't want any of your no's (nose), man." Mr B—— was the author of a Treatise on the Forms of the Court of Session. A member of the Bar who fell into somewhat intemperate habits, once called on Mr L——, and asked him for a loan of B—— (referring to the book of forms.) Mr L——, who knew that his friend had often made the request for a book an excuse for a call and a drink, said immediately, "Come away, man, into the dining-room, and I'll give you the *real beverage* that I know you want."

Parliament-House incompetency pronounce an opinion upon a question which the wigs have settled up the way yonder, and stamped with the seal of their authority.*

It is often matter of wonder what becomes of all these eloquent Hopefuls, for, though every one of the five hundred puts on his toga in the certain hope that it will give way to the ermine, it is matter of certainty that only about twenty are all that at any one time are in what may be called business. Nevertheless these mute orators and perambulating *fainéants* are not much out of their reckoning.†

* The Reform Bill and railways, to say nothing of other influences, have gone far to assimilate Edinburgh society to that which is found south of the Tweed. The Parliament-House aristocracy have ceased to give the tone to its manners, literature, and politics. It has gained in liberality, but it has lost in racy individuality of character. The vivacious fancy of Jeffrey, the classical taste and aristocratic bearing of Cranstoun, the crabbed, half-affected coarseness, and the sagacity of Clerk, the unerring legal tact of Moncreiff, the massy genius and unaffected cordiality of Scott, the eccentricity and acuteness of that perfect gentleman of the old school, Miller of Glenlee, the placid temper and subtle intellect of Hume (David Hume's nephew, the Professor of Scots Law,) the caustic shrewdness of Gillies, the ponderous and uncouth intellect of Forsyth—would now be sought for in vain. The quiet humour of Cockburn, the spotless integrity of Murray, and the top-boots of Sir James Gibson-Craig, whose indomitable will kept the Liberal party of Scotland together when most of his colleagues were hopeless—these have all now passed away, with the dynasty of Dundas, the Peninsular war, the trial of Queen Caroline, and other controverted topics, which filled their minds and excited their passions. They who are old enough to remember, and who have at any time been brought into contact with them, will retain a pleasing impression of their racy and peculiar habits and turn of mind; but a new generation has risen up, "which knew not Joseph," and is fast shouldering the contemporaries of these now historical worthies from the bustling scene of life.

† It is said that the macers used often to die of asthma, in consequence of roaring—seldom the Advocates. We have one exception on record in Hugo Arnot, of whom we have something to remark elsewhere. He used to say that he broke his wind in a bad case, and, notwithstanding his

No whiskered lady-killer is more fortunate in the speculations of wiving than those young Advocates, whose hirsute recommendations are principally in their wigs.

They almost all get rich heiresses or endowed widows. A father who has more money than status, and can give ten thousand to a man well countenanced by society to take off his hands some blooming Flora or Rose, or Violet or Lily, will consign her to the tender regards of one of these mute Ciceros, with scarcely a shilling in his pocket out of the two-guinea fee he got last month, rather than bestow her on a rich Writer to the Signet or successful merchant.* Nay, the young lady herself, if she have a touch of ambition in her, is easily conciliated into favour, if not love. All that is needed—and the Benedict easily manages that little bit of diplomacy—is to afford her an opportunity of visiting the Parliament House and

atheistical bias, considered the misfortune as a kind of retribution. The truth would rather seem to be, that he had no body to give room for a pair of common lungs to play in : hence the joke on his celebrated " Essay on Nothing," that it was an autobiography. We cannot resist the anecdote in Kay :—"When in great pain one day from difficulty of breathing, he was annoyed by the bawling of a man selling sand. 'The rascal,' exclaimed the irritated invalid, under the torture and envy, 'he spends as much breath in a minute as would serve me for a month.'"

* We don't deny that there are cases of pure love. When the suitor for the hand of Professor Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his, probably not unexpected case, the young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

seeing the mysterious bundle of *gros royal*, horse-hair, flour, and pomatum, parading the boards amid the sons of the greatest men of the land. How can she analyse that peripatetic mystery?—how estimate the greatness of that picturesque embodiment of the genius of law, haberdashery, perfumery, and wig-making? She can't—she can only wonder how nature could have made her such a man! And even were it whispered in her ear that he does not make one motion for an extension of time to lodge a condescendence in a month, and that even that small effort of his oratory—bearing as it does such a disproportion to his elaborate toggery—is just about the circumference of his powers, she could not understand it: enough for her to be the wife of a man privileged to wear that official dress—to perambulate that hall—to be on terms with these elevated personages, who have no better wigs and no more silk in their gowns than he has.

Nor really is the advantage all on his side. The tochered Flora buys status just as you would a bag of oatmeal or a firlof of potatoes, and then the man himself is just as lovable as any other of the bipeds who may have the pleasure of her acquaintance. It is a harmonious affair, with the additional advantage of having a husband to revise the “Ante-nuptial”—thoroughly versed in Erskine's chapter on “Husband and Wife”—and

quite up to providing a wife with £300 a year out of her own ten thousand.

Harmonious in the beginning, no marriage is more happy throughout, for she never knows that her dear Demosthenes is the mute in the old comedies, and lives upon her money. He goes regularly up to the House—puts on the dress—perambulates; nay, it may happen that, once in a session, some distracted writer's clerk, wild with terror, clutches him by the gown, and pulls him up to Lord Neaves to get him, in the absence of some Patrick Fraser or Guthrie Smith, to make a motion of three words in the great case (a work of law, logic, and sarcasm,) M'Growther *versus* Mucklewham.* On that eventual day his beloved Flora meets him as he enters his own house.

* There are few things more puzzling to the uninitiated than the total separation lawyers are able to exercise between their private sentiments and the emotions they display in the wear and tear of their profession. So widely apart are these two characters, that it is actually difficult to understand how they ever can unite in one man. But so it is. He can pass his morning in the most virulent assaults upon his learned brother, ridiculing his law, laughing at his logic, arraigning his motives—nay, sometimes ascribing to him some actually base and wicked. Altercations, heightened by all that passion, stimulated by wit, can produce, ensue. Nothing that can taunt, provoke, or irritate, is omitted; personalities are even introduced to swell the acrimony of the contest; and yet, when the jury have given in their verdict, and the court breaks up, the gladiators, who seemed only thirsting for each other's blood, are seen laughingly going homeward arm-in-arm, mayhap discoursing over the very cause which, but an hour back, seemed to have stamped them enemies for the rest of life. Doubtless there is a great deal to be pleased at in all this, and we ought to rejoice in the admirable temper by which men can discriminate between the faithful performance of a duty and the natural course of their affections. Still, small-minded folk—of which wide category we own ourselves to be a part—may have their misgivings that the

"Well, Frank, dear, what have you been doing in the Parliament House to-day?"

"Busy, love, with M'Growther against Mucklewham."

"Carried it, of course?"

"Oh, yes, gained my point."

"With all expenses, no doubt? Ah, I do so like to hear of your success in your profession—a little selfish, you know; but really I do wish to be the wife of a Lord. Now, you *shall* bring up a bottle of that old Marsala my father gave us on our marriage, and permit me to drink a glass to your triumph in M'Growther against Mucklewham."

"Most happy, love."

Yet it often happens that the well-wived advocate gets nervous on the point of conjugal independence. He is miserable at the idea of being great only through a tocher, and eyes with sorrow his poorer brethren as they rush past him to the call of the macer, and fly about so brusquely from one bar to another. He would almost give the tocher and the grand house in the country for their business, their reputation, their prospects of elevation to the bench; but it does not suit the agents.

excellence of this system is not without its alloy, and that even the least ingenious of men will ultimately discover how much principle is sapped, and how much truthfulness of character is sacrificed in this continual struggle between fiction and reality. The old lawyer, however, finds no difficulty in the double character. With his wig and gown he puts on his sarcasm, his insolence, and his incredulity. His brief-bag opens to him a Pandora's box of noxious influences; and, as he passes the precincts of the court, he leaves behind him all the amenities of life, and all the charities of his nature.—*The Martins of Cro' Martin.*

Those knowing ones are partial to the hard-working, hard-headed men who depend upon their talents; and these, again, are jealous of the rich competitor, whom they use all means to drive back on the luxury of his wife's golden cushion. They laugh at his struggles to be thought busy, and get merry on his solitary case, M'Nab against M'Nab, which is never out of his mouth, and by which he strives to save his reputation. Then the wags, who are of the true Bruno and Buffalmacco genus, keep up the humour. It is not long since two of these wigged gentry, knowing this weakness in a brother, Mr H——, who had got some eighty thousand by his wife, contrived to call at his house in town at a period of the afternoon when they knew he would have left for his castellated mansion in the country. They encountered the liveried flunkey.

"Is your master at home?"

No, sir, just gone to —— House."

"What a misfortune! We are a deputation just arrived by express from Glasgow for the purpose of consulting Mr —— on a case of the greatest public importance. What's to be done?"

"Take a cab, gentlemen, and go to him."

"Impossible, the case is urgent. No alternative (looking to his companion) but to go to the Dean."

"None," was the reply; and the deputation left to carry their (no doubt) great fee and greater honour to that dignitary.

Next morning our wags were on the look-out for their Calandrino as he entered the House, and, throwing themselves in his way, were eagerly saluted.

"Well, an advocate should *not* have a country-house."

"What's wrong?"

"Wrong! I'm quite vexed this morning. A deputation from Glasgow, sent by express, called at my house yesterday afternoon for the purpose of consulting me on a case of great public importance, and there was I *non inventus*."

"We have heard of this famous deputation, and understand they went to the Dean; but may not you be proud that they thought of you in the first instance?"

"Well, to be sure, that is a consolation, and I fancy I must be contented with it." Then the wags retire behind the Melville statue to give vent to their lungs. The joke crackles through the House, while Calandrino perambulates in silent self-complacency. Alas! even a tocher has its shady side.

But, however they may live,* whether on their

* The feeding of writers by the members of the faculty of Advocates, with the view, in return, of obtaining fees, seems at a very early date to have excited the just indignation of the Senators of the College of Justice, and the following Act of Sederunt was framed to put down so seductive a mode of enlisting the sympathies of the agent through the medium of his stomach. The original, which has been brought to light by the indefatigable exertions of the Record Commission, is in a very decayed condition, and wants a few lines at the end.

We have ventured to print it, but it will be undoubtedly included in the projected abridgment of the Acts of Sederunt.

private means, their wives' tocher, or their fees, the Advocates are a highly respectable body of men, often rising to dignity and eminence.* True, the inside of their heads has much of the character of the outside—crispish, wiry, and apt to retain the professional twist. The genius they worship is jealous of the charms of the Muses. If she finds any of her votaries hobnobbing with Urania,

“Act of Sederunt anent Huggers: A Fragment found in the Laigh Parliament House, 1584.

“Forasmeikle as the courtyng or fleechyng of Agents, be advocatis of our Councell and Sessioun, has groune to ane gryte hycht, quhair throw the saids advocatis makes tinsel of their guld name and reputatioun, and meikle hurte and inconvenientis to suitors in our said Court dothe arise: for remeid thereof, it is STATUTE and ORDAINED that no advocatis sall in tyme to cum, give onie feede, treat, or entertainment of victual, at their awin houses, or in tapsteris to onie agents, procutores, wrytteris, or otheris thair clerkis, mair nor foure tymes in ilk yere, utherways the saids feedis sall be halden to have bene given *Spe numerandæ pecunie*, and the saids advocatis to be reckonit notour Huggenis, and sall dree the painis thairto annexit: Sic as * * * * *cetera desunt*.”

* The honour of the bar has always been well sustained. The story told of the celebrated Hugo Arnot, who would not take in hand a case of the justice and legality of which he was not entirely satisfied, is worth keeping up. On one occasion, a case having been submitted to his consideration which seemed to him to possess neither of these qualifications, “Pray, sir,” said he, with a grave countenance, to the intending litigant, “what do you suppose me to be?” “Why,” answered the latter, “I understood you to be a lawyer.” “I thought, sir,” said Arnot, sternly, “that you took me for a scoundrel.”

Were this honour of the advocates not sternly upheld, the Court would be overrun with chicanery; for unscrupulous agents and dishonest clients would shelter themselves under the gowns of the faculty. In the Crauford peerage case, an Irish competitor consulted Robert Forsyth, and laid before him his papers. The advocate having read them, described to the man the various wants—a certificate here and another there—and the client went away. Some time afterwards, the various documents described by the advocate were produced in Court—all very neatly forged—the man having informed the agent that Mr Forsyth had told him that these were necessary; on hearing which, the latter said to the man, “I told you, sir, that these documents were necessary, but I did not tell you that it was necessary you should forge them, and get hanged.”

Clio, Erato, or Melpomene, she will put him in the scale against the Statutes at Large, and to a certainty find him kick the beam.

It is seldom, therefore, we find any of them straying into the regions of metaphysics, philosophy, or the fine arts; yet their practical sense of equity in the business of life has never been questioned, and their sense of honour, which is only another name for moral rectitude, has never been called into doubt.

If it had been our intention to give an account of the orators of the Scottish bar we would have required more space than we have dedicated to this whole book.*

* It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the best and the easiest speakers have been by no means either the best or the easiest writers. Jeffrey and Gillies are remarkable instances of great talent, which was most serviceable in speaking, but by no means equally so in writing. No man ever spoke or thought with more facility than Jeffrey. Set him on an argument before a judge or jury, and not merely the logic pressed upon him with unexampled force, but he was often overwhelmed by the host of beautiful figures which pressed on his imagination; and then his logic and his figures were alike arrayed in the choicest diction, poured out with a copiousness which knew no bounds, and was sometimes so excessive as to be faulty. But place this great orator and logician quietly down beside his clerk to submit the same argument in the form of a written pleading, and it appeared as if the brain or the tongue were paralysed. He never could dictate. Leave him alone and all the power returned. The pleading, as it came from his own pen, was more finished than the oration in court. Gillies, too, had the same incapacity of writing by a clerk. The failure was, perhaps, even more remarkable in his case, for, though he was one of the most accurate and epigrammatic speakers of his time, and though his logic was most subtle and convincing, and his manner was energetic beyond that of the average of speakers, he was never carried away by passion—and never for a moment permitted the clear stream of his argument to be perturbed by any effort of imagination—by anything approaching to the poetical. The whole was sound, business-like, and convincing, yet costing the pleader no effort, and is so remarkably well

expressed, that if his argument had been immediately transferred to paper it would have required no correction and no dressing up. But his facility was all at fault when he sought, what was to most other lawyers a great assistance, the aid of a clerk. Numerous examples may be cited of the converse of all this. Boyd Greenshields was as far removed from oratory at the bar as if he had belonged to a profession which spurned or was denied its aid. A husky voice—a most ungainly appearance and manner—a stern application to the dry business of the case—all seemed to place him out of the lists in which such men as Jeffrey and Cockburn shone without a rival. But read him in his written pleadings and he seemed to be as light and as sportive, and, if need were, as humorous and imaginative as Jeffrey was found to be in his oral pleadings. And he wrote with a facility which amply made up to him for lack of facility in such pleading. Irvine of Newton was an instance of a man wholly helpless in wordy fight—but exceedingly powerful with his pen. Down to the last day of his career as an advocate, he was afraid of his own voice. There was not a pert youth of three years' standing who would not have beat him at a Lord Ordinary's bar; but give him his pen, and all the youths, and most of the seniors in the profession, were no more than a match for him. Even when he became a judge, and had no one to oppose him, he had no facility in explaining his views orally; but no judge ever expressed himself more clearly or tersely in writing. After hearing counsel fully in an intricate case, he was proceeding to give his opinion, but was frequently interrupted by Skene, who was apparently obviating his positions with success, when Forsyth, in whose favour the judgment was likely to be pronounced, struck in in his quaint way, well knowing that all would be made sufficiently lucid if he were allowed to give his opinion in the form of a note to the interlocutor; and being, moreover, apprehensive that Skene would get the better of him if this species of reclamation was allowed—"Your lordship has now heard us at great length, and it will, perhaps, be as satisfactory if you would favour us with your views in a note, and we can be heard again, if necessary, on the views expressed in the note." This course was most acceptable to the judge, and Forsyth well knew that if these views were once committed to paper, neither Skene nor all the Bar would be able to shake him or be able to pick a flaw in his reasoning.

CHAPTER XI.

Our Writers.

"I am going to the court;
You understand this bag. If you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees."

Little French Lawyer.

WE have somewhere read a letter by a lady to a friend in England, the terms of which we remember so well that we could give even the words. After setting forth that she had arrived in Edinburgh, and seen some of the wonders, she proceeds to say—"It is altogether a very marvellous city, yet with certain peculiarities which strike a new resident not altogether agreeably. Almost every house in the New Town at least, is occupied by some person connected with the law, and these describe themselves on brass plates fixed upon the door by mere initial letters, such as W.S., S.S.C., C.S., and such like, which are excessively puzzling. I may say, indeed, that the city is a huge manufactory of litigation, and the consequences are just what we might expect; for I have no doubt, though the people, for shame's sake, deny it, that the great number of hospitals by which it is sur-

rounded are for no other purpose in the wide world than to hold the poor ruined people who have become the victims of these said terrible men with the hieroglyphic names. Yes, the whole city is surrounded by these asylums; and an immense one for the insane, out at a place they call Morningside, is another sad proof of the effects resulting from such an accumulation of harpies. It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, and, between ourselves, rather alarming, even to me, who have seen many sharks in the Pacific, and other ravenous creatures in various quarters of the world—so much so, indeed, that I am afraid to walk the streets lest I should be served with some writ, or summons, as they call it, or horning and poinding, or caption, or multiplepoinding—for they have dreadful names—or tapt on the shoulder and carried away bodily to the Calton Hill, where they have an array of prisons suitable to the extraordinary demands of the place. But, what is also very singular, these men of the law occupy very splendid houses, with all kinds of luxuries, to an extent, indeed, sufficient to force one to the conclusion that the inhabitants glory in this kind of oppression, elevating and pampering the very individuals who prey upon their vitals, and reduce them to poverty and madness. I ventured, on one occasion, into one of these houses, and was greatly astonished not only by the grandeur I witnessed, but by the placid and mild, I may even say gentlemanly, way in

which they and their wives conduct the agreeable, notwithstanding the said hospitals are in the view of their windows. I luckily escaped with *bon-bons* in place of multiplepointings. Congratulate me, Charlotte. But what is to me altogether inexplicable, the houses in which the ruined litigants are placed are far finer than those occupied by their destroyers—they are, indeed, perfect palaces. One of them is said to have cost two hundred thousand pounds. Of course, you know, the community have to pay; so that, while they patronise the men who ruin them by litigation, they tax themselves to place the victims in houses fit for lords. It's shocking; but they shan't catch me, for I am every moment on my guard; and I intend to move my camp to some quarter where no S.S.C., N.A.B., or G.R.I.P., or any other hieroglyphic, shall get hold of me."

It is not difficult to see how this *malade imaginaire* gets facts and logic to justify a conclusion so harmonious with her insane fancies; yet, wild as this letter is, there are many people reputed sane and rational who entertain prejudices against an entire profession not less absurd, if not idiotic. It would be a pity to destroy so ingenious a structure as that erected by our fair correspondent. We would rather take a pleasanter, if not more ingenious, view of the anomaly she has pictured, and go along with a personage perhaps the very opposite of her character, the late Robert Forsyth,

advocate, who used to say, with that peculiar smile of his playing over what Mudie, in his "Modern Athens," called his brick-bat face, that the Parliament House of Edinburgh, where these Writers congregate, is a huge chimney by which the bad passions of human nature get vent. In this convenient and agreeable view the Writers contribute to a great moral purification, insomuch as they are the collectors and conductors of the inflammable element, conveying it to the advocates, who again convey it to the judges, by whom the spark is communicated, and the moral malaria is sent up the long stalk, and got rid of by an explosion. The Writers, as sanitary agents, are thus a very useful body of men, but for whom the animosities incident to our fallen nature would smoulder in the breasts of the people, or burst out in terrible contests, sufficient to keep society for ever in that state of warfare wherein, according to Hobbes, it was at the beginning. The beauty of the adaptation is apparent in other respects. The fraternity, so far as we can ascertain, never, like many dogmatic officials, refuse to perform their functions, provided only that the parties labouring under the exigency of their diseases, and wishing to get quit of their bad humours, consent to remunerate their moral physicians at a certain rate of payment for each hour occupied in the operation of extracting them; and, what is even still more amiable in these benefactors of our species, they

are never, with few exceptions, contaminated by the inflammatory material which thus passes through them, as if they were electric wires, which it is well known do not appropriate the subtil fluid. Nay, it would even seem that the more of it they are required to eliminate and conduct, the better pleased they are, just as if they were a species of smaller angels toiling and working for the benefit of our evil world; in place of being, as they are often cruelly termed, limbs of that very personage who is the author of the evil they are so assiduous in eliminating and annihilating. How often, notwithstanding, are they treated with ingratitude and even contumely? Do we not see every day that these very patients—however anxious they may have been to be bled and cured—are no sooner relieved than they refuse to pay the men of all others who restore them to cool heads and healthy livers? Nay, they revile them even like our *malade imaginaire*, and make their charges a standing joke against them; and we know that they feel it, with whatever delicacy they may try to conceal their shame: *credendum multitudini*. Every one knows it! A respectable agent of our acquaintance eyed a grocer with keen suspicion when he charged him six-and-eightpence for a piece of cheese, and refused to purchase, yet bought the same article which the wily dealer introduced to him again at six-and-ninepence.

We are thus led to a simple conclusion. The

great number of these law agents is merely an example of the principle of supply and demand. Scotland has always maintained as great an eminence in legal contentions as in defensive war. The spirit is probably alternative, and, if it be not the famous connatural *perfervidum ingenium* itself, it must have been introduced by the Greeks, the most litigious of all the ancient nations. Nor is this supposition so ridiculous as it may appear, when we know that Ulysses and his companions paid a visit to Angus, at that part called Ulysses' Haven, or Usan, to this day.

There is no doubt at least that we in this respect are equal to them, if not superior. If they could boast of their famous litigant Ptolemais, who lived in legal pleas and rixosities all the days of her life, we could point to female litigants in our day whose greatest delight lay in a good hot legal contest; and if a Greek, as Diogenes tells us, would go to law if an ass bit his dog, we could point to a case, famous at the time of the Shakspeare Club, where an ass rushed into the Court of Session because a puppy touched his nose and did *not* pull it. Then, when could even the Greeks boast such an array of bloodsuckers as we of Modern Athens, from the Writers to the Signet, a superior class of agents, down through the Solicitors in the Supreme Courts, the Solicitors-at-Law, to the seedy, sleazy pettifogger,* with black-brown coat, which in its

* The Court is never without some of these harpies, who generally carry

better days perhaps graced the pulpit, and now exuberantly brushed, and boshed hat, who poinds garrets and lays waste cellars,—representing all phases of morality, from the most refined honour to the basest rascality,* and inhabiting all kinds

on their war against widows and orphans in the Canongate. It is the fallen ones who are ambitious enough to shew their faces (often like Nosey D— or Nosey W— without noses) in the Parliament House. In one of them, who used to go by the name of Deaf W—n, there was a trait of humour playing over his rapacity. With no mercy in his poindings and threatening letters, he had a mode of his own of getting quit of sympathetic appeals. He was, to some extent only, deaf, but, like the deaf man in the *Spectator*, he turned his misfortune to account. When called upon for delay or money he could hear none—impenetrable as a piece of whinstone—and the poor client roared and bawled into his ear without ever being able to move the tympanum. The unfortunate writer regretted God's judgment upon him, but he could not help it—it was no fault of his, and the client could not bawl for ever; but no sooner was he gone than the poinding made progress. It was surprising how so deaf a man could hear an offer of partial payment; his gray eye lightened up in a moment and the claws were ready to seize the prey. It is said that he used to chuckle with delight after he had beaten off, by his device, an unfortunate debtor.

* "SALE OF A CLIENT.—COURT OF SESSION.—During the Dean of Faculty's speech on Tuesday last, the Lord Advocate came into court, when the Lord President handed him a letter, stating that he had received it from a litigant in court, who had been favoured with a communication from the opposite agent, offering to sell him his client for a very trifling consideration. He, the Lord Advocate, might consider what was to be done about it."

With reference to the paragraph above quoted, and which at the time went the round of the Edinburgh, and some other, newspapers, we are enabled to give the following letters, omitting merely the names of the parties. In justice, however, to the legal profession generally, we think it right to state that the name of the "honest man" does not appear in the "Edinburgh Directory."

But why, may we ask, are such men as this client-seller permitted to infest our law courts, and to drag along with them case after case, which any respectable member of the legal profession would kick out of his office, and the would-be litigants along with them? This man pays, we understand, no annual licence to practise as a solicitor, and ranks with the common pauper. Yet is he permitted, upon any false pretence that he can trump up, to drag people into court, and there, as he himself observes, to subject them, in expenses alone, to very serious loss. This

of residences, from the grand mansion in Moray Place, with a liveried lackey at the door, to the rickety loft of an old crazy tenement in the Anchor Close, where a white fir-table and an inkhorn, a whisky bottle, and two or three steel pens, crooks, hooks, and unipedes, like those described by Albert Smith, with a few old law books reduced

ought not to be. A man whose position is as above described, should not be allowed to come into court, and therein to stand forward as an agent on equal terms with men of character and respectability.

“—— Chambers,

Edinburgh, 24th January 1857.

“SIR,—Having met with a most ungrateful and unlooked-for return for my exertions on behalf of ——, I have determined quickly to bring their process against you to a speedy conclusion, provided you send me, during the course of this day, the small sum of two pounds sterling, to meet immediate outlays. There is no time, and it might not be proper, for —— to be consulted. As such a small sum can be no object to you, send it at once in a sealed packet, and you will have cause to be satisfied with the large sum you will thereby be saved, in future expense alone, and I will teach your opponents that I am not to be enraged and insulted with impunity.—I remain, Sir, your mo. obed. servant,

“You will have evidence of my proceedings being prompt on Monday, if you comply.”

“Edinburgh, January 27, 1857.

“MY LORD,—In your lordship’s official capacity of Lord President of the Court of Session, I beg to hand you the enclosed letter, which I have received from the pursuer’s agent in a case now pending before the Court of Session, in which I am the defender.

“Whether the honest man’s intention was to sell his client to me for forty shillings, or to obtain that sum from me under the false pretence that he could terminate the case at pleasure, it is for your lordship to determine.

“Your lordship’s careful preservation of the document, for production in court, in the event of the trial going on, is most respectfully requested.—I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s most obedient servant,

“The Right Honourable Duncan M’Neill.”

Notwithstanding the Lord President’s request that the Lord Advocate “might consider what was to be done about it,” we have not learned that anything whatever has been done.

to fly-leaves, constitute the machinery by which he extorts the widow's moan and the orphan's cry? These last may be called, according to our ingenious doctrine, abnormals, inasmuch as, instead of eliminating the evil spirit, they infuse it, and, banishing all shame, pity, and penitence, they become such bosom friends with the evil one* that, even when dying, they will laugh at some clever trick of subtle chicane. We have heard of one who, from a fine house in the New Town, came to reside in Carrubber's Close, and of whom a Catholic priest entertained some hopes when he saw he was approaching his end. The keeper of the keys of St Peter wanted to unlock the dark secrets, but the pettifogger played off upon him the old trick of Ciapeletto in the story of Boccaccio:

"Have you no heavy sins you would like to confess?"

"Oh yes, very heavy," was the reply; "I once discovered that I had charged a client three-and-fourpence more than I ought to have done, and

* A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation who was a writer, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expense of a country funeral. "Why," says Foote, "do you bury your lawyers here?" "Yes, to be sure we do; how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised, "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off!" "Indeed!" said the other, in amazement, "what becomes of him?" "Why, we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with the supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning."

when I went to repay him I found he was dead, but I paid it to his executors."

"I fear you have more to answer for," said the priest.

"Let me remember," replied Glossan; "Oh yes; I discovered once, after getting payment of an account, that a page of one of the papers was too sparsely written by exactly ten words, and I had no means of rectifying it, for my client had gone to America."

"No more?" asked the priest.

"A little," replied the other, casting over the face of the holy man a leer even in death; "I have drunk six trusts, devoured a dozen of widows, and eaten up a score of orphans." The priest fell back in his chair, and when he recovered himself the harpy soul had quitted.

Yet it may be said to be honourable to human nature, that so many men, constituted, to a great extent, the arbiters of their own charges, are really so honest as we often find them.* The elasticity

* We have had some very good examples of agents. James Marshall, as figured in Kay's portraits—peculiar in many respects, particularly for his swearing—was one out of many we could mention who brought the law to the succour of the poor. One day his poor washerwoman appeared at his house in Milne Square with a rueful countenance. "What is the matter, Janet?" said the writer, in his quick way. Janet replied, in faltering accents, that she had lost her gudeman. "Lost your man," said the writer, looking attentively; "How the deevil did that happen?" and then Janet went into a long story, to the effect that her husband had fallen into an excavation where they were building a house at the top of Leith Walk. Having got the poor woman away, Mr Marshall, whose feelings had been wrought upon, hurried to the spot, and the consequence

of a writer's account is not always connected with his dishonesty, but often depends upon that well-known tendency of human affairs to run into entanglement, and then the unwinding and dissolving give rise to thousands of occasions in which an agent may act or not act, or do one thing or another thing from promptings which, though an honest man as the world goes, he could not justify to the face of a criticism taking its stand on a big account. We might thus say that while honesty in an agent is much, it is not everything. Much of the safety of the client lies in his entering the den of a fed lion. The moralities with the best of men are little better than feelings of the beautiful, and necessity is a mighty charmer of sympathies and antipathies. Hence the poetics of account-making and the necessity of accountants. The old story of "Advice to you when at tea"* has been too often

was an action of damages against the proprietors of the building. The defenders became alarmed, and waited upon the writer, offering £200 as solatium. "Na, na, yeb—s," was the reply, "that sum would have been ta'en if ye had come forward like gentlemen and helped the puir widow, but now three times that amount winna stop the proceedings." It is said that he got £700 for the woman, every penny of which he handed over to her.

* Nothing is more ludicrous than the manner in which some professional men make their charge. The more skilful practitioners are able to state the grounds of their demand in such a way that they cannot be obviated, even though very ill founded. Others have not the art to express their claims so as to make them pass muster, even though unanswerable. A London solicitor recently rendered a bill, in which the last item was thus stated:—"To dining with you after the case was lost." To any one acquainted with such matters this was probably a charge that was not only well founded, but the occasion was one that would have warranted triple payment. At no time is the business more important than when the case is lost—the whole art of the adviser is often necessary to save the

in effect fully verified,—nay, we are not absolutely sceptical of the story of the client who, while bathing at Trinity, saw his agent rise up, after a long dive, at his side and cried—

“Ho, there, Mr —, have you taken out a fugæ-warrant against Burt?”

“He is in *quod*,” replied the agent, and instantly dived again, shewing his heels as a parting view to the client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview with the shark until he got his account, containing the entry, “To consultation at Trinity anent the incarceration of Burt, six-and-eightpence.”

Well, it must be admitted that some of these things are bad enough, but there are others even worse. You cannot even now, after-so many acts of parliament passed for the purpose of simplifying and shortening law-pleas, satisfy every agent that

client from further mischief; and it must be confessed that at no time is the professional duty more irksome than when hope has fled and defeat has been made certain; but nothing could excuse the absurdity of stating the charge in the above way. Not less absurd, and greatly more inexcusable, was a charge which also appeared in a Scotch writer's account, in a jury trial, “To attending your funeral, 6s. 8d.” This was made by a brother living against a brother defunct, and it was brought out in a trial for setting aside a will made by the former in his own favour, to the disinheritance of the defunct's own family. The proceedings also shewed a charge for making the will in his own favour. Folly so flagrant was the sure index of insufficient capacity to carry through the scheme successfully, and it is almost needless to add that the will was set aside. A stupid practitioner made a charge in these terms:—“Expenses of a jaunt in your matters.” This charge, differently stated, would probably have been sustained; but so expressed it gave rise to the suspicion that the whole business was an amusement at the expense of the client, and the truth is that it was so viewed by Lord Eldin, who not only disallowed the whole account, but subjected the writer with the whole expenses of suit—a judgment which was affirmed in the Inner-House.

a plea ought really to have an end. The Greeks, according to an old writer, Zenodotus, had a joke about a certain judge called Bunas, who argued that there was no logical reason why a litigation should ever come to a conclusion, and we suspect the ingenious notion still hankers about the hearts of many of even our more respectable Glossans. They make a humour of it, when there are any present whose plucked skins do not prevent them from enjoying the fun.

“Look you,” says one of these Gilberts, “as for us agents, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world to suppose that there is any special reason why we should wish a termination to a plea. Is it a sin in a man to obey the maxim of Solomon, and be industrious in his day and generation? Then, as for the parties, do we not know that all men are continually getting into contentions, and that one contention is better than many? No doubt each party may wish a law-plea terminated, but each will have it terminated in his own way,—and then, unfortunately, there is no such thing in the world as a decree which is calculated to please both. Yes, thank Heaven, that is an impossibility. Nor has even a man’s death anything to do with the cessation of a good case, for, if the predecessor thought it right, why should the heir think it wrong?—and we come back to the old unassailable position that, as neither party wishes a judgment against him, and as every judgment

must be against one, you cannot prove to me that a plea once begun should ever have an end."*. Somehow or other the logic of our legal Zeno does

* Yet they do have an end, and our agents and advocates will know this by and by, if things go on as they are now doing. In prior times we have had examples of a dearth of law-pleas. In 1638, the spirit of litigation seems to have died away even in Scotland. At their customary rising before Easter of that year, the Court resolved, "that it is not necessary that they should return here this sessioun, seeing there are only few dayes of sitting, and that there are no people to attend craving justice." (A.S. 22 Ms., 1638.)

The same thing is threatening now, at this very time, to occur again, but from another cause. The people are beginning to find out that the Court of Session, with its thirteen ermined judges, its army of advocates and agents, all living upon a poor country like Scotland, is a gigantic evil which must be abated. There has been observed a great falling off of cases during the last two sessions, principally, it is supposed, from the greater powers conferred upon sheriffs, who decide their cases upon a third part of the expense. It may be that these inferior judges may go through their work a little roughly, but they contrive somehow to get pretty satisfactorily at justice; and better a little rough handling, in cases not involving large sums, with moderate costs, than a play of legal metaphysics such as we find in the higher Court, with a legion of advocates and agents tempting the judges to refine, all the while they are picking the substance off the clients, even to the bones. In short, a great many of the pleas, involving often paltry sums, are made the occasion of debates and judgments involving nice points of principle, generally shading away into the mist which overhangs like a pall the origin of human rights, and in the midst of which a man may turn either way, without knowing whether he is right or wrong. George Jos. Bell and Andrew Rutherford had once a dispute as to whether law was a science; perhaps both were right and both wrong; at any rate, though in one sense Law and Justice are identical, they seem to split sometimes; and it is too much to hold that when the former chooses to play hide and seek, the other is always bound to follow her. We think a change is impending, and that there will be an increase further in the power of the sheriffs, and a corresponding dereliction of the big Court, which is only a big enormity. It is time that some end should be put to such cases occurring in the High Court as the following, reported in the Note-book of a Student of Law:—"A process of Multiplepoinding having been called, and a multitude of counsel having crowded to the bar, Lord Jeffrey inquired what was the amount of the fund in dispute, and was told that it amounted only to the small sum of £25, 5s. 9d. 'I am extremely sorry,' said his lordship, 'to see so many guests at so poor a banquet.'"

not please. It is even interdicted by act of parliament; but then, is not this just another evidence, as our humorous friend maintains, that man is filled with contentions, nay, even to the point of contending whether these very contentions themselves ought or ought not to possess the unamiable quality of having a termination?

After all, the conclusion we arrive at is, that the Writers of Edinburgh are no worse than their neighbours.

CHAPTER XII.

The Wine-Fanciers of Edinburgh.

“Recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple.”

KEATS.

WE of the modern world have undergone a change as regards our taste for wine.* The Romans sweetened their wine because they had a notion that in the mulsed form it mixed more kindly with the blood, and prolonged life. We have read of Pollio's answer to the Roman emperor, that he

* We think the following observations by Mr Duncan M'Laren worth preserving:—"In answer to the argument of those who said that all northern countries would always take ardent spirits, and would not have the light, thin wines of France, and that, as a taste for wines could not be implanted in this country, the reduction of the duty would be a loss to the revenue, he thought he could convince them that there was great reason to believe that the increase which he anticipated would take place, because they knew very well that our ancestors drank those French wines, and they knew that the climate was as cold, and as humid, and as far north, three hundred years ago as it was now. (Laughter.) They knew that the climate was greatly improved now, from the effect of agricultural improvements and drainage. Well, at that early period the quantity of wine that was drunk in this country, and of these very wines, was something perfectly startling. The fact was that whisky was not known in Scotland as an article of ordinary traffic much more than a century ago, and wine and ale were almost the universal beverages. In 1505 there was an act of the Town Council of Edinburgh requiring that whisky, which was then called *aqua vitæ*, should only be made or sold by

had attained to his great age by means of honeyed wine within and oil without. The moderns brandy

the surgeons and chemists of that day—(hear, hear)—and that no other person should do it under the most stringent penalties. He could easily shew that wine was cheap and greatly used in this country. In 1520 there was an act of the Town Council—which did very absurd things in those days—fixing the price of wine at the rate of one halfpenny sterling for two bottles, under pain of having the head of the cask beat out. (Laughter.) An act of parliament of Scotland was passed in 1551 which fixed the price of what was called Bordeaux wine—which he supposed was our claret—at one third of a penny of our present money per bottle; and it fixed the price of Rochelle wine at equal to one farthing of our money per bottle. The same act of parliament fixed the price of a capon at one penny, so that anybody selling a capon could carry off four bottles of Rochelle and three of Bordeaux with the price. The price of a hen was then two-thirds of a penny. These facts shewed how cheap wine was in those days, not only absolutely but relatively to other articles; because now, in place of getting six bottles for a hen, they would almost get six hens for a bottle. The effect of these cheap prices made wines a great article of consumption in Scotland. It was mentioned that John Knox, who had a very small stipend, broached a pipe of claret the day before he died. People at that time kept wine in their houses then as they now do beer, and when a cargo of wine came into Leith the wine was taken about Edinburgh in carts and sold as butter milk was at present. The Town Council got leave to levy a duty on wine by act of parliament, for the municipal government of the city, and they were in the habit of letting these to tacksmen; and in 1694 the duty on wine yielded them a revenue of £2055 sterling. At that time the stipends of the ministers of Edinburgh were £111, so that the sum which the Town Council derived from the duty on wine was equal to what would have been the stipends of eighteen ministers, had there been that number in Edinburgh at that time. During the same year the Town Council let the duty on ale and beer for £4250, shewing the enormous extent to which these articles have been used when the population was comparatively small. At that time whisky was scarcely known in Scotland, which was quite contrary to the theory that because we are a northern we are a whisky-drinking nation. In old times the Town Council were very free in going to hotels to treat themselves and their neighbours. At the meetings of the Convention of Royal Burghs, a great dinner used to be given to persons from all parts of the country, and a standing table used to be kept during the whole sitting of the Convention. He held in his hand an original account, furnished by the hotel-keeper, of the charges made to the Town Council during the sitting of the Convention in 1701, and it shewed that, while the quantity of wine used was very large, there was hardly any ardent spirits. From that account it appeared that 196 bottles of wine had been

their wine, and like it *dry*, which we suspect is just another name for sharp or acid. It matters nothing for consequences as to health or long life—the Edinburgh fanciers are peculiarly fond of the dry thing. Witness the scenes that occur in certain rooms in Hanover Street or George Street shortly after one of our Trojans dies—where, too, we may learn the truth of the old adage, that men, like gudgeons, are most easily hooked by the mouth. The auctioneer angles adroitly, and the baited hook goes round in the shape of a wine-glass, with a sample in it of some curious Sherry or Madeira, which has undergone the wonderful fortune of having been twice round the world, and is emphatically dry. Then you will see how the delighted eye sparkles a jovial recognition of the golden hue—how the amorous nose snuffs up the rising aroma—how the chops are puckered up as if every nerve were a purse-string drawn against a pathetic appeal of poverty. They never suspect that it is so very dry. The stomach and veins

used, at 1s. 2d.; 10 bottles of sack, at 1s. 8d.; 108 bottles of ale, at 1d. per bottle—all of modern money—11 of claret, at 1s. 6d.; and of ardent spirits there were just 3 mutchkins of brandy, which was equal to 1½ bottles, at 2s. 4d. per bottle of our money. That was the whole of the ardent spirits which were used on that great festive occasion in Edinburgh. He did not adduce these facts as a piece of antiquarianism, but to shew that Scotchmen really did drink wine in those days, and why not now? Mr M'Laren next quoted from another account, shewing that in 1701 there was used at the drinking of the King's health 10 bottles of wine at 1s. 8d., and 48 bottles of wine at 1s. 2d., and expressed his firm belief, that although there would not be very much change in the drinking habits of the people while the present generation lived, the rising generation would be all taught to drink these French wines."

may be puckered up too—nor do they care. These organs have no smack. The tang is all in the tongue, and the deeper that pierces the papillæ the greater is the delight of the oinomaniac.

All this time the auctioneer is sounding forth the years of vintage—a practice copied from the Romans, whose wines were illustrated by the names of the consuls under whom they were pressed. The glorious year is perhaps half a century ago. Cobwebs are its hoary honours—dryness its cynical wisdom. And if the parcel happens to have been the property of some great connoisseur, who has died, perhaps, from too much of that very acidity they are enjoying, the effect is deepened. The auctioneer is even satirical. How cheap for vintage 1810! What a bouquet, gentlemen! Twice round the world!!—and only five pounds a dozen!!! The purse-strings, not necessarily used to resistance against the prayer of hunger, relax as the corrugation of the *buccæ* increases under the enthusiasm of another taste.

Silence, ye water-swillers!—ye sour-visaged, long-faced apostles of temperance, who see sin lurking in that golden sparkle! Is there no glory in drinking a bottle of wine from the cellars of Sir William Curtis, or a veritable Lord President, with the mysterious yellow seal of Bell, Rannie, and Co. impressed upon it? Well may it mount to twelve pounds a dozen—a pound a bottle for this *terre sanguis*—two shillings for one movement of

the epiglottis. What cares the wine-fancier? Little do ye know the agencies at work in his noble soul. Enjoyment, not gross, but rather sublimed into poetry—the pride of an Amphytrion—the glory of its being known that he is the possessor of this nectar—the admiration of him when he shall be *renommé*. Nay, twelve pounds, after all, is only moderate. A parcel of Johannisberg, the queen of hocks, from the cellars of Prince Metternich, the king of Tories, rises by growing pounds, uttered with unctuous lips, to sixteen pounds a dozen. The mania is gratified; even those who have offered the intermediate unsuccessful “bids” are famous for life.

Verily and soberly, there are men in Edinburgh who can prevail upon themselves to pay sixteen pounds, sufficient to keep a poor man’s family for six months, for twelve quart bottles of an over-kept, sour, unpalatable, deleterious, gravelling liquor. Do not mistake us. We would rather undergo asphyxia in a water-butt than growl a Gough-grudge against the ruby-nosed son of Semile, who held that noble member, whereon were carbuncles rivalling in value the pearl in Cleopatra’s cup, over the triclinium of Cato the Censor, as he was surprised in his potations by the crowing of the Roman cock. These things are simply amusing to us, not a Radical using the argument “*ex invidia ductum*,” nor, we say, is it less amusing to see the *quantities* which these

luxurious amateurs accumulate in their catacombs. Lord Jeffrey, critical in varieties, could be proud of exhibiting thirty-two different kinds of wine at Craigcrook ; old Tom Cranstoun, recondite in Spanish sorts, could bring forth not fewer than thirty ; and the late Lord Justice-Clerk, deep read in white ports, was not behind either of them ; while Robert Ainslie probably exceeded them all in numbers of dozens, if not varieties. There are hundreds of such in our correct, decorous, moral Edina. Grand while alive, the true grandeur of these *virtuosi* of the tongue can be known only when the red and yellow treasury is ransacked by the auctioneer after they are dead ; four thousand pounds are laid up in the catacombs of a judge, and as much in those of a Writer to the Signet.

We can little appreciate the feelings of these pleasant and not inharmonious spirits as they used to descend, candle in hand, into their vaults, and snuff the old mouldy air, heavy with the promise of long years of pleasure, and see the sacred cobwebs, woven by the gloomy wine-spider, enveloping their bins. Yea, we may estimate the potency of the Cnidian charm by the fact that the great Neptune of our teetotallers' water-world has been obliged to defend himself against it by a stone and mortar dike a foot thick. Yet not misers these doating souls ; they do not hug the bottles and lay them down again ; they only count how many fuddled noses be there potentially enshrined ;

how many years it will take to paint the time-honoured member, even like unto that possessed by old Kilbucko, which (he replied) was not finished, when King George the Third asked him how much money and time it took a painting, to the proper depth of the rosy hue. When the Catholic religion was in its palmy days, the best wines were called *theological*, for the reason that cardinals and other great bishops claimed the sunniest vintages. These respected dignitaries were entitled to the choicest drops of the celestial liquor, leaving the inferior kinds for the benefit of their flocks. In our Sybaris the choicest magnums are claimed mostly by the lawyers, and we should change the word; the curious wines should be called *legal*, as the best cigars are called *legalidades* by the Cubans.* Have we not said these wines

* The true "legal" was at one time the claret, the love of which seems to have diminished somewhat. Of all wines it is that which grows upon a man, becoming at once a luxury and a stimulant. Perhaps few of our paper lords or advocates of former times carried the affection for this wine so far as good Lord Ankerville (David Ross of Inverchasly), of whom it is stated,—"The annual migration of the judge from north to south, and from south to north, became of as nice regularity as the cuckoo's song in spring; and as well did the Highland innkeeper, at half-a-mile's distance, know the rumbling, creaking chaise of the one as he did the monotonous note of the other. The quantity of claret (which he preferred above any other species of wine) drank by his lordship on these annual journeys has been variously estimated; and although no satisfactory statement has ever been given, all agree in saying that it must have been immense." We have more precise evidence as to another lover of claret—Lord Newton. His modicum was three bottles. We have had many anecdotes of the "power of carrying" possessed by such toppers. Lord Ankerville's love of claret did not abate with his increase of years. A gentleman relates that he once pounced upon him at his seat of Carlogie. "He had then reached his seventy-fifth year. Being alone, he had just sat down to

are dry and sharp?—the muscadines and softs being left for the benefit of the clients. Nay, will these clients not draw a lesson from these catacombed graves, where their fees lie entombed, waiting a saturnalian resurrection, when will be toasted, "The glorious uncertainty?" No,—we are not hipped with water and full of bile. So

dinner, and not having expected a stranger, he apologised for his uncropped beard. Our friend was of course welcomed to the board, and experienced the genuine hospitality of a Highland mansion. After having done ample justice to the table, and when his lordship had secured a full allowance of claret under his belt, he went to his toilet, and to the astonishment of his guest, appeared at supper cleanly and closely shaved, to whom he remarked that his hand was now more steady than it had been in the morning."—KAY. It is well known with what right we can also place the famous Dr Webster of the Tolbooth among the lovers of claret. A friend on whom he called one day, aware of his predilection for the liquor, said he would give him a treat, adding that it was a bottle of claret forty years old. The bottle was produced but turned out to be a pint. "Dear me," said the doctor, taking it up, "but it's unco little o' its age." We cannot resist the following story of the good doctor:—Every one knows that his company was much courted, as his habits were convivial, and his wit in no respect hampered by his clerical position. No one could sit him out, and his compotators were, as a general thing, either sound asleep or under the table ere he withdrew. Yet on only one occasion was he known to have shewn any symptoms of having drunk too much. No one, it was said, knew the doctor's measure,—his head was wine-proof. The occasion referred to was related as follows:—One evening about eleven o'clock, as one of his elders was returning from a friend's, and passing down the south side of the Lawnmarket, he saw on the opposite side of the street a tall burdly man in black, with cocked hat, wending his way westward. The moon was shining brightly on his path, and the good elder recognised the familiar figure of Dr W., whose house was in Brown's Entry, Castle Hill, (a house which came after his death into the possession of the Bairs of Newbyth, and in which the late General Sir David Baird was born.) It, however, struck him that there was something peculiar about the doctor's gait—it was not so stately as usual. Turning, therefore, he retraced his steps up the street, until, having got considerably ahead of his minister, he crossed over and came down till he met him. The doctor was in a brown study, and not walking so steadily as he usually did. "Ah! doctor," said his friend, "what would the Tolbooth folk say if they saw ye just now?" "They would not believe their eyes, sir," he muttered, and passed on.

long as God's glorious sun shall kiss the rosy grape, so long shall man rejoice in a generous glass of nature's best boon. But follies ride wildest on the choicest of blessings; and it were well to remember that moderation is the golden mean—the real enjoyment—the grand epicurism of luxury.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Jolly-Topers of Edinburgh.

“ Widely o’er the earth I’ve wander’d; where the drink most
freely flow’d,
I have ever reel’d the foremost—foremost to the beaker strode;
But a stouter, bolder drinker, one that loved his liquor more,
Never yet did I encounter, than our friend upon the floor.”

BON GUALTIER

THE genus is nearly extinct,—and therefore we intend this article as a kind of supplement to our wine-fanciers, who are verily a present existing reality. We have had many anecdotes illustrating the habit of deep drinking, and our chief difficulty lies in avoiding a repetition of these.

We may refer to the famous Duke of Rothes, of whom Burnet says :—“ He was happily made for drunkenness. For as he drank all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards, one after another, so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered; and, after the greatest excesses, an hour or two of sleep carried them off so entirely, that no sign of them remained. He would go about business without any uneasiness, or discovering any heat either in body or mind. This had a terrible conclusion, for after he had killed all his friends, he fell at last into

such a state of weakness of stomach that he had perpetual colics when he was not hot within and full of strong liquors, of which he was presently seized, so that he was always sick or drunk."

Probably the scene at "Friars' Carse," described in "The Whistle," by Burns, with so much of the spirit of a priest of Cybele, is, with the exception of the well-known competition for the golden crown offered to the greatest bacchanal by the Tyrant of Syracuse, the most renowned of all the exhibitions of this most extraordinary kind of prowess; for that the leading impulse was the pride of superiority in what was reckoned a species of moral fortitude and physical resistiveness, there can be no doubt. We may well wonder, in those days marked by so much decorum, tinged as it is by pretty deep lines of simpering refinement, that man could glorify himself in having a tough hide to his stomach and most impervious material in his cranium.*

* Formerly (a contemporary observes) drinking hard was high in the rank of manly virtues; different towns and cities claimed pre-eminence in it. To drink *more Palatino* was to get very drunk. The collections of antiquaries are full of drinking-cups and horns not made to stand. The last Count of Gortz used to make his children drink at night, and if they wanted to go to sleep he grumbled at their degeneracy, and doubted if they were his own children. The Hohenlohe deed of investiture required the claimant to drink out the great feudatory goblet, as a proof that he was a German nobleman and an able-bodied warrior. In that principality no glasses held less than half a bottle, and the *Homburger Chronicle* records the feats of two sisters, who drank sixteen bottles at a sitting, and then walked quietly to their home, three miles distant. We, too, had our five-bottle men; and every reader must have suffered some of that truculent hospitality which regarded sobriety as an insult to the house, and the man who shirked his bottle as a dubious friend, if not a contemptible creature. "Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests as the ladies

Yet we suspect there is even still a lingering contempt—we hope it will soon die out—for him who “shirks his bicker.” Nay, the foundation of the custom of jolly bouts is as old as the inspiration of the Saturnalia or the savage enthusiasm of the Odin banquets; and as we know too well, in the midst of all our beatitudes of moral improvement, that nature continues to be more prolific of animals than of angels, we are not optimist enough to expect that this love of rousing the social affections into a delirium, and of creating, as it were, for the toper a world of his own, will ever be altogether eradicated from the breast of fallen man. You will even hear it whispered that the custom is not in all its aspects hateful. Even philosophers, such as David Hume, have written that deep drinking “is only a vice when pursued at the expense of some virtue.” Admitting all that the teetotallers say, and say so justly, against Bacchus, some will tell you that, of all the gods under Jove, no one is so able and willing as that jolly god to enlighten Plutus, and let into his darkened soul some of the golden beams of Apollo. The devotees of the jolly bouts were often generous as well as jolly; and there have been grand instances of drunken munificence, from which very rational and sober benefits have accrued.

left the room, “let us understand each other; are we to drink like men, or like brutes?” The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, “Like men, of course.” “Then,” replied he, “we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want.”

For ourselves we have no great respect for anything drunkenness can produce, excepting, perhaps, a sore head and remorse; but we confess to a stronger sense of the ludicrous than of the hateful when we hear, for instance, of such a story as that told of the three great bouters, scarcely less eminent than the heroes of the Norway Whistle. The late Lord P——, A—— G——, and his friend N——, once entered into a compact, not "*bibendo pellereretur*," for they had few cares to dispel, but actually to outdo, not only the feat of Friars' Carse, but all that was ever celebrated in the annals of bacchanals. The day was fixed upon as well as the place, the latter being the Plasterers' Inn, on the old road between Kirkcaldy and Dundee. If the rosy god had been among us personally in those days, and had protruded his head over those of our three good-natured conspirators, we might conceive the ineffable leer of triumph and delight in those laughing eyes we have so often seen in old pictures—the unearthly light shining through the drowsy, dilated, narcotised pupil—the grotesque wink to his foster-father behind him, the little flat-nosed, tun-bellied, old drunken sot Silenus. Verily the spirits at least of these comical mythological personages were sufficiently diffused through the hearts and marrow of our three bacchanals. Nor did the compact fail. The appointment was as solemnly kept as a saint's day in the Roman Calendar.

For three days and nights was this terrible symposium maintained. They despised the luxury of a bed; the carpeted floor, strewn with empty bottles, received each worsted champion by turns as he succumbed gloriously, (as it was termed,) for a time, to the power of the wine-god, only to rise again, like a giant refreshed, to renew the contest, and to witness, with an echoing laugh, his companions take his position, who again, Antæus-like, rose to resume the competition.*

We never heard how the victory was to be decided, or who was the victor, but a few words of Boniface have been preserved:—"I have had queer customers in my day; now there's three billies up stairs—I kenna wha they are, or whaur they come frae—but I'm sure, if they sit anither three nights, they'll no leave a bottle o' claret † in a' the kingdom of Fife."

* Such things are unknown now, or only linger as a relic of the past. We remember a house that had long been famous for its convivial meetings. In course of time the head of the house was gathered to his fathers, but the widow, who survived, was determined to keep up the character of the establishment. She, too, had her evening party, where the old friends were gathered. The time passed pleasantly away, and the bottle went freely round, but no traces of inebriety were seen. She could not set the example, for even toppers did not approve of female drinking; but she bethought her of an excellent device, and going to the kitchen she heated whisky in the kettle, which, being brought in as water for the manufacture of toddy, soon had its effect, and the chairs were rapidly vacated. Conveyances were ordered—carts were put in requisition—and the old farmer's widow thought that the *manes* of her husband would be satisfied.

† The Scotch have clung with the tenacity of their national character to their ancestral taste for claret. Before the assimilation of their custom-house duties to those of England, the Scottish doctor or lawyer used to have a jug of claret fetched from the nearest tavern for his breakfast.

Or, take another story, which the mention of this one brings to our recollection, as told to us by an eye-witness. The fifth regiment, of which the narrator was an officer, having been stationed at Montrose, M—— (the same Lord P——) would have them to dine with him at the Castle, and, in return, the officers were honoured by his presence at their mess-dinner. They had had a taste of their guest, and knew what they had to expect, but probably the issue transcended their expectations; for, after a night worthy of the worshippers of the Walhalla, kept up till cock-crow, and when these valiant comptators were scarcely able to keep their legs, a cart was heard to drive up to the door. M——, who knew the meaning thereof, immediately rose, and, followed by the officers, all reeling in true bacchanalian measure, descended to the street. There was the cart, with an enormous wooden bowen placed upon it, and in the bowen a corresponding wooden ladle. It was easy to see that the bowen was to be filled with something

There is a story told respecting the celebrated Dr Pitcairn. The doctor seldom troubled the inside of the kirk, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern just as the more staid portion of the population were going to morning service. The kirk elders were at length scandalised, and, under the plea of preventing Sabbath trading, used frequently to seize the doctor's jug and confiscate his claret. Suspecting that the seizure was not altogether disinterested, the doctor, one Sabbath morning, sent a strong dose of tartar-emetic at the bottom of his pewter. On that day, to the surprise of all men, Dr Pitcairn was seen in church. His eyes were turned towards the elders' pew. The service had not advanced far ere one zealous opponent of Sabbath trading slunk out of church, looking very pale. Soon another followed, and presently the elders' pew was empty, to the bewilderment of all but the contriver of the mischief.

stronger than morning dew, and filled it was straightway with punch, hot and reeking, mixed by the hands of M—— himself, amidst the loud huzzas of the men-at-arms. Then a drum and fife were put in requisition, and, preceded by this music, away went the cart slowly through the quiet town, followed by the red-coated Corybantes. The shrill fife and rattle of the drum, sounding at the break of morn, brought the astonished burghers to the windows and doors to see what to them must have been a strange sight: M——, brandishing the huge ladle, and filling up glass after glass as fast as he could supply the demands upon him, every moment increasing the crowd as the news flew from one to another. The imagination strains, in these changed days, to picture all the lights and shadows of scenes like these enacted by full-grown men of high rank and superior education.

We are inclined to condemn, and yet, as we have said, a feeling of the grotesque dissolves the intention and the lungs together, and we are forced to confess that old Momus is not limited to a niche in the Roman Pantheon.

The custom did not stop with such celebrities as these of the beginning of the century. It was continued down through the Sam Andersons, the Peter Hills, and Patrick Robertsons,* and cer-

* The convivial scenes at Drummond Place have been scantily recorded, and it is as well that they should not be remembered. Wit and humour

tainly it was not the inauguration or teetotalism that was the check. The clubs, ranging from the "Pokers" and the "Cosies" up to the "Fusi-leers," the "Dilettantes," and eke the "Hell-fires,"* died out as the family circles, rendered charming by increased social converse and domestic comforts, wiled the hearts of husbands from convivial glories and aching heads. But even this was as much an effect as a cause; and here we are met by something altogether mysterious. The conflict between Professor Bennett and the English physicians brings out what indeed was becoming patent to all, that the constitution of the

never die, but buffoonery deserves to perish. A famous divertissement at the symposia was the celebrated bear-dance, of which we have heard the following account from an eye-witness:—"The scene was acted far on in the evening, when Sk—e had gone to sleep, and M—e had taken his Straduarus out of the box. P—k acted of course the part of Bruin (*Ursa major*), for which he dressed, or rather undressed: a long rope was placed round his neck, which was held by the bear's master. Then began the dancing of the animal to a slow drawling tune—the time being kept as well by the arms, at the end of which dangled the semblance of paws, as by the legs—the face sublimely bearish—not a trace of a smile, or a trait of humanity,—all brought down to the beast. Bits of bread were accepted of, and munched most bearishly; and the dodging and lazy turning, with occasional grunts and growls, were imitated to the life."

* They used to adopt the old practice of drinking the devil's health at this last. In the *Analecta Scotica*, we read of Marion M'Call, who in 1671 had her tongue bored for drinking this toast; and Robert Law, in his Memorials, tells us, that the Earl of Kelly, the Lord Kerr, and David Sandilands, (Abercromby's brother,) with other two gentlemen, fell a-drinking, and to excite each other began to drink healths. Having exhausted their names, they did not know whose to drink next. "One of them gives the devil's health, and the rest pledges him. Sandilands that night going down stairs fell and broke his neck. Kelly and Kerr within a few days sickened of a fever and died; the fourth also died shortly; and the fifth, being under some remorse, lived some time." Our hell-fire worthies are almost all dead, but not, we hope, *because* they belonged to this club.

people of this country has undergone a change which quadrates strangely with this transition from deep drinking to comparative sobriety—from jolly bouts to *soirées*.*

The inflammations which were so rife in former times, and even up to the term of the drinking-clubs, and which kept the Sangrados busy with their lancets and leeches, have almost disappeared from this part of the world; and, what is still more strange, even when an inflammatory attack does shew itself—not, be it observed, as a consequence of intemperance—the patient cannot now, as formerly, support the loss of the old quantity of blood. Here is a curious subject for the physiologist. We cannot pursue it; but it seems clear that the cessation of deep potations was synchronous with the transition from a certain state of the constitution which courted inflammatory incentives, and could maintain itself against the bleeding required by their effects, to another entirely different, which does *not* court these incentives, and cannot maintain the phlebotomic remedy.

Teetotallers! look up in hope; don't you see a higher power than your own platforms, periodi-

* The exiled Lord Nairne took very ill in France with the sober habits of the people, so different from the bacchanalianism of his own country. Being at length joined by a few more, in the like circumstances with himself, he got them all assembled round him at dinner one day, and when the cloth was removed, addressed them as follows:—"I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense around me, after being plagued for a twelvemonth wi' a set o' fules, *nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them.*"—CONNOLLY'S *Life of Bishop Low*.

cals, *soirées*, pledges, and self-denying ordinances, working secretly amid the *arcana* of deep physiological energies, which may bring about your grand millennial bliss independently of you, and the effects of which you may yet claim to yourselves by the sign of victorious garlands—not of bay leaves, vine stocks, or even roses (which have too much the colour of wine)—but of pure white water-lilies as big as the flowers of *Rafflesiana*.*

* Society is every day becoming more temperate in the use of strong drinks, and as the influence of education and instruction extends drunkenness among the lower orders will decrease. The principle of the Maine law, which our Edinburgh teetotallers would fain entail upon us, is altogether a mistake. Every one knows that a law of this kind has been tried in America, and there failed. "The cause," writes Mr Gough, "in this country is in a depressed state. The Maine law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than I ever knew before in Massachusetts; and in other States it is about as bad."

Now, let it not be supposed that we underrate, for one moment, the evils which arise from drunkenness. We would merely protest, so far as our drunkards are concerned, against efforts to reform them at the cost of the temperate indulgence of the whole sober population. It is moral influence alone which will effect the desired result. Let us by all means do what we can for the reformation of our drunkards; let us apply all wholesome influences of religion, of education, of orderly homes, of social decencies, and of self-respect, which may serve to guard those who are to come after us from so fearful an evil. But why, we would ask, are we not to drink a glass of sherry or pale ale, because if we drink too many we shall get drunk? Where is the principle to end? Carried to its full length, with quite as little logic and as much folly, we might be forbidden mutton and beef, all the fish, flesh, and fowl of the creation, and be limited to pump-water and potatoes, under special sumptuary laws. In drinking and in eating the point of sufficiency is left to our discretion; but it would be a piece of monstrous injustice, on the possibility existing that we might gorge ourselves with the *entrées* or the *piece de resistance*, or fill our skin to bursting with good wine, that we should be called upon never to touch either, in order to avoid the evils of both. It is a piece of sheer cant; and though many of the teetotallers are actuated by disinterested and benevolent motives, their arguments are quite as weak and not half so palatable as their pump-water

Hear what Professor Laycock says upon the subject:—"I am very ready

to accept at their full value the statements which are made from time to time as to the value and success of the Forbes Mackenzie Act in the suppression of gross drunkenness and flagrant Sabbath desecration. It cannot, however, be admitted as a permanent remedy for a social evil. Abundant experience shews that the real operation of all such acts upon the people is to familiarise them with habitual and systematic evasion of the law. Unlicensed retailers will sell drink, and set up shebeen-shops; drinking-clubs will be established, spies will watch the spies, children will be trained in trickery and lying, perjury and false testimony will be common, bribery and corruption of the police and detectives will be practised. These have all resulted already, to what extent no one can know, because secrecy is the root of the whole. All this is surely bad enough. I may state, however, that since the Forbes Mackenzie Act came into operation in Edinburgh, perjury and prevarication have increased four-fifths; and if this happen on one day of the week, would it be wise to have it going on every day? And yet this is what a Maine Liquor Law would inflict upon us, but in a degree tenfold more intensely than a Sunday Act. Only conceive such a law vigorously enforced in this country. The police force would have to be doubled at once; informers would be spread over the whole land, from the metropolis to John o'Groat's and the Land's End. They would sneak about every village, they would watch every house, they would pocket bribes on all hands. Every creek and landing-place would be the haunt of numerous smugglers, and the coast-guard would have to be indefinitely increased. The informations alone against contraventions of the act would be so numerous that the courts would never cease sitting. In the metropolis only, with its two and a half millions of people, there would not certainly be fewer than three thousand trials at the Old Bailey per month. And when the detectives were detected, as they surely would be when they had to give evidence, and it was proved, hardly without exception, they were but a congregation of the sneaking rascality of the nation—what then? Physical force would be applied pretty freely to them, I suspect, and the law must draw the sword in defence of spies. But the Maine Liquor Law is no new thing in this country; it has been tried before, under much more favourable circumstances than the present, and the Legislature was too glad to get it repealed in hot haste."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Civic Rulers.

"They fought so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day."

WE cannot think of that cosie owl's nest of thirty-seven gorbies, that used to rest so peacefully up yonder on the ridge of the Old Town, without a feeling of sorrow. It brings us in mind of the old fable wherein is set forth a jolly owl of a Lord Provost of the woods sitting moping at noonday, and to whom appears a golden eagle, come direct from drinking at the very fountain of Apollo. "I am sent by the sun," said the bird of Jove, "to inquire how it is that you, the bird of the wise Minerva, are so much afraid of the light of day? Surely you are wrongly named, for how can there be a wisdom without enlightenment; and surely, too, you must be a miserable creature, for who can be happy that loves the dark night, and eschews the glories of the day?" "I beg your pardon, friend. We owls are not only wise, but happy. We have just enough of light to shew us what we are to feed ourselves upon, and our prey is easy because it is asleep. We are therefore both wise

and happy. If you doubt me, go and take a peep into my bed-chamber in the cliff yonder, and see how warm and comfortable is my family." "But how shall I know them?" "Why, by their beauty, to be sure, and their peacefulness." Away flew the eagle, and, having arrived at the cliff, he gave a cry of joy as the sun burst forth, whereupon he saw the young owls pushing out their heads and screaming miserably at the golden rays. "These cannot be my friend's family," thought he, "they are so ugly; and that cry against the sun cannot be a sign of happiness;" whereupon he made his dinner of them.

Yet the old owl was right. The nest, prior to that sunbeam from the south which struck it in 1833, was a happy family, with just one enemy—the bird of Jove with the sunlight in its eye; and what creature, or collection of creatures, has not its enemy? Yes, they had all the elements of happiness. They were limited to a few families; they were immortal; they appointed themselves, and had the privilege of making a member of Parliament, upon the condition that he should give them a good dinner and wines, and shower down upon themselves the *bon-bons* and *douceurs* of office; and they elected a hangman to do their behests against all those who interfered with the property or lives submitted to their care, even upon whom hung the condition of the dead-chack. Then how they luxuriated in the "uncommon guid," the custom of the

lawn-market, the cloth-market, the flesh-market, the fruit, green, fish, meal, poultry, and bread markets, the customs of the House-of-Muir and Hallow-fair, the weigh-house duties, the imposts on liquor payable by vintners, the fees on entry of burgesses and guild brethren, and all the rest which they collected and spent without the chance of any reform eagle with sunlit-eyes looking in upon the cosie party !

True, but they got into debt ; and surely debtors cannot be said to be happy ? Softly ; don't you recollect the old proverb of Plautus, *De alieno ludis corio*—it is pleasant to play with the skin of another man's back, your own being all safe ? These birds of Minerva got fat on the day-birds over whom they had charge. Yea, without getting in debt themselves, they were the cause of debt in others. They made no jobs, these civic *gobemouches*, of signing bonds of annuity or any other bonds, like our present eagle-eyed dignitaries. Bonds were to them bones—the more, the more pickings. It was enough that, pay them who might, they were not personally liable, only “the common guid”—so “guid” that no one dare taste it but themselves.

Nor were they without something to say for themselves, these comfortable Tory dignitaries, were it nothing more than the comparison in their own favour of a body personal with a heart bumping away in cardiac confusion and disease, and some

members sending up neuralgic messengers of pain to increase that confusion ; on the one side and on the other, a body with a good fat jolly heart all right and comfortable, and some members black and putrid, without, of course, any feeling to disturb the core. So with that old body corporate. But returning to our old simile—nothing could be more honourable to human, bird, or any other nature, or more amiable to lovers of Arcadian peace and simplicity, than the perfect harmony of our city in those days, before the Whig eagles looked in upon the secret places with their searching eyes and sharp beaks, and turned all the grave owls out, and put in their places chattering jack-daws, starlings, and parrots, to jabber and quarrel, and peck at each other's eyes. No one in the secret chamber questioned the motive of another, because he knew it was the same as his own—to take care of yourself, and help the common guid when it was guid to you. No one asked another's politics, when he knew that they all obeyed Dundas ; nor did any one inquire another's religion, when all were satisfied that Church and State were as naturally associated as body and soul.

Then, really the people were just as well ruled as afterwards, and we suspect just about as happy. They were relieved of a great amount of trouble, speech, and quarrel. They did not need to cry up the benefits of Whiggery, when Tories were doing for them what, as Whigs, they were to do for them-

selves; nor did they require to extol their sectarian beatitudes, because the spiritual lamps were just as well served with religious oil then as now. There was no necessity for differences, when contrition could be had without attrition, and folk got to heaven without jerking themselves forward by jostling each other in the way to paradise. Even the debt would have settled itself, when no one would lend any more; and the Duncan M'Larens might have slept in glorious ease, in place of being at a great deal of trouble for no end. If they did make an adjustment, they did not have recourse to their own pockets; and the creditors, in getting their three-per-cent. annuities, might have answered the "Serve them well" with a nod, considering they were themselves Tories who lent to Tories. Then how beautiful the city became under these old civic lords! There is no dignity like Tory dignity; it has a look about it sufficient to ennoble a sausage-stuffer; and all these men, in shaking hands with a Dundas or a Hope, received so much of the infection, that common Whiglins could not approach them. Nor look alone: they had the ambition to make the city as noble as their souls, and they have done it without costing themselves a penny. In addition to all, they inculcated the maxim that "Obedience is the mother of wisdom." Nor did they inculcate it alone—they practically enforced it by the very *prestige* of a connexion with the Castle or Arniston, or some other temple

of the old political faith. Yes, a Bailie then *was* a Bailie, and the people knew it; and as for a Provost, even Coulter, when he cried out at the warlike meeting, "Oh, that the heart of a Skipio* should be lodged in the breast of a hosier!" *was* a Provost, and the people knew it. No doubt the system had faults. Sometimes a burgh became bankrupt, as in the case of Auchtermuchty, which got its bell pointed, and the clapper stopt; but wouldn't our new Solons put a kench on the tongue of St Giles's if they could?

Alas! the dignity of our old corporations is departed, and our new dignitaries have become a gibe in the mouths of the common people. Nor is this any way attributable to the Municipal Act. For a time after 1833 we had very good dignitaries, who could wear their gowns with some grace, in place of raising a laugh, as they do, now when they step over to the High Church;—not that the said laugh arises from the contrast between the red toga

* Scott, in his way of telling the story, has *sheepio*—a pure invention, intended as a play on sheep and hosier. They were true Provosts in those days of rule and obedience. When will any of our Provosts desire extreme unction from the hope of having a public funeral? William Coulter died in this consolation. He believed in provostship and stockings. We rather think it was Coulter, who, on the occasion of an "uncommon guid" feast to a German prince, addressed his Highness, "*Vooly voo*, your Royal Highness, will you hae a *partan tae*?" He was not only a fire-eater and a great civic Amphytrion, but a lover of the fine arts. Scott says that he found the worthy magistrate filled with a new-born zeal for the drama. He spoke of Mrs Siddons's powers with tears in his eyes—the cause of which theatric rage was a large order for hose, pantaloons (?), and plaids for equipping the rival clans of Campbell and M'Lean, which Mrs Siddons was sensible enough to send the excellent Provost. He was also a pious man, under the condition that he would be a Provost in heaven.

and the cocked hat, on the one hand; and on the other, the habulziements suitable to the homely act of turning a spigot, and giving on the Saturday a pint of ale or a dram to the spectator of the grand sight. No—the old dignitaries sold stockings and German sausages. The calling has nothing to do with the retrogradation of the civic official. It is a certain meanness of soul that has got into our municipal representatives. They raise a rebellion out of twopence, and bawl about principle—a kind of thing they know nothing about, and ought to know nothing about, except in its practical meaning of common honesty. When did you hear of the old Tory Councillors talking about *principle*? They did not even know the meaning of the word; and if they had, with the author of the Biglow papers, called it *princerple*, it would only have shewn that their hearts were so much set on *interest*, that they paid no attention to a word which signified nothing.

It they would take into the Council Chamber the principle of honesty, they would perhaps take what their predecessors left behind them, for the reason that they were above that vulgar virtue. But they are not content with depositing this in their ledgers, and going forth with their gold chains. They go with their heads addled with no fewer than perhaps half-a-dozen of *principles*—the two chief being, the principle of politics, and the principle of a State-church. They forget that in

politics there are at least three of the so-called "principles," and even these are subsidiary—Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism; and that in politico-theology there are at least two—state connexion and absolute freedom. When a Radical says in the Council that he stands up for a principle, or a Voluntary cries out that he is the champion of a principle, he thinks himself a great creature, so privileged to speak of so grand and recondite a thing: "God bless you, sir, it's no small matter; it is 'principle' I am fighting for." Then he perhaps forgets that across the green table there is a Whig who has a principle too, and a State-churchman who has the same wonderful commodity; and thus they fight away about a thing which, when inquired into, turns out to be a *wish*. They want the sense to know there is no principle in the case—that at best one wish is just as good as another—and that, as they cannot get all their wishes gratified, they should give up wishing, and look to the "common guid," without trying to make it an uncommon guid to themselves.

Then the question always recurs: What are they doing with these political and religious wishes (for they are not principles) in the Council Chamber? Can't they go and make a cycloborean noise about them on the platform, or a calamobow-ow of them in a penny blatt, or an Agathonian song of them at a sixpenny *soirée*? Did they ever hear of these *real* dignitaries under the old *régime* bringing into

the Council any dogma about universal suffrage, a four-pound franchise, or every man the paymaster of his own minister, or the Establishment to the devil, and the annuity-tax after it? Not likely; they looked to the common good, and their own good, *over* these general, unmeaning, at best sectarian subjects,—so full of ergoterics and egoterics that no sensible man could get out of them the light of a farthing candle, to shew him to the place they want the Establishment to go to, because it teaches their own doctrines of salvation.

But it would even be a blessing if they would, like honest men, stick each to his own principle, as they call it. They are not bold enough for this. As regards religion, they are either Establishment men or Voluntaries. They had no objection to the famous annuity-tax, because they thought that it was in perfect harmony with the old tithe system, and what was good in the one case could not be bad in the other; but the Voluntary Councillors, while shouting for their principle, whereby they should, with much valour, ignore any payment for the spread of their own eternal doctrines, got to fighting about whether their principle should prevail to the extent of getting the annuity reduced fivepence or fourpence, or to getting it made temporary by providing a fund not temporary, or keeping it fixed at a diminished rate. In short, their vaunted principle was brought down to a bit of huckstering expedi-

ency about shillings and pennies—that is, *principal*; so that it would appear they had all the old Tory Councillors' love of themselves, without the fine dewlap dignity which belonged to these ill-used magnates.

It requires, indeed, a pair of biggish goggle eyes to ignore the difference between this conduct and dishonesty. So long as they held by their principle, they were bound to abstain from a consent to pay a penny; and so long as they agreed to pay a penny, they behaved to renounce their principle. They were not bold or consistent enough to do either; and hence the disgrace they have brought upon our municipal parliament. They remind one of some of those animals which live in a medium stratum between the transparent and opaque, with one eye up and another down, floundering this minute in the mud and the next swimming in fluid—neither fishes nor reptiles. But this subject of the annuity-tax is merely one example of the working of their system of principles. In any subject through which the political principle can be pushed, either altogether or half, so as to stick in the middle, the effort is made. It signifies nothing what the subject is: the question of a reform bill—the granting of the freedom of the city to a stranger—an address to a foreign potentate—a public dinner—the use of a public hall—in all, the politics and speechifying must have place; the little men must wriggle out their great ideas—

the champions must brandish and clash their lath-swords—the doughty maintainers of a theory must be ready to die on the floor of the chamber, in defence of some principle which they really do not comprehend, except in the form of a mere wish.

Then, unfortunately, this class of men being uneducated to a great extent, are quite unfitted for that mental elevation which enables a thoroughly philosophical mind—never inconsistent with practical wisdom—to carry about with it opinions, without allowing them to interfere with the generosity and *bonhomie* of ordinary friendship. A properly-bred man can carry his principles as he does his snuff-box. He does not get angry when some one says, I don't love black and brown; or another, I prefer the bean; or another, I hate rappee. But our small politicians and theologians, though great councillors, of the city, carry their principles as if they were lucifers. They love to rub them on men's noses, irrespective of these noses being, perhaps, fiery enough at any rate; and in place of communicating their enthusiasm, they rouse anger. So it has become inevitable that the green table is a conductor of two fluids, positive and negative; and the orators knock their knuckles against it to bring sparks. Nor can we expect any other consequence than what we find—that the principles carry along with them the affections, so that, if politics or religion get between two, the

feeling of personal enmity pervades every subject, though neither political nor religious, that occurs in the Council. It is vain for a Provost* to try to induce something like decorum, by getting them along with him, who is himself a partisan. *Sus per rosas*. There is a certain animal that may be more easily made to pass through the shower which follows the thunder of "Gardeloo!" than

* Mr Duncan M'Laren, in his speech at the George's Square Ward meeting of 12th November 1860, said—"The duties of the office, properly performed, were of very large magnitude, and engrossed the whole time and attention of any man who was willing to do the duties in a proper spirit. He had been a hard worker since he was a little boy, but he believed he worked harder when he was Lord Provost for the city of Edinburgh, than ever he worked for himself when his means were very small. And having once so worked, he would not willingly so work again. There were two kinds of Chief Magistrates to be got in the city—there were some men who had devoted themselves heart and soul to the duties of the office, and had done a good deal in various ways to promote the interests of their fellow-citizens. There were other men who had sought the office merely because the office would confer some honour upon them—not that they expected ever to be able to do much good for the citizens—for some of them had not the force of character to do much good either for the citizens or for anybody else. He had known all the Chief Magistrates of Edinburgh for the last thirty years; and among those who deserved to be mentioned as having devoted themselves in the proper spirit to the duties of the office, he might mention first the gentleman with whom it was his fortune to be first placed in the Town Council—that was Sir James Spittal. He believed there never was a man who more devoted himself heart and soul to the duties of the office, and gave his whole time and thoughts to it than he did—he fully believed that his great exertions had unfortunately the effect of shortening his days. He believed that Mr Black also devoted himself with most remarkable diligence, and with a most ardent desire, to do good to the city; and so did a gentleman who, he thought, had never got full credit for it from the intensity of the party spirit which prevailed at the time he was in office, and after he went out of office—that was Mr Learmonth. He believed that Mr Learmonth exerted himself in a way that was very much to his credit. Now, having mentioned three men of the class which he thought ought always to be in the chair, he did not think it needful to refer to any of the other class, because they would all be able to find them out for themselves by looking back to the gentlemen who had filled the office."

through a bower of roses, were they as sweet as those "by the calm Bendemeer."

Nor, we suspect, does the evil terminate in making two parties, whose votes on any subject may be predicated of the votes of his political or religious antagonist. They are like the two Irishmen, who each beat them both, and then licked himself. They make the Council Chamber an epitome of the political and religious arena of the kingdom. The several kinds of politicians and the different sects of religionists fight against themselves, after they have beat off the common enemy. Yea; among three or four Lord Provosts all in succession, you will find something like a Radical, a Whig, a Baptist, a Congregationalist, a Free Churchman, and United Presbyterian; and each in his turn has tried the sow with his own rose-bower, and if he has succeeded, it is more often by the tongue tempted by the trough, than the tail rowed by the hand.

We are sometimes told that all this unseemly conduct is the healthy fruit of freedom of election and freedom of thought; and better these tumultuous currents of air than the unventilated atmosphere of the old close-burgh system. Then others are tempted to say, not just meaning the thing, that they would prefer the good old days of the self-elected. We believe that both are wrong. There is some consideration wanting; and first, the members of Council should consider the kind

of body of which they go to form a part. It is not a little parliament, though we have called it a municipal one because they make it such. It is not an arena for politics, nor a conventicle for nasaling sectarianism, nor a hippodrome for shewing off agility, nor an amphitheatre for gladiatorial combats, nor a prize-ring of ropes and stakes, but simply a room where some thirty-six or forty gentlemen meet to consider and conduct the affairs of a corporation. It is a mere accident if they are patrons of churches; but being such, they are bound to give the presentation without reference to their own religious creed, just as any other patron does. It is, we suspect, also a mere accident that they have anything to do with the payment of ministers; but being made paymasters by act of parliament, there is no necessity for them fighting the battles of all the discontented politicians and religionists with which society is infested. Their powers and duties in both respects are merely ministerial; so that we come back to their legitimate position of gentlemen looking after the affairs of the city, and just as little necessitated to wrangle about politics or religion as the deacons of the bonnetmakers, hammermen, and dyers and scourers, and all the crafts beneath the blue blanket, are compelled to go into these vexed subjects.

Then, the absurdity of their taking up these subjects, and quarrelling about them, to the great

detriment of their proper duties, is the more inexcusable that they have so many other places where they could gratify their love of such displays. Ours is *the* age of intellectual gladiatorship. The field is the only place where a man borne down by castes can figure. No Honeycombe dare beard a snab on the platform, and say you have no right there by birth or money. On the very instant the snab would become a glorious martyr. Thousands would die for him. A thousand awls would glance in the sun—a thousand rosin-ends, bound together and twisted, would hang the Honeycombe high as Porteous, on the next barber's pole. Nor would his defenders be snabs only. The whole artisans in the kingdom would be up in arms; and even beautiful female printers, female bookbinders, bookkeepers, folders, milliners, all led by Bessie Parkes, carrying a banner, would worship while they threw roses over the head of the noble youth who stood so valiantly up for the inalienable rights of man. Ours is also *the* age of religious freedom. Let any Honeycombe try to put down Cantwell when he gets into his rostrum, and say, "Get thee to thy loom and shuttle, and let alone the sublime doctrines of theology;" and he would find that Joe's arguments were not limited to the tongue, neither the sympathy of his hearers to prayers for his deliverance from the Baal of birth and wealth. No, they would thrash the Honeycombe, and send him

home with a bloody nose, perhaps, to learn the genius of the age in which he lives.

It is this freedom, along with the many open convening-rooms and conventicles, where our Councillors could shew-off as the very day-stars of admiration, according to their abilities and versatilities, that produces in us the wonder that they should turn the corporation's counting-room into a place of religious and political polemics. As the old dignitaries used to cement their friendships by a dinner* after a meeting, got at the expense of the corporation funds, why might not our modern representatives let off their anger before a meeting at the Exchange by a polymachy in Ireland's wood-yard, and then sit down to the corporation business, cool, friendly, and collected. The Provost would preside, and the *Scotsman* report, taking special notice of such combatants as Bailie Johnston and Dr Murray, as well as such sympathisers as Duncan M'Laren and Adam Black; taking care also that Captain Peat was not reported as deficient in his orthoepy or syntax; and the editor, having been before in such an Eden, reporting the doings of a Snake that got

* In those jolly times nothing could be done without a dinner. On one occasion the rope of St Giles's bell broke. It came to be a question whether to get a new rope or splice the old one. The subject came before the Council. After one of their short and easy debates, it was resolved that the rope should be spliced, and, in consideration that the affair belonged to so old a cathedral, and even to the eternal interests of religion, they further resolved to have a dinner on the occasion. And a dinner they had, which they facetiously called the feast of St Giles's rope. The expense of the splicing was *sixty pence*—that of the dinner *sixty pounds*!

rather too warm for him, taking especial care to avoid any allusion to a cold one getting thawed in Adam's bosom. Or there is another way whereby they might get Christianised and charitable, in that whereby those wolves of cabmen got sanctified to the touching point of bleating, through the midnight services of the converted collier, Richard Weaver.* Yea, there is a third way, consisting in nothing more than merely listening *auribus arrectis* to what the people say of them everywhere *uno ore*.

In making these observations on a public matter, we do not wish to be ranked with the penny papers, which have been more furious than

* The powers exercised by this uneducated collier can scarcely be analysed in the way of the *Scotsman* and some other papers. It is not mere enthusiasm, neither is it eccentricity, that will rouse almost an entire city. Let any one try, and he will find out his mistake. So some tried to find the key to Whitefield's success. In Weaver's case there is a peculiarity. He has introduced a novel species of hymns, which, being cast in common language, and in some degree conversational, and sung to lively airs, captivate the people beyond any prior example. We are aware that the Methodists and Glassites, at one time at least, used secular airs; but these being suggestive of the secular songs, became, in this way, ridiculous. It is altogether different in Weaver's case. The airs are lively and yet solemn, and the effect of the combination of the pleasure of the air with the sublime aspirations and images of religion is extraordinary. We consider this invention as worthy of the attention of our ministers. The powers of music have never, except in oratorios, been tested properly as a means to enliven as well as solemnise holy feelings. In the case of Weaver, the people were absolutely surprised at finding within them, and produced in this simple way, religious emotions to which in all their prior lives they were utter strangers. They sobbed and wept, but not in the hysterical way of mere fear. The songs haunted them, too; so that in the warehouses where young women work, the strains are heard like new-born inspirations escaping by stealth in the midst of work. Our psalm tunes are all but depressing. They do not address themselves to any emotion but one; all the feelings of hope, joy, gratitude, and fear, are left untouched. It is in reaching these by the means of music that the great secret of Weaver lies—far more than in his impassioned appeals.

wise in their diatribes against our civic authorities. Honour to men in power, and obedience to their behests; but they must merit the honour and justify the obedience. Neither are we personally influenced by any objection to the wonderful act of legislation accomplished by our great jurist. We belong to the Free Church, but pay our mite to the annuity-fund cheerfully enough, simply because we think the money belongs to those who have a legal statutory right to it; and, secondly, because we consider it of no importance what kind of men—if they are God's servants, and zealous in the great cause of the extension of Christ's kingdom—are employed in the work of Christianity.* If

* We really cannot get quit of certain misgivings in regard to the present habit of so many of our citizens making mere differences in ecclesiastical policy a stalking-horse to civic notoriety, or any other notoriety. As the Graces are often found sitting round Angerona, the goddess of silence, with her finger on her lip, so the virtues which are genuine are always mute. There is a true philanthropy which is silent. The votary's beneficence shines through and warms his heart; when he bestows his charities he shuns the curiosity of men's eyes, for their praises are exoteric disturbers of the harmony that is within him. Giving no words, and wishing none, the zest of his emotions is epicurean, and he loves the solitude and silence of his moral luxury. So, too, there is a religion which is silent. It is an enchantment of the spirit out of the ideas and feelings of worldly realities. The self of the votary is pictured as a little hapless organism, occupying a point on the surface of a world which is only a point in a system of worlds, and that system is but a point in another system. The self of that small being cannot segregate that self from the purpose of that wonderful fabric. It seems to go forth over all that boundlessness and return again to its clay dwelling with a shuddering sense of insignificance, and ever with an increased and fearful certainty of some inscrutable connexion between the purpose of these worlds and itself—their eternal destiny and its own. Forgetfulness does not unbind it—death does not dissolve the mysterious tie. All over beauty is the regulative principle—irregularity and deformity the exception; and may not his moral being be within that exceptive deformity, against which the

we pay our Free-Kirk mite, we satisfy our duty to our own chosen tabernacle ; if we add a second to the funds of the Establishment, so far do we satisfy our obligation to do good by doubling the services of an apostolic mission. The position taken up by the Voluntaries is in some respects ludicrous. Their object in joining a church is surely not limited to their *own* conversion alone ; nay, they deny this in deeds, for every sect has its mission-scheme for the conversion of whoever can be reached by the long arm of their love. To refuse a small sum to other labourers *in the same cause*, merely because they don't belong to their church, seems to be a very edifying contradiction in terms. Nay, if the matter were not so serious, and they so furious, we might be at the small trouble of laughing *intra dentes*, not *extra* ; for then we might run a risk of having the said teeth knocked down our throat by those godly men who want Christ's kingdom extended anyhow, and yet become rebellious, not only against Christ, but their Queen, when asked to help on the good cause by other means than their own.

We have just a small susurratation for the ears of

Power that moves these millions of worlds with such regularity that poets have called it music—is for ever in antagonism. Ay, such a Power is in antagonism with a thing whose sensibility passes into agony with the prick of a needle. Nay, every force in the universe seems to be arrayed against it, and suspended only by the will to which the universe is obedient. The vision is one of awe verging on horror—a moral vertigo coming to all at moments when they do not call it. It is the spirit's pure, natural religion, without formal creed, without voice. When it adopts dogmas it becomes hopeful and loquacious.

these valiant Voluntaries. If you are free yourselves, why are you not contented? If others wish to be bond, through an Establishment, to the worship of God in their good old way, why annoy them with your vociferations, and draggings, and pullings towards your temple, as if it were the only vestibule to heaven? But, really, we fear, the truth of the opposition to this tax lies, first, in the love of money, and, secondly, in scepticism. If a love of Christ were at the bottom, there would be no noise heard save the beating of the loving heart, and the click of the spring of the purse, as it opens to let out the means of enabling good men to co-operate with them in the same holy cause.

CHAPTER XV.

Our Edinburgh Bachelors.*

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee."

MARTIAL.

Is there anything peculiar about the Bachelors of our city that we dare to make them a class? Dear innocents! Do not be alarmed that we should run into a proof that the celibacy of our gentlemen is of a more arid, confirmed, and hopeless kind than that of others of this peculiar, and,

* "It cannot be denied," says Apollonius, "that the old bachelor is the most extraordinary of all human eccentricities; yet it is a subject of wonder that he should be so frequently spoken of with levity and derision. For our part, we consider his doom a most solemn one, and we cannot perpetuate the cruelty of 'poking fun' at an individual whose misfortune it is to be unimpressible by waving curls, sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks, smile-wreathed lips, artistic hands, and tiny feet. It always seemed to us that he believed every human being had a counterpart somewhere, but he, poor man, could never find the other half of himself; and we can no more harbour the idea of laughing at his chase over the world after her, than we can think of making merry over a publisher dunning his subscribers, or an office-seeker fishing after the loaves, or loafing after the fishes. It is true that he is a queer fellow, addicted to odd habits, and given over to strange notions. Still, his oddities are the results of influential causes, and he differs from other men because he has reason to do so. If he is a perfect calendar of the changes in the weather, it is because he has no wife to light up the dark wintry days with her smile, or to becloud his domestic heaven with her frown. If he discourses most horrid music on the flute, it is because he has no prattling youngsters to

as they say, forlorn species of men. Such a proof is perhaps possible; nay, matters might be even worse; but our only reason for our classification is that, according to our statisticians, there are more of those interesting personages in Edinburgh than in most of other large cities. We are not to philosophise upon the cause, of which we have a shrewd suspicion; we are only to say what our

delight him with their gleeful melody. If a book is his constant companion, it is because he has no fair face to peruse. If he spends many weary hours before the mirror, endeavouring to restrain the insubordinate demeanour of those gray hairs, that, like zealous demagogues, will keep themselves before the people, it is because each one reminds him of a year that is past, and, perhaps, revives memories of his boyhood's home, now displaced by all the annoyances of a boarding-house, with its half-cooked meals, comfortless chambers, and solitary selfishness. If he brushes his hat till every hair of its glossy coat keeps its place as well as an obedient servant, it is because that beaver of his has no fireside reminiscences connected with it; it has never been pulled down over the baby's head, to shew how funny he looks in papa's hat. Its own intrinsic appearance is its only recommendation, and it must be neat. If he does not venture out of doors until his whole wardrobe is brought into a condition of complete cleanliness, it is because he has no loving little helpmeet to tell him how well he looks. If a collision with a bonnet is more terrible to him than a steamboat explosion, it is because every glance of the bright eyes peering from beneath it brings to his withered heart a token of the time when he was a young bachelor; when the world was new to him, and he felt a sympathy with it, and when his heart was over-running with friendship for man, and love for woman. Ay, love! for there was a time when he who now calls love a childish pastime and matrimony a momentary infatuation, read his fate in the motions of a pair of love-laden lips, and thought heaven was lighted up by feminine roguish eyes, and that a marriage-certificate was a draft on futurity for unmingled pleasure. But her fickleness was equal to his adoration. She jilted him—and since then life has been a humbug and memory a bore. His life is a continued scene of shocking destitution. When he goes forth to the duties of the day, he carries with him no family incentives to exertion; and when he returns, to find relief from the cares of business, there is no affectionate welcome awaiting him. He has no hearthstone treasures. He is a social pauper. He lives uncaring and uncared for—and will die to be forgotten—for he is but a withered leaf torn from the tree of humanity, and blown about by fate."

gallantry, as otherwise shewn, might indicate, that even that horrid Simonides who wrote "Bachelors' Fare," dare not insinuate into the ear of a corrugated Sibyl that there is the smallest, microscopic, infinitesimal, tenth-fluxional blame to be attributed to the other sex. Never doubt it, ye lovely, hopeful girls, faithful spinsters, dear, amiable, resigned, tender-hearted old maids.*

* In the present advanced state of science, it has been determined that no event is fortuitous, but may be referred to some definite antecedents, and be subjected to valuation. Every possible contingency of life is susceptible of calculation, so that the probabilities for or against its occurrence may be represented by arithmetical numbers or estimated in current coin of the realm. Though no exact data exist for determining the absolute chances of marriage for each person, yet they may be approximately indicated; and we have pleasure in presenting to our fair readers a table shewing the probabilities in favour of marriage at different ages, for the various conditions of life, calculated on the same scientific principles as ordinary tables for life assurance, from the returns of the Registrar-General, by distinguished professional gentlemen, in whose accuracy every confidence may be reposed.

Probabilities of Marriage at given ages for all conditions of life, computed from the Registrar-General's Report for 1857.

Ages.		Bachelors.		Spinsters.		Widowers.		Widows.	
20	...	10 to	19	...	10 to	18	...	10 to	387
25	...	1	8	...	1	5	...	1	9
30	...	1	10	...	1	15	...	1	7
35	...	1	27	...	1	35	...	1	6
40	...	1	64	...	1	73	...	1	6
45	...	1	155	...	1	169	...	1	8
50	...	1	346	...	1	442	...	1	10
55	...	1	826	...	1	1298	...	1	15
60	...	1	2820	...	1	4283	...	1	22

From this it will be observed that at twenty the probabilities of marriage for a spinster, while slightly exceeding those of a bachelor of the same age, are infinitely greater than those of the widowed of either sex; or, in other words, that the proportion of widowed at that age is much less than that of the unmarried. After twenty the probabilities both of spinster and bachelor continuously decrease; those of the bachelor, however, being always greater at all after ages, while those of the widowed of both sexes as rapidly increase up to thirty-five—the widowers always retaining the

But, alas! there is a portentous, if not a very terrible thing, we have to whisper in your ears, and which, if we did not feel the full force of that necessity, we could have wished buried in the Bæotic enigma, or in the heart of the Sphynx, or in the works of Alexander Ross, or those of Sir Archibald Wordy, or in Mohammed's coffin; and that is, that a certain learned writer in Germany has discovered, and published in the "Conversations-Lexicon"—no doubt to please the ghost of Bellarmine and vex that of Bishop Hall—that, in addition to those who are made bachelors by their evil stars, nature hath ordained and set apart one man out of every hundred for the express purpose of being a celibate.*

We grant and deplore the gravity of the an-

advance. At thirty-five the chances of marriage for the widow, as compared with those of the spinster, are as 7 to 1; that is, that 7 may be wagered to 1 on the widow marrying first—a rather remarkable fact, though not opposed to experience; but whether that number represents the greater attractiveness of widows at that age, or their greater desire of marriage, we will not rashly venture to decide. At sixty, the probabilities are for the widower 128 times better than that of the old bachelor; and those of the widow 95 times greater than of the spinster, though only half the probabilities of the widower. The numbers below the ages of twenty and above sixty have been rejected as too insignificant to be estimated. Seeing, from this table, how rapidly the chances of celibacy increase after twenty, how quickly the unwise habit becomes confirmed, let those who are discreet "gather their roses while they may."

* Sometimes these true celibates get into strange positions. Witness the story of Dr Black and Dr Hutton, who, deputed by a club to seek out a good room for their meetings, fixed upon "Stewart, vintner," on the Bridge. Here, accordingly, the philosophers often met, discussing "Latent Heat," and "The Theory of the Earth"—till good Dr Hutton, on going in, met a bevy of young damsels rushing past him into another room. The philosophers had been meeting in one of the worst houses of bad fame in Edinburgh.

nouncement; but, dear souls! there is no need of prussic acid, or even sal volatile. No doubt it is no small trial for you, as you walk Princes Street—equipped of course gracefully, with the gray bernous, the turban, or Snowdon bonnet, drooped with the coy Maltese or Chantilly fall, your red wincey, shewn by the purest necessity of saving from a clean pavement the silken skirt, and the nappy Balmoral so happily adjusted—to look, however indifferently, on these our slow-pacing noble figures of men, with Adonisian faces, hirsute to perfection, shoulders all but Milonic, and graces of attitude from a higher school than that of “Turveydrops,” and think how many of these, for years to come, may be mere wretched time-garrotting bachelors of no more use in the world than so many imported gorillas. There is some comfort even here.

These forlorn and wretched creatures are still within the pale of redemption; they are not *ordained* to be set apart from all nubility, that is, of course, all nobility; they are not an impossibility of conquest—not a forlorn hope up among the hard rocks of celibacy, where the obdurate Greek once sat smiling at sighing Mitylenian maids, and saw unmoved the divine Sappho hurl herself from the Leucadian cliff. They have only not yet found—according to the pretty Platonic allegory—the other halves of the beings they were once conjoined with as one; and perhaps some of

these halves are at the moment looking at their long-lost moieties.*

But with what grief and anguish of spirit you must be penetrated when you think that one of these noble lords of creation—yea, one in every hundred—mayhap even he on whom the blue eye is fixed in admiring wonder—is the subject of a primeval law, passed

“ Ere yet the light of rosy morn
Broke in a flash of dawn, and waken'd up
Old Chaos from his sleep,”

whereby he is doomed for sixty or seventy years to tread this nether world a *solitaire*—then die and be forgotten! We respect that sublime grief. But listen; we have balm for your wounds. You have another comfort, even beyond the range of the ordained. We cannot deny that a celibate may have a high mission from nature, and serve an important final cause in the design of creation. We do not stop to inquire whether Eloise was right when she argued with Abelard that philosophy and letters claim unmarried devotees; neither do

* There was a merry fellow supped with Plato two thousand years ago; and the conversation turned upon love, and the choice of wives. He said, “He had learned from a very early tradition that man was created male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his locomotive functions with a rotary movement as a wheel—that he became, in consequence, so excessively insolent that Jupiter indignantly split him in two. Since that time each runs through the world in quest of the other half. If the original halves meet, they are a very loving couple—otherwise, they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him—another did necessarily the same—till the whole affair (like an exchange of hats or coats at a ball) was thrown into irretrievable confusion.”

we assert that every philanthropist is the better for having no wife.

Howard was married, and so was Elizabeth Gurney. Yet the saying of Pope, that the selfish and the social affections are the same, is only true in a metaphysical sense; for we cannot deny that husbands and *prolétaires* have, when properly tested, wonderfully little love beyond the charmed circle of the domestic *lares*. We must remember, too, that every one cannot be always in a state of wedlock; wives die as well as husbands, orphans are cast upon a world pretty cold to them, and Aunt Beckies and Uncle Tobies are required to supply the places of parents. Sisters, too, are dependent on brothers. Then, who shall say that good bachelors are cold and frigid in their friendships, merely because they are not stimulated by the endearing caresses of a wife, or the lispings loves of children? Is there no love but that between sighing lovers, or husbands and wives, and parents and children? Damon and Pythias were said to be real personages. Who does not know that these loves are but the phases of a spirit which, in its unity, is the soul of the world; and in its diversity for ever yearning after its object, maintaining its warm pulses against all hyperborean influences, nor ever remitting its throbs till shut up by avarice or stilled by death? Do not, fair and lovely souls, begrudge these poor and forlorn wretches their honest praise. You have still evidence of

your power, even wrung from themselves by ever-recurring desertions from their ranks to those of the Benedicts.

Enough to console you ; but listen to what we, as one of the fraternity of bachelors, are now about to avow. Must we confess that we have a weakness ? *Helas ! je ne sçais quoi !* Young ladies, when they meet in deep and solemn conclave, take up with subjects which, being natural and tasteful, are at once useful and delightful. They speak of the harmony of sweet sounds, and warble like nightingales. They measure by inches the interest in the last new novel ; and, if they sympathise with each other in sympathy with the hero or heroine, they hug each other in delight, or dissolve in tears of pity. Then the luxury of the whisper of that mysterious secret which they lisp into the ears of their companions, with no intention to tease or raise envy, but simply to ease the swelling heart of the sweet burden of a vivid *fancy*,—for, alas ! some one of *us* has pressed a hand a little too warmly—perhaps to impart to it a portion of caloric and relieve its cold—or fixed on a sweet face a look of abstraction, caused by a thought concerning that brother-bachelor who cheated us of five pounds, or that victim of the Western Bank for whom we signed a bill never to be paid, and straightway emerges the necessity of that secret whisper which carries the electric vocables that she is *engaged*. Married people, again, are all levelled

down below the region of speculative opinions, paradoxical heterodoxes, or heterodoxical paradoxes. They speak sensibly of cookery, of the training of children, of the price of the four-pound loaf, the rise on butter, and the expense of education. They are rational; but what do we do at our *symposia* of darling fellowships? Ah! "there's the rub." Funny and free, then, are our bachelor revelries. We are jolly dogs, "fellows of infinite jest and most excellent fancy," who instruct the planets in what orbits to run, correct old time, and regulate the sun; we mount where science guides, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides.*

* "The bachelor is good-natured, jolly, sleek, and roly-polly. Lifts all the little school-girls over the mud puddles, and kisses them when he lands them on the other side; admires little babies without regard to the shape of their noses and the strength of their lungs. Squeezes himself into an infinitesimal fragment, in the corner of an omnibus, to make room for that troublesome individual—one more. Vacates his seat any number of times at a crowded lecture, for distressed-looking single ladies; orders stupid cab-drivers off the only dry crossing, to save a pretty pair of feet from immersion, and don't forget to look the other way when their owner gathers up the skirts of her dress to trip across; is just as civil to a shop-girl as if she were a duchess; lends his umbrella, and goes home with a wet beaver; has a clear conscience, a good digestion, and believes the women to be all angels with their wings folded up. Here's hoping matrimony may never deceive him."—FANNY FERN.

The day of Edinburgh characters has all but passed away. Here is a batch of eccentric bachelors who have figured among us. The most remarkable one, as seen on the streets of a later period than Kay, was *Dr Syntax*, whose name was Sheriff. His tall, thin figure, so stiff and closely bound in his tight coat and pantaloons, always made out of old materials, well-fitting, and not exactly what may be called seedy—certainly always without a hole—must be well remembered. It is not very well known how he contrived to live, but, indeed, his economy was such that a few shillings a week must have sufficed to maintain him. The chief feature in that economy was his strange plan of making, by his own hands, every article on his own body, even to his hat—quite a regular one, too—and his shoes. Nor had he any aim at originality in the shape

Every one of us rides his hobby, which he whips and spurs to the amusement of his fellows, each of

or colour of his habiliments. He wished to appear like an ordinary gentleman; but he only shewed what we know, that it is not the gentleman who makes the coat, but the coat that makes the gentleman. The consequence was that he was an oddity, all the time (of course) that he thought he was quite normal. Every little act of his household—a room with himself in it—was his own doing; no woman ever entered it. On one occasion, our stiff, and, we may add, very formal gentleman, was taking supper with some of those superior people who relish the company of characters. It was Saturday night, the hour was getting late, and Mr Sheriff wanted away. They pressed and better pressed, and could not find out the reason of his obstinacy, till at last, finding himself squeezed, he burst out in a most beseeching tone, holding up his hands, "Oh, really, gentlemen, you *must* excuse me, for it's my night to wash the stair!" From all we have heard, this peculiar personage was not without very amiable qualities, very kind-hearted, and not without a dry humour which often produced a laugh. 'Tis very strange, that, possessing, as he did, a keen eye for peculiarities in external appearance in others, he should have been blind to his own. He was an excellent caricaturist, attended church regularly, took down the sermon and sketched the minister, and often sat in the court hitting off the faces of the judges and advocates. I remember of hearing it said, that one day while he was at this work, and very keenly looking into the face of the presiding judge, Crombie the caricaturist was just as eagerly scanning the person of the doctor, and committing it to his portfolio.

Oddities are a curious study. Generally, the ruling motive is a love of notoriety. Nothing else could have produced "*The Green Knight*," a writer's clerk still about town. This person, not otherwise remarkable, took it into his head to dress all in green, even to his stockings and hat. One day he had gone into the green-market, where some wags contrived to push into his pocket the long end of a stock of green kail, wherewith the Green Knight jantily perambulated the Bridges and Princes Street before he discovered the increased verdancy.

Sir Peter Nimmo, or *Nemo*, as the students called him, ought not to be passed over; a kind of simpleton (though some thought he knew what he was about) who studied all the sciences and philosophy to boot, and was never absent from the class-room in College Square. Whether assumed or not, there was something quite irresistible about his *naïveté*; and if he was really a genuine simpleton, it was impossible he could ever know his deficiencies, for it seemed to be the study of every student to consult him on deep questions, and to be converted and enlightened by his display of oratory. His mind was filled with scraps of science, and Greek and Latin words; and when expounding, he used these so ludicrously and with so grave a face, that the students found it a difficult matter to be serious,

whom, when his laugh is out, mounts his wooden Rosinante and gallops helter-skelter.

while to have laughed would have destroyed the fun. He was always to get the next chair, whether of astronomy or midwifery; yet he died without being a professor. He made a living, however, among the students and the professors, and we suspect that was the drift of his simpletonism; indeed, many a student-dinner would have been flat without the presence of Sir Peter, whose peculiar *smirk* was, independently of his talk, perhaps the best expression of conscious superiority and condescension in learning ever witnessed. Sir Peter got his title from the Earl of Wemyss, who knighted him with a poker. In the course of his attendance on the lectures, he had collected an immense mass of notes, which he intended to publish in the form of an encyclopædia, which would for ever put an end to the "Britannica." Some of these notes were published under the title of the "Lapsus Lingue," which we have had the curiosity to examine. The following is an example of what it contains:—

SCOTCH LAW.—Professor Bell—Entails. We may lay it down as a general maxim, that *Ignorantia juris non excusat*. Entail, or tailzie, is derived from the French word *tailor*, "to cut," because the lawful heirs were thus cut off. Primogeniture is, therefore, the *consequence* of entails. Entails are contrary to Scripture—Genesis, chap. xiii. verse 9.

N.B.—Had it not been for entails, the estate of Little Kippen would still have been in the family of the Nimmos. My eldest brother James, who, like Atlas, carries the world upon his back, is the lineal descendant of the founder of that noble house. But, as Horace says, *Quantum mutatis ab illo*.

The *Fortunate Youth*, otherwise John Dow, was a character of another kind. He went about as a nobbish youth of mighty expectations, with a white hat and a small switch cane, and fortunate was she—some rather respectable dairyman's daughter about the foot of the Canongate—who, out of a hundred sighing damsels, secured his attentions. His history would fill a volume. It was while a clown living with his father, a poor but honest man in Dumbartonshire, that the first idea of his grand scheme occurred to him. He penned, or got penned for him by some one who kept his secret well, an advertisement, which appeared in the *Times*, calling for the heirs in Dumbartonshire of a certain Mr Ausland, (his mother's name,) who had died abroad and left an enormous fortune, £200,000, lying snug in the Bank of England. John got, of course, a copy of the paper, and by and by it was circulated through the west country that he was the heir to this sum of money. The writers got the scent. One very knowing S.S.C. in Edinburgh actually sent and got the cottar-father to come in to Edinburgh to devise the means of getting possession of the fortune, and there he lived in the writer's family secure *in retentis*. The poor father was only astonished at the whole affair, and especially at the attentions paid him in the grand house, where he was treated with wine

"All have their charms, but charm not all alike,
 On different senses different objects strike;
 Hence different passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame."

We have all of us a species of happy madness, which we increase by our libations; and as the blood of the grape warms our hearts, and we experience the soothing effects of "the weed,"—as we appreciate the delicious aroma and its influence over the senses and thinking faculties,*—our better nature, as it surges in our bachelor hearts, wells over towards all mankind; we crack jokes inexhaustible; we fight our battles o'er again; we "set

at dinner and sweet cake at tea, amidst the smiles of the mistress, to whose care he was intrusted; for John had taken care that his parents should know nothing of the hand he had in the scheme. When the excitement was at its height John came out from his obscurity, *wondering* and looking dumfounded at his good fortune. Crowds went to the cottage, and the idol acted the part to admiration. At length he came to Edinburgh, dressed as a dandy. The gudgeons were numerous. Money was at his command on all sides, and one teller in a certain bank supplied him to an extent scarcely credible. Nor did the bubble burst so soon as might have been expected, for although the writers came to see through the clown's dodge the public were slow to believe what was so adverse to the wishes of so many already entrapped. At length he was obliged to leave, and the last accounts of him were that he had figured for a time in the west as the son of Sir James Colquhoun. What became of him I never heard.

* Christison concludes "that no well-ascertained ill effects have been shewn to result from the practice of smoking." Dr Pereira testifies to its healthy effects both on the mind and body. Even Dr Prout, the highest medical authority of the day who can be cited against tobacco, only speaks of what "is said" of its deleterious effects. Locke says that "tobacco may be neglected, but reason at first recommends the trial, and custom makes it pleasant." Professor Johnston, himself no smoker, concludes, from the testimony of mankind—for next to salt, tobacco is the article most largely consumed by man—that "its greatest and first effect is to assuage and allay and soothe agitation in general, and that its after effects are to excite and invigorate, and at the same time to give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought.

the table in a roar;" we laugh loud, long, and heartily; we cultivate the flowers of imagination and paint pictures until the curtain falls, to our own satisfaction; and, when at length we bid adieu to this sublunary scene, we endow princely hospitals for the destitute, on whom it devolves to calm down the harpy faces of our shades by drinking to our memory on the anniversaries of our birth. Ladies fair, gentle, and simple, our fate is in your hands. You can do as you like with us. You are our jury, and can give your verdict in any way you please; albeit the high and mighty parliament of love has ceased to hold its sittings.*

"We've pass'd the season of manhood's prime,
But our hearts fly back to the olden time,
When we whirl'd along in the mazy dance,
'Neath the sunny ray of beauty's glance;

* In Provence, during the flourishing time of the Troubadours, love was esteemed so grave and formal a part of the business of life, that a parliament or high court of love was appointed for deciding such questions. This singular tribunal was, it may be supposed, conversant with more of imaginary than of real suits; but it is astonishing with what cold and pedantic ingenuity the Troubadours, of whom it consisted, set themselves to plead and decide, upon reasoning which was not less singular and able than out of place, the absurd questions which their own fantastic imaginations had previously devised. There, for example, is a reported case of much celebrity, where a lady, sitting in company with three persons, who were her admirers, listened to one with the most favourable smiles, while she pressed the hand of the second, and touched with her own the foot of the third. It was a case much agitated, and keenly contested in the parliament of love, which of these rivals had received the distinguishing mark of the lady's favour. Much ingenuity was wasted on this and similar cases, of which there is a collection, in all judicial forms of legal proceedings, under the title of *Arrêts d'Amour*, (Adjudged Cases of the Court of Love.)

And felt the rapturous, thrilling charm,
Of her young breath, coming soft and warm ;
The languid eye, the skin like milk,
The silver whisper of trailing silk ;
The twinkling feet 'neath the lustre's ray,
That over the well-chalk'd floor would play ;
The tender grasp of the white-gloved hand,
As around we went to Strauss's band ;
Ah ! those times were to us most sweet !
We don't dance now, it so hurts our feet ;
Our waists are thick, our breath is short,
We 're martyrs to gout, and fond of port,
And, alas ! prefer—how a mortal errs !—
Short whist and elderly dowagers."

CHAPTER XVI.

Our Retired Indians.

"Now, on my faith, this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire !
Masters, attend ; 'twill crave some skill to clear it."

Old Play.

WE have in Edinburgh a goodly number of retired Indians, attracted by the beauty and salubrity of the city, or by its being the metropolis of their native land.

They are peculiarly situated : they don't fit in among us somehow. If they find, on coming home, that they have any friends among the higher classes, they endeavour, naturally enough, to get admitted by them ; but if they have none such, and can count only on old acquaintances or relations among the lower—a very frequent case—they do not find themselves in a comfortable way. With no high caste originally of their own, (we admit exceptions,) they have gone to get one among a people of castes, and they have found one, not of the kinds pertaining to the poor wretches over whom they have ruled, but one built upon these as a species of mild tyranny.

This they bring home emblazoned on an escutcheon, which is a heraldic anomaly : the field *pearl*, occupied by a three-headed deity bedizened with paint and staring with goggle eyes, *or* ; supporters, two tigers passant, *ruby* ; crest, a thistle, ensigned with an Indian crown, *topaz* ; and surmounted by a motto, "*Nemo*"—the words *me impune lacessit* having escaped their memory in consequence of having been driven into them at the school of some Fochabers by the wrong end, alas ! so easily birched by not being breeched. This ensign they hold up against our lions, helmets, and morions, and assert that it elevates them above all mechanical people high into the altitudes of greatness, but how high they cannot very well tell. It is no wonder that this imported caste is not understood by us plain folks, or that we do not find it very easy to fit it in either among settled occupants or aspiring competitors. "Oh, I must surely get in among the Honeycombes, the old aristocracy, for was not I in India placed above the descendants of Zingis Khan and the Great Mogul ?" But then the Honeycombes say, "You have not ancestry ; you are not of 'the blue veins,' and do not carry, even in those you have, a single drop of the blood of the Great Mogul, so you cannot be of us." Then they try the grade of the new proprietors, who are themselves busy working up to become a joint in the tail of "the blue veins," and these have the boldness to be

shy to men who have been worshipped by talukdars. The paper lords, too, in their turn, dare to look askance at personages who have lorded it over the ermined judges of the mighty Nizamut Adawlut. Nay, even the advocates have the assurance to look dubiously on those who have kicked about, with their spurred boots, all manner of civilians, and even cut judges, by an elevation of their noses,—and shall they play the dinner-chum with pleaders before the petty punchayets of a small barbarous country like Scotland? As for the writers or agents, why, those of India were their abject slaves, and they won't consent to fit in their foreign caste there, overlooking, on their side, that the higher Writers to the Signet are hooked upon the Honeycombes, and view the new comers as a species of successful adventurers. It is quite needless to descend further down, for to the nabob or nawaub all the inferior strata are mere mud, slush, and cockle-shells, in the estimation of men who have walked among the marble palaces of the Chouringee.*

* There is one class of these retired Indians, the military men, who perhaps carry their pride higher than the others. They look down upon even the Queen's officers, who, again, will scarcely admit them to be gentlemen, so they cut each other with weapons scarcely less sharp than their swords.

We believe it was to a Company's officer that the following anecdote refers:—"In addressing a jury upon one occasion, Mr Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present during the whole harangue. Upon hearing himself several times contemptuously spoken of as 'the soldier,' the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader, 'Don't call me soldier, sir; I am an

The case is a little serious. The aspirants, both men and women, are of cultivated manners, generally intelligent, and often rich ; but they have come from a country of many gods ; each has made unto himself one, which is his *alter ego*, and we in this country being great iconoclasts, are not in favour of image worship, even though the idol be not of wood, or stone, or gold, with feet of clay. There is no ark before which they will abase themselves, or submit to have their gold, or ivory hands and feet cut off and become Dagon-stumps like us. The pity is, that though they were once imbued with our genial nature, a fond love of our heath-clad hills and our healthy fare, they cannot see any beauties in them now, so as to render them even willing to try to unmake themselves out of the grotesque moral shape they have glided into and got hardened in by the circumstances of their later life. There was a time, ay, even in India, when the very name of "Auld Scotland" was in their ears holy ; but once home, and rendered sour by that eternal struggle for caste, they would prefer the baboon strain of "Hilly Milly Punniah," to the divine pathos of "The Flowers of the Forest." Nay, it would appear that they cannot transform themselves, even if they would : we have no Lethe in this modern world, with her consoling waters of forgetfulness ;

officer.' Mr Jeffrey immediately went on, — ' Well, gentlemen, this officer, who is no soldier, was the sole cause of all the mischief that has occurred. ' "

and even if we had, they would not take the plunge to free them from these delightful recollections of a sybaritic life.

The dream is as pleasing as it is worrying; their luxurious habits, their *esprit de corps*, which elevated them as if by a divine afflatus; their dominion over an ancient people, who obeyed them, watched their every want, and hung upon their every look; the climate, with its balmy breezes and "cold bubbling fountains," their balls and masquerades, their chariots and horses, their champagne and Bass, their curries, chutnees, love-apples, and mangosteens, their warm baths, and cooling punkahs, haunt them for ever here in our northern land, which in contrast presents to them the hard face of independence, sturdy virtue, and free services, the cold breezes of our mountains, our heathery hills, and plain roast and boiled, or Scotch kail. So inspiring are these remembrances and so allied to the self-will they have acquired among slaves, that they would force all cross-grained customs into the very form of their old plastic amenities, and as they feel the granite points they fret their soft faces against them in vain efforts to do that which is impossible; they see the while our own people apparently happy, ensconced behind the defences of religion, contentment, and domestic peace.

It may be they envy them, but despising, as they do, every caste but their own, and aspiring, as

they ever are, to be adopted, and accepted, and "dawted," and worshipped where their ambition points, they cannot prevail upon themselves to confer their really, if they choose, pleasant humours, their knowledge of the world, and their wines, upon those who would receive and give in exchange good society, excellent conversation, and very passable meat and drink.*

They are unfittable, in their own dear, yet inconvenient native land, and they come to know it too well, when it is too late to return to the old paradise in the balmy East.

It is altogether a strange business, and the more melancholy when we know that these people when abroad luxuriate in the recollections of home.

* We could give several examples of what is here stated. The late Lord R——n had a relation by marriage who, having been got out to India through interest, came home a major. This gentleman was always grumbling and declaiming against the hospitality of the Edinburgh gentry. "Why, man," said Patrick, "what have you to complain of? What do the Edinburgh people know of you? You come home here a perfect stranger to them, with an Indian god in your pouch, and you wonder why you are not worshipped. Open your door, man, bring out your wine, put the god into the fire and be jolly, and you will have no reason to complain of the Edinburgh folks." But the major could not do this. He left for India, and soon died there. How many others have done the same. We suspect there is something in the subject deeper than our philosophy can reach, if it be not a suggestion pointing to a solution, that nature is averse to emigration, except under the condition that the emigrant shall go where some of his own tribe have settled, in a new and previously unpeopled country, with no intention of ever returning. Even in that case there are yearnings which death only can still.

"The home renounced becomes a land of dreams,
To which our hermit shadow leads us still,
To see the cottage where our mother lived,
The churchyard where she lies, and hear
The birds that whistle there their ancient notes,
But to awake to foreign loves and weep."

Keep them in India and they will make the fragrant atmosphere of their bungalows resonant with our Scottish songs. "Auld Langsyne" forces tears from their eyes as they hug each other like fond children, when they think of their absent mother; the man who can give with effect "Green Grow the Rashers, O!" changes the sere leaves of their affections into a freshness as green as their own heath-clad hills; and he who can even contrive to roar, "A Man's a Man for a' That," in the hearing of these dark enslaved sons of Shem, half-a-dozen of whom would not make up the unity of "a man" contemplated by Burns, raises a contrast so favourable to "the pale faces," that their very hearts swell within them, and send up a flush among the saffron. He is a very angel among them, for he carries their spirits up to the third heaven of those early feelings which were so fresh and natural, and glistened so like the clear fountain far up from the victim-stained and drumly Gangetic stream of their exotic pleasures. How little wot they that their nature is changed, while the old hills and flowers and the fond hearts and songs are not—that a crust has gathered over the seat of their affections, to be removed only by abrading and tearing the strings which used to thrill to the joys they once

"Met in the morning;
That danced to the lark's early song."

Yes, this process must be undergone when they

come home, and then the heart is felt to be a broken and crazy harp set up among the willows. Let the breezes of worldly prosperity blow ever so kindly, they will not charm forth the old strains without an admixture of notes that are wild and unnatural, forming a medley, thrilling and grating, melodious and discordant, raising hopes and dashing them down, appearing present yet far away, absent yet close upon the ear.

"The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again."

These things we see around us, and we sympathise with what appears an untoward fate, but there are features in this change which produce regret, if not a little shame. We see men, on the whole, with really good hearts, at least once generous and kind, made slaves of a wretched and ill-advised system of foreign life. We know from many sources that numbers of these people, soldiers and doctors, will come home, and, after flying to Scotland, retreat to London, to be out of the way of their poor relations, of whose condition they are ashamed, and of whose poverty they are afraid. If they have courage enough to remain among us, they will pass in the very ways and byways, near by where they enjoyed with their early companions the pleasures of youth, their once-loved associates, whose forms and faces often glided over their fancies while abroad, without a sigh or token of

recognition.* There are fine exceptions of men of the right stamp, who become all natural again, but we are not ruled by these in our judgment.

* We cannot help giving here an anecdote which we have from a friend. A certain cottar named M——o, residing in a village in the north, having married the housekeeper of a lord, contrived to get his eldest boy out to India as a cadet. The lad was a thick-headed, good-looking dolt, very fond of all kinds of play, in which he was joined by the other poor boys of the village. One of these, Sandy M'Bean, who became afterwards an excellent piper, well known in Perth, saved his friend Geordie's life by pulling him out of an old quarry-hole, but the affair was thought little of and passed out of recollection. Geordie remained out in India till he got to be a captain, a circumstance which went through the village as a great wonder, and by and by it began to be whispered that the great man was to come home—good evidence of which appeared on an additional story being put upon the cottage. The day arrived so big with the fortune of the little village, and the hero was actually in the inside of the house. What a stir! what looks of wonder! what attention directed to the house that contained the great eastern mystery! But what was the surprise, indignation, and disgust of the poor villagers, and especially his old play-fellows, when they discovered that their once-familiar Geordie took no notice of them—passing them in the way as if they were beneath all recognition. To make matters worse, too, they soon learned he strained every energy to get invited out by the neighbouring lairds—an effort in which he was partly successful. They do strange things in these far away places. The people, and especially the old playmates, became incensed; the Highland blood got up, and Sandy M'Bean's was not less hot than that of the others. They conspired for a suitable revenge on the great captain, and Sandy was the ringleader. One morning some forty stood before the house, and no sooner was the door opened than one or two strong fellows entered and brought out the "mystery" in his Indian dressing-gown, slippered, and bare-headed. No parley: they placed him in position. Sandy's bagpipes and Charlie M'Nab's drum were in readiness. March, was the word, and the great captain, placed in front, was escorted out of the village on the road to Inverness, accompanied by the sounds of the drum and pipes as they rattled and skirled "Lochaber no More." The captain never visited the village again.

The following lines on Rumbold, who, once a "boots" at Brookes's, went to India and returned a nabob, are attributed to Charles James Fox:—

When M'Grath ruled o'er Brookes's crew,
He said to Rumbold, "Black my shoe!"
And Rumbold answer'd, "Yah, Bob!"
But now return'd from India's land,
He proudly spurns the base command,
And, frowning, answers, "Na-bob!"

The old Bill or Bob, or Geordie or Sandy, who used to scale with us the cliffs and harrie the tam-norie nests, and surmounted with us the orchard dikes, or shared with us the pennyworth of gilded gingerbread, or swapped marbles with us, comes home a long-bearded major, with a liver on bad terms with his head, and a purse on worse with his heart. He passes us with up-turned nose, looking at the sky-line of our new tile. We stand amazed after he is past, and wonder if this be the way of the world. No. It is only the way of those who have been among slaves, and have forgotten that they were once among the sons of liberty—of men who, once dressed in a little brief authority, “cut” such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as would make angels weep.”

Though ourselves with something of the old generosity in us, we are forced to admit our satisfaction that the harsh act is often its own punishment; for it is this very pride, founded on the aforesaid escutcheon, which is the ruin of that happiness they came home to enjoy, and yet cannot enjoy, because they spurn the feelings of their common nature, ignorant that that nature, like the thistle of our emblem, will not be touched harshly and not bite. Alluding to the happier fate of the exceptions, we would say that just in proportion as our nabobs take kindly to their old friendships and affections, and search into the once-endearred hearts for feelings to which their

own would awaken as if out of a long dream of artificial loves among strange groves, do they reap the fruits of their toils, and repay themselves for the loss of their enjoyments. If, in short, they would treat their old friends as they sometimes, for the love of grouse, do the heather hills, which change no more than they, they would purge their livers of atrabile, and brush off the saffron from their cheeks. In place of this, they torture themselves with a love of admiration, and efforts to fit in their new caste—every now and then firing themselves up with indignation against those whom, in their own *amour propre*, they call proud. It may be replied that all this takes place here even when parties remain at home. True, and we feel a little scorn when we make the admission—knowing that he who rejects an old love is not worthy of a new; but the answer is that the home upstart is more wise for himself, for he finds new cronies as he drops the old ones, and neither his own heart nor that of any of his victims is jerked by the same sudden shock.

Yet the shame of our brotherhood, and contempt of God's laws of humanity—so far consistent with castes—is an occurrence even marvellous in comparison of the frequency of that treatment of old friendships which we deplore in our returned *émigrés*.

Thus rejecting, and thus rejected, these victims of what we have called a false system of life, have

scarcely any alternative but to wrap themselves up in their pride and self-worship. If they ever open up it is to let in Indian chums, and then they speak of nothing but their old exploits and past enjoyments, all interspersed with a jargon of bastard Sanscrit not at all agreeable to western ears.

But, strange enough, though always doating on India, it is not India as a nation, for they never adopted it, and could not adopt it, foreign as it is in its customs, ignoble in its morality, and degraded in its religion. No, they only adopted a caste formed there, as a civilised stratum over deep degradation ; and having in heart and feeling renounced their native land, though they live in it, they have not another country on the face of the earth, even of adoption, and are thus often without a home and without a friend.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Artists.

"For though I must confess an *artist* can
Portray things better than another man;
Yet, when the task is done, he finds his pains
Sought but to fill his belly with his brains.
Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,
T' admire the head and then to starve the parts?"

Lady Alimony.

OF all those classes which have passed under our review, there is no one of which we can say we have less difficulty than in that of the Artists, of detecting the means whereby they acquire and maintain the position they hold in society.*

* There are many floating anecdotes regarding some of the older artists which are daily running the risk of passing into oblivion. The most of them cluster round the memory of W——s, whose pomposity laid him open to the criticism and laughter of the younger members of the tribe, and he was truly an easy butt. He was altogether on a false foundation, for his very name was assumed—overlaying the patronymic of M'Nab, which he sunk as being utterly unartistic. Then he had the misfortune of being surrounded by wags—Murray the actor, Norrie the house-painter, Horatio Macculloch, and others. Take a specimen or two. At one time it was reported that the great Lochrin distillery was to be locked up by the Excise, and the report was made the foundation of a hoax. Norrie got it up, and Murray and Macculloch helped to work it. It was stated gravely to W——s that in the event of the Excise threat being put into execution, a number of gentlemen intended to form a joint-stock company for carrying it on, and that it was arranged that every shareholder would have a secret pipe led from the distillery into his house from which he could draw as much smuggled whisky as he choose—a glorious catch for the descendant of the M'Nabs. He agreed at once to become a share-

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They owe generally so little to extraneous helps, that their works are the very mirrored reflections of

holder, and so enthusiastic he became under the hope of the secret pipe, that he actually went to Gilmour Place to negotiate about the purchase of a house, to be near the distillery. Nay, he had arranged in his own mind where the pipe was to emerge so as to be convenient for his secret draughts and potations; and the glorious conversations that followed were replete with the luxury of this contemplated smuggle. It is even said that he died in the belief that the affair failed through some lamentable mischance.

On one occasion, Macculloch put a question to him as to how many pictures he had to exhibit in the next show—the questioner knowing that he had not one. “Why,” replied he, in his bombastic way, “my dear sir, I have *three*.” “Finished?” said Macculloch. “Why, yes. I have been cogitating, and you know the cogitation is with *me* everything. I have them all set forth in the eye of my fancy, and you know that with *me* when *that* is done *all* is done. The brush, you know, is nothing to *me*, absolutely nothing; yea, sir, so consummately *nothing* that I never account it as *anything*.”

Going into Norrie's shop one day about twelve o'clock noon, Norrie, knowing well what was his object, offered him a dram. “No, no,” said the drouthy one; “it is not twelve o'clock yet.” “Oh, neither it is,” said Norrie. W—s then, drawing out his watch with much ceremony, rejoined—“Begging your pardon, Mr Norrie, begging your pardon, sir, but it is *one minute past meridian*.” Another day he went as usual to call. After seating himself, he began to hum and ha; and as Norrie had a guess of what was to follow, he listened patiently, till at last his visitor said, “I feel a little sick this morning; but a man who is so well known as I am, doesn't like to be seen coming out of a hotel in the morning, and, when my friends speak to me, to be smelling of spirits: I say, Norrie, can you give me a drop of whisky?” “Oh yes,” said Norrie, “I have just got in some.” Now Norrie had got in for varnish a quantity of *powerful* spirits of wine, so he called, “Bring one of these bottles here.” Filling out a glass, he handed it to W—s, who tossed it off at once, and setting down the glass, said, “*It may be very good whisky, but I'll be d—d if it's strong spirits.*”

It has been often asked how he could cut off all connexion with his Highland relatives, but those who knew the man knew his powers in this respect. He simply ignored them, and, wrapping himself up in the mantle of his pomposity, defied them *au fond*. It was of no avail that some of them got into the house, and went on M'Nabbing him in their familiar way. It is said that he bowed a sister out with great solemnity, as if unknown to him—adding, before the servant, “As I do not have the pleasure of being acquainted with any one of that smallish clan of savages to which you belong, it is unnecessary that you should be at the trouble of ringing my

their idiosyncrasy. We could point, and that with honour, to examples among them of a weaver, a baker, an advocate's clerk, and so forth, who have undergone the metamorphosis whereby they have been changed into charmers of more potency than Ariel. No wonder that they are generally considered to possess a considerable amount of self-conceit and irritability;* and we presume we cannot say that those among us are an exception, when we consider that our whole nation is represented by a thistle. But are we to understand that the peculiar form of mind which, against all opposing obstacles, inclines a person to be an

bell. I am Mr W——s, the Grecian artist, somewhat generally known in these parts." And some go the length of saying that he even ignored his mother, who came from Perth to see him. Somewhat unlike this to the conduct of the first Sir James Wylie, who introduced his mother, the Fife carrier's wife, to Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias.

Mr Howe, the famous animal-painter, came in also for a share of these anecdotes. He was a straightforward, bluff kind of man, laying himself open by his *brusquerie* to complaints for which he cared nothing. On one occasion, Howe's bell rang, and the servant being out the artist answered the door himself. A gentleman there presented himself as a person of great dignity and importance, and, eyeing Howe with a mixture of inquiry and contempt, asked, "Are you Mr Howe, the brute-painter?" "Yes, sir," answered Howe, very blandly, and even bowing, "Yes, sir; I fancy you will be wanting your portrait taken; step in."

* When Ferdinand Müller, at Dresden, brought home to his employer, Rittner, the publisher, the first proof of his beautiful engraving of the Madonna de S. Sisto, the mercantile man shook his head, and told the artist that he must go over the whole of the plate again, and retouch it throughout, for that such a delicate work would not throw off a sufficient number of impressions to answer the purposes of the trade. Müller's remonstrances were in vain, and he was compelled to rework his plate. At every touch he felt he was sacrificing genius to gain. He completed the labour imposed on him, but did not live to see a proof taken off. He sank under the dispiriting task, fell a victim to the vexation, and died broken-hearted on the very day the first proof impression was rolled off at Paris.

artist, is in any way necessarily productive of peculiar sensitiveness? The question looks a little metaphysical, that is, we suppose, quizzical, and therefore, in those days—in spite of the entombing tomes of Sir William Hamilton—suspicious; but, if all metaphysical questions were as easily answered, there would be small foundation for the prejudice against that ill-used science, which is the only key we have to the mysteries of our being and of the universe—all so like an enchantment. We answer in the affirmative, simply because the very tendency itself is the expression of susceptibility; and this, in a world so thickly strewn with thorns as ours, is only another word for the quality of being sensitive. But the genus is exposed to an objective cause which, of itself, would make tender and touchy very solid, if not very stolid and impassible people. We allude to that formidable Greek fire of newspaper criticism, to which our artists are exposed for three or four continuous months in every year. It is not, indeed, easy to form an adequate notion of this refined torture—

*"His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear."*

Nor would it be so bad if the critics were even more like than they are to that parrot, which imitated so well David Bridges in his selection of

"crispy bits."* One, a member of the Academy, and a little inclined to the Rabelais strain, has confessed to us secretly that during the period of that cannonade he is in a continual fever. "I cannot," he says, "make this visible to you in a more vivid way than by supposing that these critics, who are able to get up a few vocables, such as 'scumbling,' 'drawing,' and 'colouring,' sometimes attempting even such esoteric terms as 'impasto' and 'chiaro-oscuro,' took up our personal peculiarities, our noses and chins, in place of our pictures. Come, now, the humour takes me, and while you are sipping your punch, I will set off to you an imagined article of this kind by one of these critics, sitting in a spring-bottomed chair in the office of some *Witness*.—

'It appears to us,' saith this oracle, 'that our

* Mr James Simpson, in the last edition of his "*Waterloo*," premises his description of the Louvre paintings by saying he will avoid certain words, "breadth," "handling," "scummeling," and, above all, that sublimity, "chiaro-oscuro." He will always, he says, have before his eyes the awful fate of a somewhat pedantic technicalist, David Bridges, whose favourite terms in criticising old pictures in which the colours had run into knots, were "crisp bits," and "buttery touches." An eminent artist, whom these terms much provoked, taught them to his parrot, and practised Poll to apply them at breakfast, when the toast and butter were touched by any one. One morning his friend (David) breakfasted with him, and as the bird had been taught always to add his familiar name to these technicalities, it was ready when he put forth his hand to the toast-rack or butter-dish, with "Crispy bits, Davie," "Buttery touches, Davie." —SIMPSON'S *Waterloo*. The metaphysique of the parrot's mind is still to some extent a mystery. You cannot make the common people think that a parrot does not understand what it says. There is just now a parrot in Edinburgh, which every morning at a certain hour goes to the bed of its master, opens his mouth with its bill, and says, with a knowing look, "*Is that you?*" Better this than Prince Maurice's.

townsman, Mr Peter Crayon, has not got justice from nature, either as regards drawing or colouring. It would seem that she at one time—perhaps in the sixth month of his foetal being—intended that his face should be proportioned in the ordinary way, and that the members thereof should hold a certain correlation to each other, and that she had suddenly changed her purpose. On no other supposition can we account for the excessive irregularity of the whole contour—yet always appearing to struggle for some kind of conformity. Beginning at the top, we may pass the hair, which is too much of a crispy bit, and admit at once that his nose is well drawn, if not elegant, in so far as regards symmetry; but then it seems, from its size, to have been intended to counterbalance a chin of very extraordinary dimensions, and yet the latter feature is cut away to a triangle, as like as possible to that shape which Sydney Smith, in one of his sermons, denounced as horrible to look at. Where were nature's compasses? What lay figure did she copy among the floating archetypes of primeval forms? Did she deliberately intend to form a monster? Nor is it of much importance to our Crayon, that we are called on to admit that the colouring of his face, if it had been properly distributed, is worthy of Titian; but here again the same fault attaches, and the same supposition is required to explain that wonderful accumulation of pure claret rubyness at the point of the nose we

have so conscientiously praised, as if it had been produced at the expense of the other parts of the face, which are as pale as they could be after reading this our article. Verily, it reminds us of Major Belcher's nose, on which a West Indian fly having perched during the mess-dinner, Julius Cæsar Pompey cried out, "Ha, ha! Massa, him burn him's foot."* Nay, we might push our honest criticism so far as to make very sad work

* Why go so far away for a nose. The lovers of low humour may find the annals of Edinburgh rich in noses. It was by Mr Charteris's nose that the well-known story hung:—"Gentlemen, if you can't pass, I will hold it aside." Sergeant Gould's was also famous; not less Rose Robinson's; and the late Mr B——'s was such a treat to the Londoners, that when he came to the end of a street, he was sure to be met by a host of boys and girls, who, having got a glimpse of the member at the other end, had hurried along a by-way to be before him and ready for his coming up. In one of those speeches where Patrick R——n used to introduce (not with the best taste) his relation as of this place—*hujus loci*—he comically changed the words into *hujus nosi*, with his usual grotesque effect. This member, in the different individuals, had very different aspects. We are told that Charteris's and Gould's sparkled with lively carbuncles and rubies, and looked jovial and pleasant. Of the Sergeant's, the Lord President was so enamoured, that he promised to lay it (as a part of the head, of course) in the grave. Rose Robinson's had always the look as if it were still growing, and hence the joke—

"Rose's nose
Grows, we suppose."

It was Napoléon who said, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head go together." As we are upon noses, we may mention that of Sir William Chere, which was a very remarkable one. One day Sir William was playing at backgammon with old General Brown. During this time, Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, and seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said, "Sir William, blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," said Sir William, "'tis as near you as me."

of the expression of his face. The lively grin about the lips is clearly at the expense of the vivacity of the eyes, which are much like unto well-boiled grapes, immediately before being finished into Spanish *mammarilla*; and the laugh which alternates with the grin has no relation whatever to the ideas—if any such things be inside—which would seem to produce it. And now we may conclude by admitting that the body of Mr Crayon is finely proportioned, all to the left leg, which, besides being a full inch too short, is so unlike the other in shape that it must have belonged to his brother-twin—a supposition which, like that of “the boots” who saw in the kitchen one of his master’s Wellingtons longer than the other, and quickly resolved the fix by running up stairs and finding the same disproportion in another pair in the bedroom, we could verify, if the other twin were not now under sentence of banishment to Botany Bay for forgery.’”

“But we are not to suppose,” continued my friend, “that Crayon is done with the critics; next day some *Scotsman* follows up:—

‘We have studied,’ saith that valiant Whig, ‘the person of Mr Crayon, and, after repeated examinations, have arrived at the conclusion that nature never brought together so many excellences and imperfections in the same human being. One would think that she had determined to be whimsical, in order that, like some of our spas-

modic poets satirised in "Firmilian," she might shew her power in some strange direction beyond the confines of humanity. What can be the meaning, for instance, of those eyes, so like those of the son of Saturn and Ops, that you cannot get quit of the impression that Mr Crayon was intended to act the part of the Green-eyed Monster. Sure are we, at least, that neither a Diana nor a Lucretia, let alone a Mrs M'Iver, could stand the glare of those orbs, and, for pity's sake, we hope there will never be a Mrs Peter Crayon. What final cause could have been in view in forming a nose of a shape like unto nothing in Timbuctoo or Tobolsk, or indeed anywhere upon earth? We say nothing of the sea,—there are bottlenoses there. True, no finer thing than his chin was ever chiselled by Phidias, and, considering the malproportion of the features, taken one by one, it is certain that the sublime composition attributed to Zeuxis by Wornum never could have enabled him to harmonise even the features of his "Helen of Croton," so successfully as nature has accomplished in her extraordinary effort in reconciling and bringing into a kind of tremendous harmony those heterogeneous members of the face of this man. As regards the colouring, it is even superior to those blended hues by which Parrhasius used to charm the Greeks. Aristotle, we think, says that Polygnotus beat all the ancients to sticks in expression; but there is one greater than Polygnotus, even our

old mother, who has taken as much trouble with the muscles of Mr Crayon's index, as, according to John Clerk, she took pains with President Blair's brains. There never was such expression; the only fault we find with it is, that no human being can understand it. We have no patience with the nonsense about the legs. The right has as decided a twist as the left, but, taken together as objects of comparison, they are as perfect *qua* males as were those of Madame Vestris *qua* females, and every one knows that casts of the latter were once exposed in the London windows.'

"Suppose, further, that the other penny papers follow in due succession, and that all this continues, as regards Mr Crayon and his brethren, for four months every year. Don't you see that the Artists are just the Crayons, with this difference, which is none at all, that instead of their bodies being subjected to this dissection, their pictures are; and does not everybody know that these, as the produce of the mind, are, like one's children, just as many parts and portions of the parent, and that what affects the one affects the other?"

There is, indeed, much truth under our friend's extravagant suppositions. No! we need not wonder that our Artists have a dash of hysteria about them, and feel often the wind-ball in their throats during all that trying time when the public are reading these penny papers, and talking about them, and praising and blaming, and joking and

laughing.* No one of them can be sure that a caricature of some darling 203 of his is not lying on the very piano where he is turning the leaves to the Angelina of his hopes. Talk of sensitiveness! of a fine *amour propre*! What muscle and bone could stand it?—and they don't stand it.

We know another instance, where a victim who

* It is not often they have the fate of Wilkie. Haydon describes the success of the "Village Politicians" in 1806. He says, "On the Sunday (the next day), I read in the *News*, 'A young man of the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work.' I was in the clouds—hurried over my breakfast—rushed away—met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!' 'Is it rea-al-ly?' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed—and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly,' this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' 'Do they rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will rea-al-ly.' 'For Heaven's sake, don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and, in the most unconscious manner, said, 'Rea-al-ly.'" It was this simple unconsciousness that at once enabled him to go straight to the truth, and hold on by it in the midst of ridicule and the strictures of the envious, rather than any feeling of daring or defiance.

A portrait-painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man, it is said, came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece:—"It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is, the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? She is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no, not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back. When he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said. "An accident befell my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of; out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.

had essayed a high subject, was reduced to such a state of nervousness and timidity, that, if he heard the crackle of a dry paper, he went as bad as the dog-bitten creature who shudders all over at the sound of running water. Do you ever see them looking at their own pictures in the Gallery? We trow not. They get in when there's nobody there, and, like a dog drinking in the Nile, they snatch a timid look, and off. Or do you ever hear one speak of a cherished work, unless, per chance, it has the charmed word "Sold" upon it? Well, this reminds us that there is a set-off against these calamities. Of a morning, one of them may be told that the ticket, "Sold to the Association," has been stuck upon his picture,—and this is the other side of *our* picture. A good lady once rolled up some puffs, left over a tea-party, of which an artist was one, and gave him the parcel home with him. With what dismay did he find in the morning that the paper contained some harsh strictures on a cabinet bit on which he had spent many anxious hours; but, just as he was meditating on the strange *contretemps*, a friend entered and told him that the picture had that morning been purchased by the Association for fifty guineas, and that the charmed words were attached.

These words are, indeed, talismanic. Let the artist but once see them, and they burn into the retina like the sun-image in Sir Isaac's eyes. They become a dream, and haunt him wherever

he goes. They once haunted a novice in the Rainbow, as he sat alone drinking off the effects of a day's pillorying. They swam in the liquid light of his fancy as it glanced over triumphs to be achieved in the future, and the fumes of the toddy only served to make the image more bright. There were the words in every vision—a splendid transparency, radiating successes as manifold as the strokes in a crown *rayonnante*. What though they were not yet attached to his picture 282, which those terrible critics had called a daub. He had surmounted the pillory, and stood on the top of it a Simon Stylites, reflecting glory, and not the aroma of old eggs. In this mood he was observed by two of the penny Hipponaxes, who sat in the next box washing down the dregs of the gall that had not that day escaped at the point of their pens. They would hoax the poor entranced Pictor, and spoke that he might hear.

“Have you been at the Exhibition to-day?”

“Yes. I still find the beauties but scanty, yet it is a glorious bit that 282. There was a crowd around it at four this afternoon when the clerk brought forth the label, ‘Sold to the Association,’ and applied the conquered tribute.”

“Did you look the book for the price?”

“Pshaw! what signifies the price—only thirty guineas—enough for a young man's first work, and yet not a hundredth part of the value.”

“’Twill make the poor devil.”

"Make him, and poor devil, too! Why, man, though he were never to paint another, 'twould immortalise him."

The dream of the dreamer was realised by open circumcised ears. He rose and rushed out of the room, and the rogues, as they saw him pass, laughed at their too certain triumph. It was too late that night to make sure, even if he had been doubtful of his fortune. He was *not* doubtful; and who shall figure the ecstasies of that night, and then that morning, when he hurried through the stream of the people in the Gallery, not to take a Nile-dog's lap, but to swim! *

* We may give one instance out of many of the trials of painters. While Martin was unknown, and engaged on his first great work, his means were so exhausted, that he was one day reduced to his last shilling; and this last shilling he had kept for some time because it was a bright one. With it he went to a baker's shop to buy a loaf of bread. The loaf was purchased, the last shilling paid, and the change about to be handed to the artist, when the baker snatched the loaf from the starving man and gave him back his shilling, because it was a counterfeit. Martin, however, was utterly broken down. He went to his humble lodging, and having at the bottom of his trunk found some crusts of bread, with which he sustained his existence, he set to work again at his picture. He struggled on till the picture was finished and exhibited, and in less than a week after its exhibition he was famous. The picture was "Belshazzar's Feast."

We have another example to offer of the early struggles of painters who have risen to eminence—one regarding Sir Henry Raeburn. The young artist and the famous John Clerk were frequently together; and as the one had to purchase costly colours, and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings and the other three potatoes. "And is this all?" said John. "All!" said the landlady. "All! did I not tell ye woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?" The tables of both were

It is this alternation of censure and success which raises in Artists that *amour propre* for which they are remarkable, but for which, when all is considered, they are not much to be blamed. Certainly it is not those who are most praised who have most of this self-estimation. Self-love, like some seeds, springs most surely when exposed to alternations of heat and cold. The egg of the fowl must be cooled by the several interruptions of her incubation; and as even the most successful of the class are exposed to this heating and cooling process, the whole fraternity come under the same denomination. Yet, who shall say they are not a very estimable class, worthy of our love and patronage? Shall we forget, in the consciousness of their little infirmity, that they are some of the chosen vessels by which genius pours over common minds the pleasures of her inspiration? How many pretty, as well as ennobling fancies, do they introduce through the eyes into minds which never read, and which, but for pictorial representations, would never see beauty or virtue except in the fleeting and dissolving fluxion of life! How strangely, indeed, do they seem to realise the fable of frozen words—make light and shade not only steadfast, but eloquent—change physical tints extracted from dead matter into a living poetry which

better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days when hope was high and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.

breathes and burns into men's souls!* How by these dead lights and shadows they weave up into formal beauty the inner feelings, as if these latter, themselves moral lights and shadows, were obedient to the charm of genius working with such simple materials carried on the top of a pencil! It is here they have an advantage over the poet, whose visions must be transmitted and transmuted by vocables, which are themselves an abstraction, and must, ere they produce and relume the images in other minds, be passed through a mental process

* There is but one school of art—nature. But to read her volume profitably, artists must study profoundly the antique Greek and ancient Italian school, formed by the era of Leonardo, Angelo, and Raphael. It may precede or follow, or coincide with the study of the living figure; still these immortal works must be your guide. For whether it be composition, or colouring, or design, you are likely to find that these masters read nature more clearly than you ever can. But do not copy or imitate them further than as objects of study. Learn anatomy by all means, but do not forget its object. When you draw a dissected limb, be sure to sketch the living one beside it, that you may at once contrast them and note the differences. In drawing from the nude figure, contrast your sketch with the antique; you will find in it many defects. Never forget that perfection, the result of a high specialisation of nature's law of individuality, is rare; the opposite, that is, imperfection, the result of a tendency to unity of organisation, is by far the more common. You will be chiefly called on to draw the draped figure; see that you place your drapery, not on a machine, but on a person of *fine feeling*. Fashion in dress is the trick of society, to substitute a conventionalism for beauty and fine forms; never sacrifice art at its shrine, but paint the person in what *becomes* him or her, regardless of the existing mode. The relation anatomy holds to art is to explain, first, how far the shapes and figures of the inward structures modify the external forms of man and woman; second, it informs the artist of the meaning of such forms; third, it explains to him the laws of deformation, that is, of variety in external forms; the causes of these varieties, and the tendency to which they lead. As an artist, he must represent them, no doubt; but in doing so, let him wisely follow nature rather in her intentions than her forthcomings, and return to the perfect or to its approximation, whenever time and circumstances permit him to do so.—*Great Artists and Great Anatomists.*

for which very few of mankind are fitted. To all others they are as a dead thing; but pictures live, and breathe, and speak, with all the directness and force of nature herself, and nature under the spell of beautifying art. We have known a fine scene or painted morality haunt rude minds for years, gliding through the dark shadows of their sins, like the genius of their better nature, lingering and waiting for Hope.

Yet, with such noble ends to keep them in close union, these gentlemen are rather a caste distributed; a common cause may attract them to each other, but their *amour propre* repels them. In Scotland, they have not attained to that height in the social scale to which they are entitled; their Academy is a modern invention in comparison of a college, with the power of granting degrees; and their alphabetical designations carry but small weight, if they do not rather mark them out for the supercilious look of the Honeycombes, who will yet flock to the Exhibition, and hang with delight over the triumphs of their art. If they were richer, we might hope more for them. An occasional knightship* is too suggestive of the difference between

* In the instance of Sir William Allan, the dignity was deserved otherwise. He was a man of great humour. He told and enjoyed a good story, and is said to have contributed some traits of character and anecdote both to Sir Walter Scott and to Matthews. He enlivened his narratives with considerable powers of quiet mimicry. It was probably this dramatic talent which made him a "bosom crony" with Mr Murray of the Theatre Royal, who, in the absence of Allan's brother from illness, attended his friend's remains to the grave as chief mourner. By all his brethren of the Academy, the President was warmly esteemed. One of his friends

the palette and the brush, and the clanging buckler and spear; it is not even often that they are "taken out" by the higher classes. One may be occasionally paraded by a rich amateur; he may have a chance for a ticket to Dalkeith, or some Lord Murray may dine him;* beyond such he

writes to us—"He was very encouraging to young men. I shall never forget the intense satisfaction he displayed one day when some of us were dining with him several years ago. Horatio Macculloch was in high glee. Allan looked at him, and whispered to me, 'His every action is that of a man of genius.' The expression was so truly felt and so truly deserved, that I have always remembered the evening and the circumstance." It may be mentioned that among the honours received by Sir William, in the course of his long professional career, he was elected a member of the Academies of New York and Charleston, in the United States. Mr Shiels, now the oldest member of the Scottish Academy, and the earliest friend of Allan, had the satisfaction of bringing over these diplomas, along with a similar honour to Raeburn and Watson. They were bestowed solely for distinguished merit in British art. Sir William Allan desired he might be buried as privately as possible, in a *sunny spot* in the Dean Cemetery. There was something Eastern in the wish for sunshine even to gild his grave. But a more touching incident marked the day of interment. The artist had a favourite dog, a Skye terrier, his constant companion in the field, the street, and the painting-room. After his master's death the faithful animal pined, and refused food, and he died on the morning of the funeral.

* Lord Murray's sense and achievement of hospitality were always remarkable. His tea-table at St Stephen's, when he was Lord Advocate—that remarkable tea-table presided over by Lady (then Mrs) Murray—is well remembered by those who were weekly guests at it. It was a long table, with an enormous and excessively rich Edinburgh cake in the centre—and such a company round it! When Sydney Smith was in town he was sure to be there; and the Jeffreys, and Dundases, and all the Scotch, with plenty of English celebrities. The Lord Advocate's chambers were under the same roof with the House of Lords, and in the intervals of the debate Lords and Commons used to come dropping in for tea, and that unique cake, and chat, till the summons to a division called them away, rushing and scrambling like schoolboys at the last stroke of the bell.

We cannot help thinking that the artists are now better quit of that patronage which was thought so necessary to their success at a former time. There is a story told of Chisholm the artist, which in some degree confirms our opinion. Chisholm had taken it into his head that he would

cannot aspire, nor perhaps does he care, at least he ought not, if he is a true son of the Muses, at whose court "old parchments" don't go for so much as glowing and speaking "canvas."

be much benefited by the patronage of a nobleman, and, strange to say, he thought of the late Earl of Buchan. Accordingly, having got a letter of introduction from somebody, he called upon his lordship, and was very well received; but he was somewhat surprised when he found that his lordship, in place of promising to do all he could for him in the way of patronising, took him somewhat abruptly by the arm, and led him out to the street where his lordship lived at that time in Edinburgh. This Chisholm could not very well understand, and still less could he understand why his lordship paraded him several times across the Bridge, but at length the mystery was unveiled when his lordship, shaking himself quit of the artist, parted from him with the words, "Now, sir, your fortune's made; you've been seen walking the streets of Edinburgh with the Earl of Buchan!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

*The Merchants.**

"We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads to press them to the bottom,—
As I must yield with you I practised it;
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you."

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

WHEN Harry Erskine suggested the motto for Mr Gillespie's coach, which had been built on the profits of a successful snuff and tobacco trade—"Wha would hae thought it, that noses would hae bought it!"—he probably was not aware that he was cutting deep into the pretensions of all castes,

* Our merchant burgesses have always been held in very high honour. Listen to what Alexander Pennecuik says, in his introduction to their praises in the *Blue Blanket*, 1722 :—"God seems to have put a distinguishing honour upon tradesmen, that in all ages men of the greatest learning and the noblest heroes have sprung from their loins. Porus, monarch of the Indies, was the son of a barber, and wrought himself as a tinker. Braydillus, Prince of the Sclavonians, son of a collier. Artagorus, Governor of the Cyconians, son of a cook. Agathocles, King of Sicily, son of a potter. The good Archbishop Villagesius, son of a carter, for which reason he took wheels for his armorial bearing. Cardinal Wolsey, Chancellor of England, was the son of a butcher. One of the greatest statesmen of any age, Cardinal Julius Alberoni, that of a gardener. And our famous countryman, Mr Law, was the son of a goldsmith of Edinburgh. As the seed of mechanics have risen to the highest dignities, so mechanics themselves have swayed sceptres, proven the bravest generals, the wisest statesmen, and the greatest monarchs; though the unthinking mass of

not excepting his own ; for it is doubtful if even the oldest and most dignified of our aristocracy have a higher origin of sanction for their estates and honours than what the old Lacedæmonian called "The Law of the Hand ;" so that their

mankind may despise a person for low birth. The first circumstance of life ought to have no influence in our judgment of a great man, because we cannot pretend to be the children of whom we please, and that a man may owe his birth to a prince, whose natural temper and inclination discover more meanness of birth than if he were the son of a weaver ; whereas nothing is more glorious than when, notwithstanding of the defect of education, a man knows how to rectify and elevate the inclinations which an obscure birth naturally inclines to be servile.

"Quintus Cincinnatus, when called to the government of Rome, was found hard at plough ; being saluted by the name of Dictator, invested with purple, honoured with the *faces* and other ensigns of magistracy, was desired to take journey. After a little pause he answered, with tears in his eyes, 'Then for this year my poor farm must be unsown.' Taking leave of his family, he performed his office with that prudence and justice that he proved the admiration of the world ; and having finished his dictatorship, returned again to his plough. Arsaces, from being a private mechanic, was called to found the Parthian empire ; and such an one was Tamerlane, the vanquisher of Asia. Peter du Brosse, chirurgéon, was High Chamberlain of France, and Secretary to King Philip III. Masaniello, a Neapolitan fisherman, raised an army of 50,000, 7th July 1647, and trampled on the Government of Naples, till they were obliged to yield to the demands of the people, groaning under the burthen of exorbitant taxes. The Anabaptists in Munster chose John of Leyden, a tailor, for their King, A.D. 1635. Zeno, the famous Bishop of Constantia, was a weaver, who lived till he was past an hundred years of age ; and, though he was the most eminent bishop, and had the largest diocese in the country, kept a weaver's shop, and wrought himself daily at the loom to clothe the naked. When the peasants of Upper Austria rose up against P. Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, A.D. 1627, their army consisted of 60,000 ; it was commanded by Stephen Tüdiner, a hatter, and after his death by Walmer, a shoemaker, killed by Count Papenheim. And I cannot omit to hint at the beautiful story of Mr Edmond, a baxter, and son of a baxter in Stirling, who shewed such unparalleled valour in the Swedish wars, under the command of that immortal thunderbolt of war, Gustavus Adolphus, that he became a General. His swimming the Danube, and, by an artful stratagem, carrying off the General of the Imperialists, and other marvellous actions of his life, are recorded in the chronicles of Sweden. In his old age he returned to his native country, Scotland, and built a stately manse at Stirling, which he doned to the church."

panels might very appropriately bear, in place of the analogue, "'Twas noses that did it," the blazon, "'Twas fists that did it." The Lord Lyon or Garter, would have told him, too, that the motto is of the very highest heraldic virtue, inasmuch as it implies courage, if not rapine. Nay, if the old Border ballad be true, as applied to the ancestors of our great and very worthy Duke* in these parts—

"If every man had his ain cow,
A right poor clan your name would be"—

we might vary the cause, and not be far from the fact, by suggesting the motto, "'Twas cows that did it." Even this, humble as it may seem, is illustrious in comparison of other original causes of ancestral honours. When the property of Sir Walter Raleigh was wished to be confiscated by King Jamie, the latter gave it as a sufficient reason for the cruel act which would take the much-prized inheritance away from the widow—"I want it for Carr;" and why? because the said Carr was a sycophant; and here 'the motto behoved clearly to be, "'Twas bows that did it." Would that, for the honour of the genius of her-

* In several parts of Scotland the word "*duck*" is pronounced as if written "*duke*." During the progress of a late Duke's funeral through a small town somewhere in this neighbourhood, the following colloquy between two women was overheard. One, absorbed in the contemplation of the signs of woe, exclaimed, "Puir woman, she maun hae been sajr lamented." "Woman!" said the other, "gae wa' wi' ye, it's a man." "Gae wa' wi' ye yoursel'," rejoined the first, with an expression of the utmost contempt, "wha disna ken that a duke's the *she o' a drake*!"

aldry, we could descend no lower; but these things are wisely concealed: you will not find the little word *leno* in all Gwillim. It is the cardinal virtues that shine there amidst bright suns and shining semi-lunes; and woe to the democratic tongue that would venture the doubt whether any of these said virtues in reality ever entered into the origin of any of our great houses. We admit exceptions, but they are few; and the reason is, that these noble qualities could do very well of themselves, without titles, castles, mansions, and messuages, and do not want them, for they are gems of rare value, and just in proportion to their lustre they require the plainer a setting.

We find a difference in modern times, when a man, by genius, industry, and honesty, acquires an estate, and perhaps a knightship.* The wise re-

* When Merchants, and not more they than other people, stick to their lasts, they become great in their own way, and that way often leads to statesmanship, and the highest offices in the land, but woe to them generally if they go beyond their *crepida*. "It has long been usual," says Macaulay, in his History, "to represent the imagination under the figure of a wing, and to call the successful exertions of the imagination flights. One poet is the eagle; another is the swan; a third modestly compares himself to the bee. But none of these types could have suited Montague (Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax.) His genius may be compared to that pinion which, though it is weak to lift the ostrich into the air, enables her, while she remains on the earth, to outrun hound, horse, and dromedary. If the man who possesses this kind of genius attempts to ascend the heaven of invention, his awkward and unsuccessful efforts expose him to derision. But if he will be content to stay in the terrestrial region of business, he will find that the faculties which would not enable him to soar into a higher sphere will enable him to distance all competitors in the lower." The *Athenæum* illustrates this position by referring to the men of letters in the House of Commons:—"Sir E. B. Lytton goes into the House of Commons and becomes a chief of his party—a coming minister. Mr Gladstone, in literature, would be a second-rate essayist;

spect him, because they know he deserves it; but such is the force of associations—such the romantic charm of ancient lineage, though sprung from the triumphs of the sword, the reiving of cattle, or the sycophancy of a courtier—that the modern architect of his own fortune has no more chance with the Honeycombes, even in the estimation of a great portion of the people, than a golden beetle with a lion rampant. This is the case almost everywhere in our old kingdom, even in these palmy days when we pretend to have surmounted the prejudices of the days of chivalry; so true is it that the highest civilisation always betrays some of the trails of barbarism; but of all places in the kingdom Edinburgh is that in which the “New Man” has the least chance of being received into the old ranks.

In several of our towns the Merchants rise into an importance which defies the risk of being snubbed and dwarfed by the higher castes; in one or two they are even the first men, ruling not only the corporations, but giving a tone to society, and, if they are overtopped at all, it is by some cadets of old families, who take up their residence there

in politics, he stands in the highest rank. Mr Disraeli is a novelist of the third rank—a poet of the thirtieth: in the House of Commons he is a great power. Lord John Russell is a conspicuous example of the relation of faculties in the two services. He has tried every form of literary exercise: drama, history, poetry, essay, biography—and in none can his warmest friends assert that he has taken high rank. Yet, the genius that has failed to earn distinction in literature has sufficed to rule the House of Commons and govern England.”

as being near to the heads of their houses. But in Edinburgh the Merchants,—such as, to go a little at random, the Richardsons, Lawsons, Cowans, Clappertons, Craig Brothers, and Robertsons, a class different from the Shopkeepers, and yet not composed so exclusively, perhaps, as in other towns, of large wholesale or commission houses,—however rich they may be, are overshadowed by many castes, and apt to find, if they were not too wise to try, a difficulty in introducing themselves where, weighed according to their merits, they would be found overweight.* Ah! their motto is without the “cows” and the “bows.” Yet, in Liverpool or Manchester, who can compete with

* Antiquarian research, it may have been observed, is no part of our plan, otherwise we could easily have gone deep into the antiquity of some of our Edinburgh mercantile firms. But we may here quote one example,—that of Craig Brothers. From inquiries we have made, we find that the business of this firm (with change of names) dates back to before 1638, at which time it was in the hands of the celebrated and wealthy William Dick—better known as Sir William Dick of Braid, the forbear of the Dicks of Prestonfield, then denominated “a foreign merchant,”—who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1638. It appears again in his grandson, Sir James Dick of Prestonfield, “City Merchant” and Provost of Edinburgh in 1698. About this time Sir Hugh Cunningham, of an Ayrshire family, was taken in, and the firm was Dick and Cunningham, at the sign of the Anchor in the Lawnmarket. Inter-marriages joined the partners in family relations, hence the present name of Dick Cunningham of Prestonfield. The business thence descended till we find it in the hands of one of the Cunninghams in 1790, who reversed the firm into Cunningham and Dick, by taking in William Dick, a cadet of the family of the Dicks, described as residing at “the Brigs of Braid.” On the death of Cunningham, Dick carried on the business himself, and on his death, in 1798, it was purchased by John Turnbull, the late City-Chamberlain, who ultimately assumed John Craig (one of the Brothers Craig) as a partner, the firm being now Turnbull and Craig. On the retirement of Mr Turnbull, Archibald Craig joined his brother, and since that period two other brothers, William and Robert, have been assumed, constituting the present firm of “Craig Brothers.”

the blazon, "'Twas cotton that did it;" in Sheffield, "'Twas steel that did it;" in Kidderminster, "'Twas carpets that did it;" in Dundee, "'Twas tow that did it;" in Glasgow, "'Twas pig-iron that did it;" in Leith, "'Twas Dantzic wheat that did it?" Few, indeed;—whereas, in Edinburgh, the Merchants are looked down upon, not only by the Titulars, the Honeycombes, the paper Lords, the retired Indians, but by the Lawyers, and a great portion of the Writers to the Signet, whose motto, nevertheless, is just "'Twas quarrels that did it." Then the Big Panes, who, in the other towns, dare no more than bob their heads over the counter to them, will consider it no inequality to hobnob with them over the dinner-table.

The difference is the more worthy of remark that our Edinburgh Merchants are often worth a plum, and, what is more, they are generally highly educated, and carry the manners of gentlemen. They can boast, moreover, of their corporate representative, the Chamber of Commerce—an institution of national celebrity and importance, whereby they contrive to draw within their cognisance, logic, and discretion, most of the great questions of the day. You may see a Sheriff condescending to read them a paper on judicial or juridical legislation, and they do not hesitate to overhaul a Reform Bill, on the ground that, as the House of Commons intermeddles with buying and selling, they have a right to intermeddle with it too. Edina forms

mostly from out of them her Provosts, Bailies, and Councillors, her Police Board and Paving Board.

Her institutions and schemes of public improvement receive from them more support than from any other class of citizens, and, in times of distress, are they not foremost in eleemosynary expedients? We might call them the tutelars of our Modern Athens; while the Titulars, who look down on them, are the tutelars of themselves; and the honourable body of Advocates, who go a little further, claim exemption from town imposts intended to make that tutelage effectual. To advert, in passing, to this exemption, one would think that the city had been greatly benefited by that body; so much so, that the motto of her pride and beauty might appropriately be, "Twas the Faculty did it;" and yet we never heard of any wonders they performed under "the Blue Blanket," or that the Golden Charter set forth any very chivalrous doings of theirs. We suspect, indeed, that if the motto were to be of any form of that kind, it should be, "Twas the Merchant Burghers who did it." *

* Many examples could be given of the benefits derived by Edinburgh from the merchant burghesses. Without instancing the Hospitales, let us remember Bartholomew Somerville, the most conspicuous of those citizens to whose liberality we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the University of Edinburgh on a lasting basis. "In December following, 1639," says Crawford, "the College received the greatest accession of its patrimony which ever had been bestowed by any private person. Mr Bartholomew Somerville (the son of Peter Somerville, a rich burghess and bailie,) having no children, by the good counsel of his brothers-in-law, Alexander, Patrick, and Mr Samuel Talfer, mortified to the College 20,000

We used to be delighted with the stories of the old Athenian and Roman honours conferred on such citizens as deserved well of the commonwealth. We sometimes see a modern imitation of this high principle, however seldom, but the prejudices in favour of ancestry are still too strong for public virtue and noble independence. Privileged classes, who contribute nothing to the public good, still enjoy exemptions and honours, while generous and high-minded men toil on from day to day through their whole lives for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, and receive the reward of a few sculptured vocables on a headstone. If they get a silver cup or a snuff-box, it is a wonder.* Lay your finger on some resident in the New Town. His father speculated in railways, and he got a tocher; he had genuine connatural impudence, that quality which Hume says cannot be imitated without the spuriousness being discover-

marks to be employed for maintenance of a Professor of Divinity, and 600 merks for buying of Sir James Skene's lodgings and yard for his dwelling."
—CRAWFORD'S *History of the University*.

* There is one phase of the snuff-box trade that is not generally known. We allude to the presentations made by sovereigns to the diplomatic gentry. The regular gift was a box with a portrait of the august donor, surrounded by diamonds. The order used to be forwarded from Buckingham or Carlton House to Rundell and Bridges, to supply such a souvenir. The goldsmiths forwarded one accordingly, which the King or Prince graciously placed in the hands of the recipient. The latter, on withdrawing from "the presence," bade his coachman drive to Ludgate Hill, where he placed the same box in the hands of the makers, who gave him for the pretty, but not much coveted ware, a modest but acceptable sum. The box did duty again at the next presentation, was charged for as a new one, and again found its way back to, and was bought by, the makers. The process was an understood thing, and nobody complaining, everybody was satisfied.—*Athenæum*.

able; he spends a couple of thousands a-year, feasts the exclusives, pays a pound to the Infirmary for the sake of being advertised, and boasts wherever he goes of the beauties of Edinburgh, the public spirit of her citizens, and the number of her public institutions. Well, we could point to another, say such a man as our worthy ex-Councillor R——n, whom we select out of a dozen merely because he comes first to our recollection. He commences the world in the far north with but a few shillings, he enters Edinburgh a stranger, he works his industrious way upwards to a high social position, and to a seat in the Council, becomes proud of the city of his adoption, attends to everything that may advance her prosperity and adorn her growing beauty; ready at all times to put his shoulder to the wheel, when his exertions are likely to prove useful to his fellow-citizens, whether to raise contributions for the relief of the distressed, invite support to a public company, or work out some project of benevolence or philanthropy. In the midst of all this he is the architect of a handsome fortune; careless alike to be observed, or have each mite bestowed recorded punctually in every bill of news:—

“An honest man, close button’d to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within;
Can give advice, can censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.”

These are, we suspect, indifferent castes wide asunder; might not the motto of the one be,

"'Twas industry, honesty, and benevolence did it;" that of the other, "The Lord Nozquhat did it?"

Much as we know in these days, we probably know even less than formerly of that very extraordinary and mysterious personage we have now noticed, the Lord Nozquhat.

He is full brother to the Lord Nozoo, discovered by Mr Charles Dickens, to whose genealogical inquiries into the family we are indebted for some information not to be got in Burke. While we award that gentleman this merit, we claim some for ourselves for the discovery of his relation. We have made inquiry at the Lord Lyon, who says, that while he is fearfully tormented by "The Lord Nozoo," he is scarcely less so by "The Lord Nozquhat," who comes to him in various dresses and costumes, representing himself by all known mottoes—*virtus—decor—justitia—veritas*—and so forth, and when inquiry is made, no such attributes are found about him. To look at him, or speak to him, you would suppose that he is a veritable Titular going up slap to the Conquest; and he is always wanting to be matriculated, without having any feat of arms, or sycophancy, or cows, or bows, to stand for his importance and claim. You will see him in almost every caste in Edinburgh. Take a walk along Queen Street, Moray Place, Heriot Row, Royal Circus,—away out about Greenhill, Church Hill, Church Lane, or the

Grange, and look at the names on the plates, and make a little inquiry, and you will find him working his wonders like Jannes or Jambres, in a manner altogether different from anything they could accomplish in the olden times. It is needless to say that he is a disturber of castes, seeing he can even aspire to the success of making them span-new; and this he does by his Protean versatility, and most Promethean inspirations. Not to say that we absolutely hate him, for he seldom interferes with our really *bonâ fide* men, such as the Merchants, who, for the most part—at least among us—are very much independent of him, being humble in comparison of their wealth and acquirements.

To say the truth, with many faults, there is often a dash of romance about him, which renders him for a season agreeable, if not humorous and funny.

If he drive men to ruin, two or four-in-hand, it is often in *quod* style, and the articles of *virtù* he patronises for fine houses are worthy of the admiration of a dilettante. He lends his countenance also to fine vintages and costly furniture. But he can work in other ways, whispering his pedigree and relationship into the ears of beggars, who immediately begin to put on mighty airs, and pull away at the feet even of the Honeycombes, who, of course, despise him heartily; because, when they began to feel the inspiration of their caste, he was without the power he possesses now

Not to say, however, that they are independent of him, as scarcely any caste ever was, for he can lend an importance even to land, though what he displays his importance most in is *straw*. Of this he can make anything almost, beating it into paper diplomas, twisting it and casting it into the forms of men, so like the real genuine sons of Adam, that, if you were to deduct a most supercilious air and swaggering gait, you could scarcely tell the difference.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Shopkeepers.

"*Horatio*.— Is it a custom?

"*Hamlet*.—Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are two customs common to all nations that have ever yet appeared upon earth,—matrimonial and mercantile barter. One might expect that they would always have been kept distinct, yet we fear they have never been so at any time, except, perhaps, in the sunny days of the Golden Age, or in such a place as Arcadia; and even there, we suspect that the goatherd Thyrsis often recommended himself to his Amaryllis by the number of his flock, so that if there had been fewer goats there would have been fewer piping Benedicts. Now-a-days, at least, the two customs are so wonderfully interwoven, that we find the one barter—the matrimonial—has always something of the other in it; and, though the notion may appear whimsical, we may say, too, that no sooner does a man begin to transact the mercantile than he commences to think of the matrimonial. Accordingly, when a

Shopkeeper gets up his establishment of vendible articles, his plate-glass and revolving shutters, the notion of the commodity called a wife comes into his head almost as a natural consequence; and, on the other hand, if he has been fortunate or unfortunate enough to take a female partner before he commenced the other kind of traffic, his next step is to please her by "setting up" for himself.

We have been struck with the eternal connexion between the two kinds of barter, shopkeeping and wife-seeking: you may find wifeless barristers, wifeless ministers, wifeless artisans, but wifeless shopkeepers very seldom. Nor is it that the matrimonial barter is in any way absolutely necessary to the mercantile, for you may almost depend upon it that the respectable Shopkeeper will consider it altogether below his dignity to allow his partner to help him to draw the cash, however much he consents to allow her to spend it.

We are to observe something of this dignity of our Edinburgh Shopkeepers. In many respects we rather admire a proper professional pride; it is the expression of a man's true independence; but if the competition for shopocratic grandeur, as exhibited in our "Big Panes" and the rising "Little Panes," is to go on in the ratio of the last few years, we know not where it will stop. True to the character of all competing aspiration, they are already beginning to complain of the airs of the Honeycombes and the other castes, who press down

so heavily upon them in Edinburgh; not even forgetting the while that they get their custom. Certainly they live upon these upper classes, they bow to them from behind the counter, they are for the moment their very obedient servants, they fly to get chairs to them, and are often in a terror lest they allow a look or a word to interfere with the bland humility of their business devoirs. But mark themselves: they are also all striving to be great in their own shopocratic and domestic way, and our only difficulty is to distinguish between the one kind of pride and the other.

Turn to what they call their establishments. They have not yet renounced the word shop, but we have a notion that, like some others of our good old Saxon words, it will go the way of "haberdasher;" that most euphonic term, introduced with so much *éclat* by Mr John Neil, about the beginning of the century. There is a strong inclination towards the word "establishment," which, though rather sesquipedalian for the tongues of customers, is more expressive of that economic arrangement, whereby, now-a-days, the shop is divided into departments appropriated to certain kinds of goods, and contains grades of salesmen and saleswomen. Here are internal castes, the high and the low. The young "gentleman" set apart for velvets and silks, is not quite pleased if asked for winceys. The young "lady" appropriated to ribbons, will not condescend to "marabouts" or "flowers."

■

"Flowers" may be above "Pomponettes," "Pomponettes" flouts at "Trimmings," and she is a degree above "Buttons." Even among grocers we have a tendency to these counter castes. A certain housewife was told by a shopman, not long ago, that his department was *not* butter. In all likelihood the custom, as in the case of the haberdashers, will take to growth; and then "Tea" will have a better right to resist condescension to "Butter," as "Butter" will have nothing to do with "Cheese," and "Cheese" may think himself perfectly justified in looking contemptuously on "Stock-fish;" who, again, may draw a line between him and "Red-herrings."

Recurring to the haberdashers, we find other grades. The "cashier" is a wonderful official, altogether of modern invention. The salesman, like Robert Forsyth's client, who denied the receipt of a sum, on the ground that he despised the vulgar office of a custodier of money, is above "Cash," and "Cash" looks down on "Check," who keeps in his toils the salesman or saleswoman; and then they all acknowledge some mysterious superiority in bowing, smiling, simpering "Shopwalker." An establishment with sixty or a hundred such personages, divided into castes, is surely a great power, but what are we to think of the proprietor? You will seek for him up-stairs and down-stairs, and when you discover the "great mystery," you may feel very much as

you would after being led by "plush and hair powder" along a vestibule, up a stair, along a corridor, and into a gallery, where some great lord is looking at a Raphael worth two thousand pounds, and, turning slowly, regards his visitor as a living picture not worth a penny.

Such customs seem to be rendered necessary by the changes of society, or rather, like all other customs, they justify themselves.* Nor is it necessary that there should be pride in all this, although the tendency is undoubtedly towards the generation of a struggle and competition which is the badge of our day, and the source of envy, and many other unamiable feelings.† The Small Panes

* The haberdasher owes his cue to nature. Certainly there is a law in fashions, if one could but find it out. They have their cycles, like storms, and Poisson might calculate the periods of their recurrence. Invention or fancy there is none, for nothing is new. An old thing comes in again: the hoop comes round regularly in an aggravated circumference. But, if there be expansion in one quarter, be sure there will be contraction in another, for such compensations belong to the scheme of things. Thus, while the bonnet has been dwindling away, the petticoat has been expanding, engrossing, and pervading all space—the one being mathematically the complement to the other. While the bonnet is now hardly visible to the naked eye, the petticoat fills the view like a mountain of millinery, and thus the ebbs and flows of the two are as regular as those of the tides at opposite ends of the globe. When the one is waning the other is increasing, and so on. When bonnets were worn of the size of those figured in Kay, viz., considerably larger than coal-scuttles, but of the same fancy and figure, petticoats were so scanty and so short as to give assurance to the world that ladies had feet and ankles—a fact, the evidences of which have lately disappeared. And so it will be again. And when the enormity of the petticoat has exceeded all bounds of endurance, when things have come to such a pass, where pass is none, that one lady exclusively fills and occupies one smallish room, the thing will begin to shrink, and go to bonnet instead, and it will be all top, instead of what it is now, which is quite the reverse.

† The ridicule which is cast upon whoever deviates from an established custom, however trifling and foolish that custom may be, shews the de-

become conscious of the importance to society of the great shop element. They are all on the move to become of the great powers, *præstat invidiosum esse*; and if the emulation were merely in business there would be the less to regret, if not the more to admire, but unfortunately, we have to be reminded that the large men do not confine their

termination of society to exercise arbitrary sway over individuals. On the most insignificant as well as on the most important matters, rules are laid down which no one dares to violate, except in those extremely rare cases in which great intellect, great wealth, or great rank enable a man rather to command society than to be commanded by it. The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery; each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. How serious those penalties are, is evident from the fact that, though innumerable persons complain of prevailing customs and wish to shake them off, they dare not do so, but continue to practise them, though frequently at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune. Men, not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny. The consequences of this are injurious, not only to those who desire to be freed from the thralldom, but also to those who do not desire to be freed; that is to the whole of society. The first mischief is, that a sufficient number of experiments are not made respecting the different ways of living; from which it happens that the art of life is not so well understood as it otherwise would be. If society were more lenient to eccentricity, and more inclined to examine what is unusual than to laugh at it, we should find that many courses of conduct which we call whimsical, and which, according to the ordinary standard, are utterly irrational, have more reason in them than we are disposed to imagine. But while a country or an age will obstinately insist upon condemning all human conduct which is not in accordance with the manner or fashion of the day, deviations from the straight line will be rarely hazarded. We are, therefore, prevented from knowing how far such deviations would be useful. By discouraging the experiment, we retard the knowledge. On this account, if on no other, it is advisable that the widest latitude should be given to unusual actions, which ought to be valued as tests, whereby we may ascertain whether or not particular things are expedient. Of course the essentials of morals are not to be violated, and the public peace to be disturbed. But short of this, every indulgence should be granted. For progress depends upon change; and it is only by practising uncustomary things that we can discover if they are fit to become customary.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

greatness to the establishment; they seem to be all aware of the importance of that most ancient of all proverbs, reported by Hesiod, "When you make a home, leave nothing undone to make it complete;" and one greater to them than Hesiod, even the wife, hints pretty broadly at the same thing. Just look along the suburbs of our city and see these mansions. Get over the threshold if you can—for the *cave canem* of exclusiveness is here also—and view the shining mahogany, the Turkey carpets, the six-feet chevals and the piers, the costly pictures, the elegantly bound books, and all the rest;—most of them belong to the aristocratic Shopkeepers. And, if this were all, we would not yet have much cause for complaint. Surely a man is not to be blamed for loving the fine arts in his own house, if he is able to purchase good specimens; nay, the tendency, even were it a passion, is not an unhealthy one, and we know that many of these men possess superior intellects, have received a good education, and are often gifted with taste. And why not? The very Muses are professional, and if a man may sell the commodities that come of their inspiration, he may surely retain some for himself.

But, unfortunately, the men who are able must be imitated by those who are not able. Shopocracy has its castes, its emulation, its envy. There is something about a shop altogether peculiar. It has a sign; it is an advertisement. The man

himself is, as it were, stuck up outside—*symbolum orbis*; of necessity he has about him a certain amount of publicity, if he does not consider himself a kind of power in the body politic.* Independently of his own promptings, there are too many damsels delighted that “nature has made them such a man,” to allow him to escape; nor does he want; but the tendency of counter-gallantry would make him succumb to a modern fine lady,—that is, one who has learned to play “Nid Noddin” on the piano, at the expense of the art and inclination to cook a steak,—rather than to a useful one of the old school. Then comes the house to hold her, and the furnishings to please her, and the servant, perhaps two, to wait upon her. Next comes the obliviousness that the shop-till ought to wait upon the shop-bill, and the tendency to make the shop-bill wait upon the house-bill; and lastly, this last bill is so liable to be enlarged in many ways,—for what is the use (he comes to find) of a fine house if no one sees it? Not only is it of no

* The pride of being able to effect sales belongs to the instinct of barter, apparently connatural, because it is a form of selfishness. It shews itself in strange ways. The father of the celebrated Dr Chalmers, says Mr Connolly, was chief magistrate and a considerable cloth merchant in the burgh of Easter Anstruther. That burgh raised a company of volunteers, in the year 1803, when the fear of a French invasion was everywhere entertained, and upon a discussion arising, in which the Town Council and neighbouring lairds took a part, whether the colour of the uniform should be red or blue, Bailie Chalmers, himself an officer in the corps, and who was shrewdly suspected of having on hand a large quantity of cloth of the latter colour, suggested that “they should just tak the *due*, for it was mair peaceable like;” upon which the laird of Innergelly (Mr Lumsdaine) remarked, “Ye’re very richt, Bailie, for it wadna be an easy matter to mak ye *waur* like.”

use—it becomes positively painful, for it seems all to be lost; the heart yearns for the grandeur being appreciated, and “parties” are the legitimate mean of accomplishing this; but these will not condescend to bring their incenses unless they are bribed by dinners, wines, and *bombons*. Nor is all the evil included in the bankruptcies which have called into being these trade protection societies. Alas! many other evils are generated before the grand smash.* The children have been inoculated with

* Bankruptcies are now so common among all classes of the community, and productive of such wide-spread misery, that any measure which could be devised to lessen the evil would be hailed as a public benefit. Much good has resulted from the public examination of the bankrupt, and the certainty of having to undergo such an examination exercises a wholesome influence upon parties premeditating bankruptcy. In addition to this *exposé* we would suggest a return to a good old custom of our ancestors, that of making it compulsory on the bankrupt to wear a peculiar dress, and—though we would not recommend the rotten eggs—perhaps to sit in a public place for an hour or two. It is well known that there has existed in Scotland, immemorially, the action of *Cessio Bonorum*, by which, on surrendering his property to his creditors, a debtor gets liberation from imprisonment. It was of old accompanied by the provision that the bankrupt, or *dyvour* (*devoir*), as he was called in Scotch law language, should wear a dress, thence named the *dyvour's habit*. The Court of Session passed various enactments on the subject, and prescribed, in particular, that it should be “a coat or upper garment, which is to cover the party's clothes, body, and arms, whereof the one half is to be of a yellow and the other of a brown colour; and a cape or hood, which they are to wear on their head, particoloured as said is, with uppermost hose on his legs, half brown, half yellow, conform to a pattern given to the Magistrates of Edinburgh.” This dress was required to be assumed before the liberation was allowed; and it was provided that “the Magistrates cause take the dyvour to the mercat-cross betwixt 10 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon with the foresaid habit, where he is to sit upon the Dyvour Stone the space of ane hour, and then to be dismissed; and ordains the dyvour to wear the said habit in all time thereafter: and in case he be found wanting or disguising the samen, he shall lose the benefit of the *Bonorum*.”

These enactments were made at different periods of the seventeenth century; but by the latest (in 1688) the dress was allowed to be dispensed

the spirit of caste in their very earliest years. They have grown up with it in their blood. They are small "blue-veins" among the "gutter-bloods;" little gentlemen and ladies among the keelies; and the females, when in their turn they marry a counter-louper, must play Garrick's farce over again.

This hot and seething competition of small greatness must be kept up by the natural means, and here we feel inclined to become a little severe. If we examine the inside of these establishments, we find certain influences which are spreading effects not over-healthy for the body politic. It is often enough remarked that our young women are more "dressy" than they used to be. Perhaps these self-willed creatures have always been adroit enough to know the value of personal decoration. They think they can fix a pearl ring in a man's nose more easily than a plain pinchbeck one. The trick is as old as the Bible, and they know that no amount of education will open man's eyes to it. But it rightly enough lies with us to inquire whence come the means; and as we are at a loss to know this in the case of the humbler ranks, we nod our heads and look very mysterious, just as if we were thinking of the social evil.

with "in cases of innocent misfortune, liquidly (clearly) proven." After this the enforcement of the law was waived in all cases excepting three, which occurred in the middle of last century, where the debtors had been engaged in smuggling. Up to the reign of William IV., however, when the "dyvour's habit" was abolished by statute, a dispensation with it was formally moved for to the court in every case by the bankrupt's counsel, and was always included in the warrant of liberation.

Now, we are very suspicious that a great part of the fault lies at the door of the haberdashers, and that, too, we admit, without their being very much to blame. Certainly they are the modern serpents among these Eves.* One would think that they were eternally weaving charms to throw glamour over the susceptible eyes of these admiring and often admirable creatures, who, Heaven knows, are already by nature sufficiently inclined to be of plumage without song, and pretty blossoms without fruit. Indeed, we doubt if there is yet to be found one in a thousand who would not swap even the most delightful novel in her blue-painted chest, composed of some sixty numbers of one penny each, and containing two or three very bloody murders, several midnight marriages, and one great suspended mystery to be revealed in the last number, for a flaming ribbon to match the duck of a bonnet bought out of her last wages. But she saw it in a window; and who does not

* SHOPPING AND A SHOPMAN.—Shopping? What a bore! I grant you, shopping is at times a bore, especially if you go to shop with ladies. A man is never more out of his element than when he enters the haberdasher's. There you stand, perhaps, at the shop door, for the time a discarded appendage—a mere fag-end of humanity—whilst your fair friends plunge into the mysteries of silks, satins, laces, and *mousselines de laine*, winding up with the purchase of a yard of bobbin or a pennyworth of pins. I have admired the patience of a Job, but am astounded at the endurance of a shopman. And yet, is patience his only virtue? Verily, as Madame de Staël said of Bonaparte, "He is a system, not a man;" a regular combination of physical and moral excellences. The labour of a Hercules, the winged heels of Mercury, the lying versatility of Œdipus, the eloquence of Cicero, the good looks of Ganymede, the craft of Ulysses, the polish of a Paris,—are all mere items in the composition of a perfect shopman.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

know that window-dressing is a great art of modern times? Young men who become famous for it are in demand as sons of genius. Their masters know their worth; but the temptation does not stop here. Those peripatetic *ménages* called the "club trade," or middle men, who stand between the shopkeeper and the poorer customers, who can only pay a shilling per week or month for the gown which is wearing on their backs as fast as the pocket empties, or rather as the debt set against the coming wage increases, are a part of the great scheme formed against the unfortunate female class. This traffic, to the honour of the larger shops, is confined to the smaller, and does not extend to one half the length we find in some of the manufacturing towns, such as Glasgow or Dundee.

But there is another system, which embraces all our shops with only one or two exceptions, and that is the system of "tinges," "spiffs," or "skran," as the bonuses are called. The shopman or shopwoman is bribed, with a premium on certain articles, to "push." The art of pushing is the grand *sine qua non* in counter officials. They must push or be pushed. If they fail to effect sales, they are too often, alas! discharged. It is of no use for a saleswoman to reclaim against a judgment of the shopocrat adverse to her success, that she does her best—poor soul!—and the customers won't succumb. The test is the quantity she sells,

and if that is small, notwithstanding of her "spiffs," she is judged as incapable of circumventing, tantalising, bamboozling, charming, glamouring, or humbugging the people who happen to appear at her part of the counter. But it is the people who are really the sufferers. Servants are drawn within the verge of the snake's eye of charming influence.* Wives are made treacherous

* Mr Samuel Warren, in his charge already referred to, offers some good remarks on the dresses of servants:—"Gentlemen, I ask you whether any observant person can walk the streets of our cities and towns on Sundays, when shoals of servant-girls are abroad, without feelings of pity and disgust! Slipping out of front-doors, and sneaking out of areas, may be seen kitchen and scullery-maids, aping the absurdities of their superiors in station, with lace or make-believe lace petticoats, crinoline, kid gloves, parasols, and preposterous head-dresses. What must be passing through their minds as they strut along thus dismally bedizened, inviting imputations on their character? Whence come the funds to supply this paltry finery? They fall an easy prey to the profigate, and disable themselves from resisting the opportunity of robbing their mistresses and masters. Gentlemen, you know, and if you do not, I do, that I am here touching an evil of a serious and rapidly-increasing magnitude—one sapping the foundation of virtue and character in a great and indispensable class of society. But you will say, What is the remedy for it? Why, I will tell you. First of all, let their betters cease to set them an example of a preposterous and paltry love of finery, which they themselves are often as little able to afford as their inferiors—at all events, without shamefully and cruelly wasting the means of husbands and fathers. Let mistresses steadily and resolutely set their faces against finely-dressed servants. A general combination, with this view, in even a month or two, would be of incalculable importance. Do not let quickly cast-off fashionable clothing be given to servants, but be otherwise and charitably disposed of. Let lords and ladies—let gentle and simple—in their respective spheres of influence, inaugurate a more rational and wholesome state of things with reference to education, and then we may have a chance of again seeing that charming feature of an English domestic establishment—a worthy, trustworthy female servant. It is from the class of silly, light-headed, misled, miseducated young women of whom I have been speaking, that the ranks of vice are incessantly and largely recruited, of which, from my judicial experience, I could give you heart-rending instances and illustrations."

Hear what a dame of the old school says in regard to servants:—"Ser-

to their economical obligations due to their husbands. Daughters are rendered undutiful by breaking through the filial obligation of obedience, and thus the evil looks a little serious even before it blurts out in the shape of an item in the accounts of a bankrupt's expenditure. But then, on the other hand, fine houses are kept up on such systems, grandeur thrives on victims, and victims bleed on the glittering shrine.

Yet withal we are only mild critics. Everything has a sufficient reason, as Leibnitz says; that is, as regards the individual, however it may fare with public morality. We would rather be curious in characters than in systems.

There are many excellent men Shopkeepers; in

vants are no noo what I mind them ance. I am owre auld to serve noo, ye ken; for I was a servant for about fifty years, and I was jist in three places a' that time. My maister and mistress were baith faither and mither to me. Their guid's and their gude name were as precious to me as my ain. I never thoct o' leaving them. We hadna great wages to be sure; but if we were clean and decent we didna care about being braw, and trying to be like fine ladies, wi' silk gowns and flounces, and parasols, and ribbons, and falderalls. The same Sunday claes served us for mony a day; and we helped our puir friends wi' siller noos and thens, to pay the rent, or schule their bairns; and were aye putting some past for the stormy day. But we had mony a thing better than siller—we had a *name* in the family; and we kent a' the folk, auld and young; and we watched the lads and lasses frae the cradle to the bridal—aye, and maybe to the grave; and we kent a' the folk that cam about the big house; and we liked them, and they liked us. Hech! it was blithe and heartsome to work for them that were jist as our ain folk. But noo, pity me! they hire servants for a month! and they gang fleeing about frae house to house, and frae toun to toun, caring nae mair about maister or mistress than about them they never set eyes on; and, what's as bad, the maister or mistress cares little for them; if the wark is dune it's eneuch! Eh! it's a sair division *that* in families!"—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine*.

the main their characters will bear any fair scrutiny, and perhaps we have been striking at great exceptional tendencies more than at generalities. If the Shopkeeper loves a good house, fine furniture, and a showy wife, it is the consequence of something he feels in him as a public man. We have said he is naturally an important personage. He comes in contact with the big and the little. He chaffers, he talks, he bows, he simpers, he measures his powers of persuasion against a lord or a lady's powers of resistance. He conquers, and he often despises the conquered, because he knows, and knows truly, that they only *condescend* to allow themselves to be charmed by him and his vendibles. He is, above all, a very progressive personage, almost always a Liberal of some kind, for he feels that his nature requires an outlet on the other side of that where he is pressed by the necessity of a submissive fealty or obedience to haughty customers. The ballot is his god, and through his influence it will sooner or later be carried, for he must strive for liberty against the bondage of an obligation to those on whom he lives.

There are also elements of unhappiness in his business. The dreaded "fourth" of the month comes upon him like an armed man,—trade has been dull, his bills are payable, his credit is at stake, and he is short of the "needful." The "black list" may either stare him in the face or loom in the distance, but his dishonoured bills, once

recorded there, his credit is cracked as china that has received a flaw.* If he glories in publicity, the Shopkeeper must, like the spider, spread his web every day over his windows, and trust to an Ausonian breeze from Melbourne Place; but the day is rainy, and there are no blue bottles abroad, and he watches in his close retreat behind in vain, —pushing his head out every now and then, and drawing it in again. Some naturalists assert that the spider when he can catch nothing eats up again his old web. So, too, he of the shop is often obliged to become his own customer; but he cannot, like the spider, eat only what is his own, for unhappily the materials of his web did not issue from,

* At a select party in Edinburgh of "bein bodies," there were an ancient couple present who had made a competency in a small shop in town, and had retired from business, leaving their only son as successor in the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. But John, after a few years, had failed in the world, and his misfortunes became the theme of discourse:—*Mrs A.*—"Dear me, Mrs. H., I wonder your Johnnie did sae ill in the same shop you did sae weel in." *Mrs H.*—"Hoot, woman, it's nae wonder at a'." *Mrs A.*—"Weel, how did it happen?" *Mrs H.*—"I'll tell ye how it happened. Ye maun ken, when Tam and me began to merchandise, we took parritch night and morning, and kail to our dinner. When things grew better we took tea to our breakfast. And weel, woman, the age mended, and we sometimes coft a lamb-leg for a Sunday dinner, and before we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie [fowl], we were doing sae weel. Now ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandise, he began wi' the chuckie first."

Too many, like Johnnie, begin with the chuckie first, or life at the very point which their parents had attained just when they were upon the eve of quitting it. The good old Scotch economy is curiously illustrated by the fact that Lord Erskine's father, the tenth Earl of Buchan, brought up a numerous family, in an upper flat of the old town of Edinburgh, on an income of about £200 per annum—giving all his children a good education, and mixing in the best society of the capital.

however much they may enter into, him, to be consumed and to leave a wreck behind.*

* Why do we, plain Presbyterians, allow the Catholics to take precedence of us in a reform of our dressing extravagance? Listen:—"A council of bishops has just assembled at Perigneux, in the south of France, and has fulminated a decree against expensive habits in dress, which has created quite an excitement among the belles of the place. 'We can comfort them,' said the journal of the place, 'with the assurance that, as the decrees of the council cannot go into operation until they have received the sanction of Rome, at least eighteen months must elapse before they will be carried out.' In a city of Belgium, extravagance has assumed such alarming proportions that the ladies themselves were obliged to combine for the purpose of arresting its disastrous progress. It was noticed no marriages were contracted, since the young men, frightened at the bills that loomed up in the distance, preferred to live in celibacy. The mothers have resolved to bring about a salutary reform, and with this view they have formed a committee which meets once a-week. They have declared open war with extravagance, and every member announces publicly the retrenchments made in her household expenses. They say that happy results have already been obtained, and that similar associations are to be formed in the neighbouring towns."—*Courier des Etats Unis*.

CHAPTER XX.

The Brokers.

“ He has a fouth o’ auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin’ jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid ;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,
Before the flood.”
BURNS.

OTHER towns in the kingdom can boast of their stockbrokers, their shipbrokers, and insurance-brokers, but to Edinburgh belongs the class of *the* Brokers. And although they generally deal in old and second-hand things, do not, we entreat of you, despise them, as you may be apt to do, both from the personal appearance of the worthies themselves, and from the not very attractive outsides of their emporia. You cannot better remove any prejudices inclined to blind you to the merits of these people, than by taking a walk along the Cowgate, and entering their *omne-gatherums*, where you will find something very much beyond your expectations. These are curiosity-shops in more senses than one—or rather, they are curiosity warerooms, calculated to raise some historical and economical considerations. These places, often extending far

back, and occupying storey above storey, and now packed to the ceiling with such a polymixia of household articles, were, not so long yet, the dining-rooms, and bed-rooms, and parlours of the grandees of the last century. You cannot help thinking that some old aristocratic-looking cabinet, with its strange carvings, had, after its removal to the New Town, found its way back to its former site opposite the enamelled fire-place. Nor could you avoid imagining, in a poetical way, what the dryad who stuck to the oak tree when it came a hundred years ago from Cadzow, and doubtless maintains some dry life in that cabinet still, could say, if, like Le Sage's lumheads, she would condescend to speak all she knew. But could there be any doubt that the poor spirit's tears would choke her in her degradation, when, from once being peered into by the pretty eyes of a lord's daughter, and having confided to her care the bridal jewels, she is now smothered by a mattress, jostled by a timber stool, or surmounted by a bidet?

There are thousands of pounds piled up in these places, and in such confusion, that you could not suppose that any one could find his way to an article in less than an hour. And who is the proprietor? You will see sitting in a corner an Irish woman with a brown cotton gown, a tawdry shawl, and, perhaps, a straw bonnet, looking like one worth the value of these habiliments, and per-

haps that woman is the proprietor—the Broker. If not, it will be her husband, who, in appearance and attire, is her very counterpart. But the real broker is verily the woman, though she may have a husband who does not neglect his part of the business, and there are many who have no husbands, and who thus prove the capabilities of females in this peculiar trade. Then it is a prominent feature of this class, that they usually begin with the merest trifle of capital, perhaps a pound or two. They are emphatically, “women who have risen,” and risen, too, from “small beginnings.” One of them, whose name we could mention, and who can now shew her packed ware-rooms, with the value of hundreds of pounds in them, began by a little peripatetic huckstering in the way of disposing of a ring or two to ladies on whom she called, and by which she realised, in the course of a short time, some pounds. These she laid out on chairs, from chairs she got to beds, from beds to sideboards, until now she may be seen at Dowells and Lyon’s taking out a bunch of notes, from which, without exhausting it, she can count out her thirty or forty pounds for a day’s purchase.

No doubt, as we have said, these warerooms are wonderful museums of sociology, but we would be under a great mistake if we were to consider those industrious collectors as actuated either by curiosity or antiquarianism in their purchases. Never

did customer know better what can be turned to account. The great object they strain for, is to procure those things which are necessary. They look shy at luxurious articles, and will scarcely be tempted, even by cheapness, to meddle much with superfluities.* Neither are they fond of such things as require much care to preserve, or keep shining; not antiquarians, they care little for curious old relics; and not dilettantes, they pay little attention to things of *virtú*. We hear occasionally of persons discovering curiosities of furniture in these shops, but the cases are certainly exceptional to

* They are, in this respect, very unlike a certain broker in Aberdeen, who, so far as we know, is still alive, and who was famous in the north for the multifarious character of his stock. It used to be said of him, that you could scarcely be in fault in applying to him for anything needed by man; and this fame was the cause of a bet between two gentlemen, one of whom asserted, that his friend could not condescend upon an article within the limits of man's use but he would find it in the broker's store. Thus put to it, the friend fixed upon a bathing-machine, expecting, no doubt, that he would win the bet; but his opponent was not discomfited even by this most unlikely postulate, and they adjourned to the broker's:—"Well, Mr —, have you such a thing as a bathing-machine about you?" The Aberdonian looked meditatively, and, after working with his hands among the wrinkles of his brow, "Weel," said he, "I'm nae sheer but I hae," and leading his friends up a long tortuous close, he pointed out to them a marine vehicle of the kind wanted.

If strange things are sold, strange things are as often bought. Sometime ago Lord Panmure made a present of two Sebastopol guns to the town of Aberdeen, and these were placed in a public part of the city. One day a Highlander was busy examining the cannon; when a stranger who stood alongside of him remarked that they were for sale at the low price of thirty shillings. It is well known that the Highlanders like a bargain, and Donald, thinking, probably, he could sell them again to advantage, immediately closed with the offer, and actually paid the stranger, who he thought was the proprietor, the money. Next day he brought his cart and horse to take away his property, and was, of course, very soon disabused of his confidence in his good bargain, swearing a terrible oath, that if he had "ta tam Sassenach in ta belly of ta gun he wad plaw him to London."

the practice of the real broker, who has sense enough to know that she or he has no judgment of what goes beyond the usual routine of a household. We know of one well-authenticated instance of a thing of secret value having been picked up in these stores. As the story goes, Mr Grant, an apothecary in Broughton Street, was, while walking along the Cowgate, struck with an old, dingy-looking painting hung up at the side of a door along with some wretched engravings. Being a connoisseur, he observed something about the picture which satisfied him that there was beneath the dirt of probably a century or two, some features which, if developed, might impart to it a new face, and, after several calls, he secured the article for a mere trifle, which the broker said was the value of its frame. After all, he had doubts whether he had not thrown his money away; but jack-of-all-trades as he was, he set about cleansing it his own way, and was soon delighted to see gradually coming out the most beautiful forms and exquisite tints of an old master. We forget the name of the artist, but he could not have been an indifferent one whose work realised a sum of £360.

But some twenty years ago there was current a story of romance connected with the Cowgate and its Brokers. There happened to be a sale of the furniture of a house which had been for some time locked up. It had belonged to a Mrs Grier-son, the sister of a bachelor, who had died long

before, and who had been succeeded by the sister, in so far as regards the furniture, but whose effects otherwise had been taken possession of by a nephew, who had long before emigrated to America. At this sale, a certain female broker bought an old bureau chest of drawers, for a very small sum of money, with the intention of getting her husband to furbish it up and give it a modern look, in the way the brokers are well qualified to do. The man set to work, and in the course of scrubbing the inside, started a spring, whereby there opened before him a secret drawer, so placed that no one could have suspected that there was even room for it. Within this drawer there was an old document, written in very pale ink, and in so cramped a hand that the discoverer could make nothing of it; but there was included in this paper something which he could understand better—a lock of hair, so bleached by damp and time that one could not tell whether it had belonged to a young person or an old one. The broker, urged by curiosity, took the writ to a lawyer, who, on deciphering it, found that it was a holograph settlement, written many years back, by a William Grieve, who was the brother of Mrs Grierson. Having been composed by himself, it was whimsical and garrulous, setting forth that whereas he had at an early period loved a certain Helen Harrison, and, prompted by the devil, had broken his troth, whereby he had been miserable for many

a day, he had resolved upon leaving her the sum of £2000, to keep her and cheer her in her maiden old age. It was befitting that some doggrel should, in addition, give evidence of the old flame which had so long smouldered in his breast; and so, upon the back of the will were these lines, which are not without a little pathos in their ruggedness :—

“I have left you this token
Of a heart that is broken ;
And thus I have bought ye,
For the ills that I brought ye ;
And the hair that was gowden,
With gold shall be bowden,
When I shall be sleeping
In Jesus' own keeping.”

From some inquiries afterwards made, it appeared that the poor “lorn Helen” had outlived her false and yet true swain some fifteen years, in great misery, and had at last died in the West Church Poorhouse. The will had never been discovered, and the nephew, realising the means, had emigrated to America.

Whatever doubt there may be of the authenticity of such stories, there is none as to the circumstances that the Brokers often have brought back upon them the same article which has thus gone through the ordeal of several bankrupt sales. The more curious members have stories of these returned waifs.* We have heard of one who described an

* But they do not return with the same disappointment that attended the Dundee writer and his wife. The story goes that a certain man of the law, whose name is, doubtless, known in “the bonny town,” on coming home one night to his tea, was told by his wife that she had been making

arm-chair as having been three times in his possession—having, in the interval, sustained softly the bodies of two successive professors, one of whom was Professor Leslie. In all likelihood, that chair is still going the round, perhaps now softening the joints of some weary drayman, as he sits of an evening by the fire, with his first-born on his knee, in place of ameliorating the cares of the “scientific Cupid,” as he thought that the dye by which he used to stain his red hair had never brought him this enjoyment by securing for him a wife.*

One who likes to look at character will find in

a purchase. “No doubt, a bargain,” said he, “you’re a hand at bargains; What is it?” “Indeed, a real bargain,” replied she, proudly,—“a carpet for the parlour, which we have been long in need of. You see what it is to have a thrifty wife. When you are gaining, I am haining. Look at that, and say what I have given for it.” “And what did you give for it?” inquired he, looking curiously at it. “Just 30s.,” was the answer, with a chuckle of self-satisfaction. “Why, my dear,” said he, “that is my old office carpet, which I sold last week to John Dowie for 7s. 6d.”

* The professor was altogether a curiosity—a little rotund pig-shaped man, possessed of great personal vanity, which might have been appropriately transferred to his really beautiful experiments in natural philosophy. His trick of dyeing his red hair might have been excused, at least, on these occasions when he wished to act Cupid among his lady-class of chemistry, and if he had performed the operation with success; but unfortunately, he sometimes appeared with one side of his head almost pure red, the other deep purple, and the front black. It was the ladies who nicknamed him Cupid. Strangely enough, he combined with this conviction that his personal qualities were very destructive to the peace of ladies, a habit of philosophical carelessness of dress. One day two gentlemen were walking after him in Leith Street, when he was observed to have a long piece of oleaginous tape dangling at his heel. “Shall we tell him of it?” said one. “Not at all,” said the other, “I will curb no man in his legitimate pride. The professor knows as well that that piece of tape is dangling behind him as the cow knows it has a tail.” “With this difference,” replied the other, “that while he wishes, by exhibiting his tail, to shew the people he is ruminating, the cow uses her tail to help rumination by switching off gnats.”

these industrious people several points. You cannot go in to buy without being struck by an easy indifference almost approaching to lethargy. Though most of them are Irish, you will find that a sufficiency of means has worn off the edges of their national peculiarities—no palming—pressing and chaffering: the articles are there, and if you want them, offer for them. Nor are their high profits any stimulant to their desire to sell. They will put a price of eight pounds upon a sideboard bought at five, but the increase is justified by their luck in the purchase; they know it is fair; they are satisfied that if you do not buy another will, and they can afford to retain it till a purchaser casts up. In this respect they form a perfect contrast to many of the shopkeepers, whose servility is only equalled by their importunity. In so far, they are not very *interesting* merchants; but see them under the influence of their strong *esprit de corps*, as they sit round the table, below the auctioneer, and you will find them there in character. It is then that their native humour breaks out, but so quiet and pawky that you would mistake it for Scotch. The wise outsiders look upon them as sages in bargain-buying, and some good housewives—few they are, indeed—who know how to buy at auctions, consider themselves safe in the wake of a broker's offer; yet, so wary are these regular traders, that there is seldom much peril in going a good way beyond their bodes. But woe

to the ignorant or reckless ruiners of their husbands, who go to these resorts, determined to gratify their desires for an envied article. The folly as it flies is then the sport of these female merchants of the Cowgate.

"That lady's husband has a mint at his own home."

"Ay, she'll be coming to me to-morrow, and offering me that table at a profit of two pounds, and, by my soul, I'll make three by it."

"It was her great-grandmother's, woman, and she is buying it back again for an heirloom."

"She may put silver plate on it, lass, for it's all silver together."

"I sold it at Whitsunday was a year, but the sides o' the crack in the middle have made up matters and grown thegither again."

Yet, all in good humour this, and not intended for the ear of the unfortunate purchaser, if we may not even give them the credit of admitting, that, however shy they may be to the knowing housewives, whom they mark as cutting them often out of a good bargain, they will not hesitate to give an inexperienced hand a very candid estimate of the value of any article she may be examining before the auction commences.

These decent, and, in many cases, hearty and sonsie women, are as necessary to the auctioneer as a crowd is to a fiddler. They are his security against a ruinous sale arising from a deficient

company, and they good-naturedly consent to be the butts of his jokes, for what is an auctioneer without a dash of Joe-Millerism? One of our most successful knights of the ivory hammer, Mr L——,* has a happy knack in this way. Sometimes he calls them "ladies," an imputation they take very kindly, probably reconciled to it by the weight of their purses. Then he will warn one who has made an inordinately cheap purchase that she is ruining herself. Whereupon another will offer the purchaser two pounds of profit to comfort her in her distress. Nor is the joking finished, for the next article bought by the unfortunate trafficker, at an equally low price, will make up the loss of the prior one. Perhaps they do not know—but if they did they would care little—that there is a widow standing behind. She is the proprietor of these things, and they are sold to pay her husband's debts. She might wonder and

* Glory to the hammer! It now equals, in the prerogative, the sceptre itself. It was solemnly stated in the House of Lords sometime ago, by counsel in the Berkeley Peerage case, that if our friend Mr Samuel Donkin, or any other knight of the hammer, were selling the Berkeley barony by auction, they would confer the title, along with it, upon the purchaser. We quote the *Times*:—

"Lord St LEONARDS, during the course of the learned counsel's argument, asked whether a stranger purchasing the lands of the barony would take the title?

"Mr FLEMING said he had no doubt but that a person purchasing the entire lands of the barony would take the title.

"Lord BROUGHAM asked what would become of the title in case of the sale of the entire barony under bankruptcy?

"Mr FLEMING said, in pursuance of his argument, he must contend that the purchase of the entire barony, even under a sale in bankruptcy, would take the title!"

weep that Fate took on the form of the red-eyed Até, when she so ruthlessly deprived her of the husband of her affections; and she has now to wonder and weep again that the same Fate assumes the piebald aspect of Momus, and, laughing, whispers in her ear that the tragedy or comedy the world loves best to act is that called,—“One man’s misfortune is another man’s triumph.”

The knights of the three balls also abound in Edinburgh. Of their early history it has been said, that at one time there came from Lombardy a company of wealthy merchants, who lent money, in any sums, large or small, provided they were paid a most exorbitant interest for the accommodation. Shortly after they placed their arms, which happened to be three brass balls, over the counting-house, and, from this circumstance, pawn-brokers, who also regard themselves as money-lenders, adopted the same as a sign. Common people, however, deny this account of the origin of the sign, and affirm that the three brass balls are merely an emblem of there being two chances to one against their redeeming whatever is pledged.

Another class, with which the regular brokers are not to be confounded, are the trogan-mongers, men and women who will buy anything, from a bushel of old pill-boxes, or a dozen of old barbers’ blocks, up to the *fracta membra* of an old wind-mill. They are the *scarabæi* of society, that bury dead mice to lay their eggs in the putrient bodies—

the dog-scavengers who turn up dung-hills for old joints. Nor are they useless; for while the brokers counterbalance the evils of improvidence by filling up the goblet of prudence, these distil a few drops from the shrivelled parings of economy to add a drop to the cup of want.

Of "old clo'," who is different again, we might say much, were he not stereotyped. We have little to charge him with, except that air of confidence with which he whispers his secret into the ears of gentlemen, as if it were a sin to have old cast-off garments.* He too, indeed, has his good points; for were he not to ply his calling so assiduously, many a worn-out mechanic would lack the Chesterfield wherein he makes love to his Jenny; and many a decent decayed tradesman would excuse himself from going to church, for the reason that he could not appear decently in the temple of God. Yet he plays strange tricks, transforming very plain people into dandies, and old dandies into seedy potwallopers with swallow-tails.

* The late Professor John Wilson had a horror of "old clo'." On one occasion, when coming from his class, he was accosted at the Register Office by one of those gentlemen, who, sidling up to him, asked him, in the old confidential way, "Have you any old cast-off garments, sir?" "No," replied the Professor, imitating his confidence in a kind of whisper, "no, my dear fellow—have you?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The Conglomerates.

“Pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, and cries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
Made up a tumult that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.”

Inferno, iii., 22.

At the bottom of these strata there is a mass of *débris* huddled together, and cemented by mud, shewing us stones that have been worn and rounded by having been rolled about in the angry surges of life, broken pieces of molluscs, with here and there some less abraded and shattered, so that they bear something of the form they once bore when the sun shone on them, and they contained living, breathing, moving organisms.*

* The best account we have of the wynds of Edinburgh, is that published some years ago by Dr George Bell. He was accompanied by a lord and two professors:—"Under the guidance of a very intelligent criminal officer we visited a great variety of places, our object being to see the people when they were together. This can only be done at night when they are all housed. We saw large samples of every section of the plebeian class. It is impossible to describe the scenes in the High Street and the closes which open upon it on either side. The eye can refract them, but the mind refuses to absorb them. A very little is more than enough to constitute the subject of the gravest and most painful reflection."—*Day and Night*.

Hugh Miller thus briefly puts Blackfriars' Wynd and its past inhabitants

An old town and a new town—the one rising out of the other, as it were, is no uncommon thing.

and history in juxtaposition with those of the present day as described by Dr Bell :—

“Of all the ancient closes of Edinburgh, Blackfriars' Wynd is one of the largest and most imposing, and there are none of the others which figure so prominently in history. It formed for 500 years one of the most aristocratic districts of the capital. Here the Earls of Morton lived, and the princely St Clair, Earl of Orkney, whose lady was waited upon ‘by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold.’ Here also lived the Lords Home, and the proud Archbishop Beaton; and here in later days resided the good Lady Lovat; and here one of the two fashionable Edinburgh boarding-schools was situated,—the duplicate of that at which the mother of Sir Walter Scott was taught to curtsy and play on the spinnet. Here, too, stood the places of worship of the two extreme ecclesiastical parties in Scotland, which at the Revolution the Establishment failed to include,—the Cameronians on the one hand, and the Episcopalians on the other. It was in the Episcopalian Chapel of Blackfriars' Wynd that Dr Johnson, accompanied by Boswell, attended divine service during his visit to Edinburgh. Famous events, too, have occurred on the narrow area of the Wynd. Here it was that some of the fiercest fighting occurred in that affair between Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and Douglas, Earl of Angus, which was long after known as ‘Cleanse the Causeway;’ and here the poet Bishop of Dunkeld, Gawin Douglas, told the Archbishop of Glasgow, who had armed himself for the fray, and set his armour a-ringing by striking his breast in appealing to Heaven, that he was to have nothing to do with it,—that his ‘conscience clattered;’ and here in the succeeding reign, in the midst of a fierce *mêlée*, the Earl of Bothwell stabbed to the heart Sir William Stuart; and here Mitchell the Covenanter shot at Archbishop Sharpe, but, missing his aim, merely winged the Bishop of Orkney; and here, in a much later age, the physical-force Protestants of the Gordon mob gutted a Popish chapel. The appearance of the place, though decay has been busy during the last half century, and barbarous innovation busier still, continues to speak of a venerable antiquity sorely reduced; and it still bears about it the marks of a decent religious profession. Inscriptions in raised letters still preach to passengers in the Saxon tongue of three centuries ago, and testify that ‘THE . FEIR . OF . THE . LORD . IS . THE . BEGYNNING . OF . AL . VISDOMS;’ or confess God—‘BLISSIT . IN . ALL . HIS . GIFTS;’ or testify to the piety of the original founders—‘IN . THE . LORD . IS . MY . HOPE;’ while in the interior of the houses, panelled walls, and occasionally a carved chimney or marble hearth, shew, amid squalor and filth, that when the inhabitants thought more of the future life than they do now, they enjoyed more of the good things of the present. It does seem strange, when one thinks of it, how

It is just the normal mode of improvement, as we call it, or rather just the old juxtaposition of the baron's castle, and the mud huts which clung to it for defence. The mud huts contained persons who were often grateful to the great lord for more than protection, if, indeed, he would not recognise them on the way as fellow-beings; but our modern great lords, being satisfied that, as our town clergyman often tells us, the rich and the poor will all meet in heaven at last, they see no use for anticipating that happy meeting here on earth.

entirely the localities of the dangerous classes have changed in Scotland during the last century. It is only a hundred and five years since Edinburgh was captured by the rebel Highlanders,—fighting men reared in the wilds of Badenoch and Lochaber, who, as shewn in the outbursts of 1715 and 1745, could convulse a kingdom at pleasure, and embroil its Government; and the classes which formed emphatically the ballast of the country were to be found in the hearts of its greater cities, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow, inhabiting the closely-piled dwellings of the Saltmarket, or the tall tenements of the Blackfriars' Wynd. All has since changed. Barbarism has retreated from the outer skirts of the country to the centres in which civilisation first began; just as when the moon begins to wane, those parts of its surface first become dark that in its increscent state first catch the light. Such of our Highlanders as evictions and forced emigration have left to our country, rank among its safest and most trustworthy people; and it is from the inhabitants of our Saltmarkets and Blackfriars' Wynds that it is now in danger. There is no country in the world so utterly declined from civilisation into barbarism, or so hopelessly reduced from wealth to poverty, as this hapless portion of the Scottish capital; and this not merely in reference to its high and palmy days, when the Earls of Morton and St Clair held court within its precincts with a splendour which rivalled that of royalty itself, but contrasted even with its days of decent decline, less than a century ago, when the good Lady Lovat inhabited the *land* which still bears her name, and Miss Euphame Sinclair taught the proprieties to the young ladies of Edinburgh in her boarding-school on the west side of the Wynd. Dr Bell found a few mechanics among the present inhabitants of the place, poorly fed and indifferently lodged, but respectable in their poverty, because honestly self-sustained. But these,—all too few in proportion to the other inhabitants of the Wynd,—form now its only aristocracy."

X

There is this difference, too, that, under the primeval system, the great lords never themselves occupied the residences of the poor, whereas, in our city, an entire town, once occupied to a great extent by the proudest men of the land, has been vacated and deserted by the old tenants; so that we have presented to us in Edinburgh that singular feature of the poor down to the dealers in old trogan, matches, and rags, and further, to the very beggars with their poorly-fed communities of B flats, and other blood-sucking parasites, taking possession of the halls and dining-rooms and sacred nuptial bed-rooms of their lordly masters.

But this physical state of matters affords us an occasion for a moral sermon to those who have thus left their ancestral halls. It has been said that a sermon may be found in a stone; and it is true, for who shall tell the history of a pebble from its creation, mayhap out of that singular *idola* called "nothing"—of which so many (Bayle, Rochester, Porson, and Hugo Arnot) have said "something"—up to the time when, cut and ground by the lapidary into a lens, it shews us the stars that looked down upon it ere yet the eye of man was formed. How much more practical a sermon might our New Town magnets read in those stones over the way yonder! They are honeycombed now, like the old castles, by the years which passed over their forebears, carrying with them the very notes of exultation, the song of

mirth, and alas! too, the dirge which no riches can shut out of the ear of the great, just as the New Town palaces are in the act of being honey-combed by the year which is resonant of present triumph. They never think—what would be the use—of the certainty in time when these too shall get old, and be left in their turn by their descendants to be replaced by another swarm; such sermons are not preached in Princes Street as St Giles tolls four of the fleeting day.

It was a lucky freak of Nature that North Loch, which bubbled up from beneath the Castle rock—not that it received, as they say, a good many new-born infants * from secret chambers in the grand closes, but because it was to precede those fine gardens which now tend to keep from the too close view of the New Town gentry the poor population of the Old Town. We have heard it said that Jeffrey dragged Harry Cockburn one night down Bell's Wynd, to mount the stair where the grandfather plied his occupation of barber. The young advocate was then getting into the blaze of his fame, which, bright as it was, could not put out the light of those early days when the little fellow used to run and see the good old

* There is a strange story told of a shepherd on Arthur Seat, who took it into his head to search the hill for concealed property stolen from the city. It is said that he succeeded in discovering first a quantity of plate, and afterwards many other things, but that he unfortunately came upon more than one black box with a dead infant in it, and that in one instance he got into trouble about the paternity—a scrape which put an end to his "dowsing."

shaver. But Harry had not much of the romantic in him; though fond of flowers, he had no relish for "the flowers of Edinburgh," and so he bolted, with his finger on his nose, declaring—for Harry would not have given a pun for a page of romance any day—that the place was *barbarous*. Such is a type of the feeling with which the Conglomerates are contemplated by the higher castes. These will turn up their fat goggle eyes at the richness of the sky-line of the picturesque buildings,* as seen from the grand parade, but another organ is elevated when they come within nose-shot of those who occupy them. You will seldom see one of those refined creatures, so like so many busts of Parian from the shops of Minton or Wedgewood, perambulating that grand ridge where—letting alone the grandees—Hume, and Johnson, and Boswell, and Creech, and Ramsay, and Gay, and Scott, thought it no dishonour to walk; if it be not

* Whoever has been in Edinburgh, the noble capital of Scotland, cannot fail to have remarked the immense height of the houses in what are called the "closes" of that romantic and picturesque town. All the artisans to be found in a common village are often congregated together under one roof. The multifariousness of avocation in one building gave rise to the following lines from a stranger, who was struck by this peculiarity in the Scottish metropolis:—

"You may call on a friend of note, and discover him
With a shoemaker under, a staymaker over him.
My dwelling begins with a periwig-maker:
I'm under a corn-cutter, over a baker
Above the chiropodist, cookery too;
O'er that is a laundress—o'er her is a Jew;
A painter and tailor divide the eighth flat,
And a dancing academy thrives over that!"

Philadelphia American Courier.

occasionally when one, moved by antiquarianism, would like to take a look of Lady Stair's house, or that occupied by Lady Lovat, where she received the Duke of Argyle, or may be that room in the White Horse, where the waiter dared to touch with his fingers the sugar which was to sweeten the tea of the surly lexicographer. Yet there are no bad odours now; the "gardylloo" has long ceased its shrill cry—the showers of roses no longer fall; ay, but there's poverty, and poverty, as Blackwood asserteth, has a bad smell.

And is there no sufficient reason for this dislike? We suspect there is,—even that of the very soul of castes. It is said that rich and great people are fond of homage; but beyond a certain caste, the homage is changed into hatred. If we deduct a few simpering beggars, with hypocrisy veiling rancour and changing the ichor of spite into the saliva of abject flattery, the poor population of the Old Town view that of the New with anything but the feeling of love.*

* It is not long since a friend of ours witnessed a curious example of that rabid feeling of hatred against the rich so often indulged in by the poor and unfortunate. The envy which tries to keep off misery becomes hatred when it fails. One of the Old Town women had found her way to St Andrew Square, in a state of half-intoxication. The night was bright moonlight, the hour about eleven, and all was so still that a woman's voice could be heard a great way. Here was our heroine perambulating the pavement very deliberately, and quite occupied in cursing every house she came to. She went round the Square several times, throwing volleys in at the house once occupied by Dr Gregory, then at Gilbert Innes's, where she was peculiarly energetic. "And you, you auld w—monger, wi' your three dizzen bastards. I kent the mither o' a half-dizzen o' them, puir Burnet, and a bonnier lass before ye ruined her

There has always been a peculiarity in the Edinburgh mobility. Not the mere assertion of the rights and claims of poverty,—but a predisposed bitterness of spirit, jealous of conciliation, and ready on all occasions to shew itself upon the smallest, or no provocation. The character is historical, as any one may see by taking up a history of Scotland, where you will trace it in the rugged churlishness of the Remonstrants, the fury of “the Cleansers of the Causey,” and the yells of the avengers of the Porteous victims. Dip down from the lower mechanics, where everything like a caste ends, and you come to these Conglomerates, all stuck fast together by the sympathy of a kind of resolute misery, and with sharp cutting edges ready for the soft sole that would pass over them. But for this sympathy they are heterogeneous. They have among them, doubtless, the descendants and representatives of the old wild mobs, mixed with a great mass of Irish, and trampers from the west and north, and not lightly sprinkled with those who, having seen better days, descend among them with those passions that are distilled from hearts too hard for remorse.

wasna in braid Scotland. Hell tak ye and a' your kith !” Then, looking up for higher game, she fixed her eye on Lord Melville. “And ye’re up there, too, ye auld rascal, wi’ your Admiralty tricks that should hae hanged ye on a wuddy. Wha set ye up on that grand pillar, ye auld scoondrel, when better foulk are obleeged to walk upon the earth? Come down, ye auld villain,” &c. One would be astonished to find among some of the old people in the Old Town a great amount of knowledge of the histories of the greater families in the New. It is derived from servants, and many have been servants themselves.

We wish to avoid the too common danger of general descriptions of masses of people. We do not speak thus of all the poor of the Old Town of Edinburgh. There are thousands who, living from hand to mouth, have yet so much of regular employment, in whatever out of the way things, that forcibly—as it would almost seem—redeemed from the reprobate, they contrive to live a quiet, orderly life, from that innate sense of propriety which is sometimes found to be unassailable by the worst examples and the most luring temptations, and even the ruggings of despair itself. Our missionaries and philanthropists can speak hopefully of these. We offer them our mead.* The virtue that is in them is almost always in the fire of purgation; and a drop from that tortured alembic through which they are tried, must, by thinking men, be held to be priceless, in comparison with those very streams of goodness that, in the high eastes of the New Town, flow so plentifully from juicy hearts, throbbing with the exultation of abundance, and thrilled by the thousand influences of social happiness. The satirist cuts deep, and can scarcely be followed by the detecting eye,

* "We had often wondered," says Dr Bell, "how the Lowland Scotch mechanic retained his virtue and his courage, when so many malign influences are at work, whose tendency is to destroy both. Now, as before, we saw him maintaining a defensive war against adversity of every kind—against a compound adversity which we cannot understand his resisting for a month. We saw him exemplifying the most encouraging truth, that when virtue and courage dwell in the breast of a man, even the poor-law finds it a hard task to pauperise him."

when he says that money makes virtue. He would indicate that it is not genuine ; but somehow or other the Brummagem marks are so indistinct, that we can scarcely discover the difference between the supposed counterfeit and the real sterling article. Sometimes the difference can only be known by God, in whose gift is that gold with its so many talismanic agencies. But, whatever doubt there may be here, it is our glorious privilege that we are left in no doubt about the quality or reward of that virtue, which is not only independent of gold, but can exist in the very midst of corruption, even in that circle drawn with fire by the devil.

We know that in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and overlying and sometimes mixed with our Conglomerates, there are numerous instances of these tried poor ; and we are the more willing to state this strongly, that our estimate of the underlying mass may be free from the charge of misrepresentation.

That it is with this mass as we have said, we fear there is no reason to doubt ; yet we suspect their manner of life is scarcely known, except to themselves, or some of the missionaries who are bold enough to face human nature in a condition even too abject for religion. The numbers are the consequence of a facility of low housing not known in any other part of the world ; and, as in the case of a certain race of animals which congregate about

granaries, of the proximity of another rich and populous town. The ridge on both sides, with its descending wynds, is an enormous assemblage of cells. The "lands"* are in the proprietorship of a strange fraternity of lairds, whose business it is to let out rooms, each of which is the residence of

* We may quote the following from Mr Peddie, missionary, to give the reader a little more insight into the condition of those "lands":—"Many of the antique mansions originally inhabited by Lords and Earls have now been converted into "lands" of dwelling-houses, containing each as many inhabitants as would form a considerable village. The closets, pantries, and sculleries of former times, form each a domicile for a whole family. The larger rooms have now been parcelled out into a number of smaller ones, into each of which sometimes a whole family of five or six, or even more, are closely wedged together. Many of the partitions erected at the time of this subdivision have been formed of only single boards, or of very slight lath and plaster. Into many of these partitions "the teeth of time" have gnawed apertures through which one may behold all that is transacted in the house of a neighbour, and not unfrequently do they hold converse with one another through these conveniences. Other openings are often prematurely made in the partitions by the rude scuffling of the drunken inmates as well as by the ravages of time. When these apertures are not required to be left open for a friendly gossip or a mutual scolding among neighbours, they are stuffed up with old rags, or faggots of waste paper. Even this does not prevent the conversation of the one family from being heard by the other. Repositories are formed in these stuffed apertures and chinks in the walls for a large accumulation of dust and vermin. In such circumstances, it is next to impossible for the most careful housewife to maintain anything like salutary cleanliness, unless she could get all her neighbours in the same "land" to act in concert, which is no easy matter. Woe to the unhappy beings unfortunately doomed to such abodes! Many families, formerly of cleanly and orderly habits, have been in this way unwillingly dragged down to the general level of their neighbours.

Not only are these perforated partitions inimical to physical cleanliness, but they form a medium through which the moral pestilence flies from one house to another with amazing rapidity and most deadly effect. The oaths and obscene talk of a drunken, ungodly family are overheard by the members of the adjoining household. The sound may at first be grating to their ears. They may have as much piety or common decency as will lead them to struggle for a time against the contagion. But a continual dropping wears the very stones, and it is most dangerous to be continually coming into contact with the wicked.

a household. The trade of lairdship is itself a comparative novelty. When a man collects, by whatever means, a few hundreds, he becomes a proprietor of some large rickety pile, with scores of tenants, who view him as a great man, even though, as sometimes happens, he has lost his nose in that very "happy land" of which he is the master. Yet with this respect of the great collector of his tenpences a-week, the poor wretches mix a humour, sometimes calling their collections of dormitories "A——'s dens," or "B——'s dens," as if to take their change out of him as a *quid pro quo*. These men are the very *argivifures* of landlords. They are in league with their cognate class of pettifoggers; and the crew rejoice in jubilations in the low houses, where whisky elevates the one into lords of extensive domains, and the other into important legal functionaries. They seem all to know the old Roman saying, that until a serpent eat another serpent it cannot become a dragon. They have all eaten their serpents a hundred times, so that it may be made certain to their victims that they are veritable dragons—a fact which their victims never think of calling in question.

It is far easier to know how these great lords live, for we have only to count scores of tenpences wrung out of misery, than to catch a notion of how the tenants contrive to get up those tenpences, and to buy potatoes, white puddings, potted-head, and

whisky. Half-a-dozen of trades will be carried on by the denizens of one room—shebeening, out-of-door apple-selling,* match-hawking, newspaper-selling, prostitution, thieving, subletting for an hour to vagrant couples not intent upon singing psalms.†

* We might also include the very reprehensible practice of *street dram-selling*. The public are sufficiently annoyed by the cigar and tobacco-pipe on the street, without having their usual attendants, the gill-stoup and the quart-pot, to contend with. We are given to understand that no inconsiderable quantity of ardent spirits is consumed in this way every Sabbath morning. The peripatetic whisky-merchants, having their wares bottled and stored up in capacious pockets, perambulate the streets on the look-out for customers, at whose signal they enter a close or common stair, and supply, at an exorbitant rate per glass, the deleterious beverage; while trusty friends keep a watchful eye over the members of the police force, whose movements they manage to telegraph by appropriate signals. When the stock is exhausted, they have recourse to some of the unlicensed houses, where the trade is carried on at all times when the regular shops are shut.

† Though the public be tired of pictures of low life, we may give one or two to justify our text. "Ascending to the third storey of the same land, by means of a dilapidated wooden stair, we came upon what is falsely called a lodging-house, kept by an Irishman. It has two rooms, but one of them is sublet to a third party, concerning whom he studiously maintained a profound silence. His own place was in a shocking state. When we opened the door, the confined air rushed out and nearly upset us with its loaded fœtor. The cause was soon explained. Within one small apartment, not more than fifteen feet in length by nine in breadth, we found no fewer than eleven persons, all of them grown-up men and women. Four of the inmates, young girls, were in bed, of which there were three. Others sat crouching round a miserable fire, in a state of half-nudity, and with a shawl or petticoat thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The male portion of the company, big hulking fellows, stood with their backs to the fire or leaned on the edges of the beds. The furniture consisted of a deal table, a few chairs, and a press. The beds were covered with dirty rags of a brown colour, and the effluvia was sickening." Take another:—"One room into which we entered was, with one exception, a specimen of the whole. It was no larger than an ordinary-sized bedroom: yet there were sixteen human beings in it, seven of whom were fast asleep on the bare floor. Behind the door lay a young woman and two very young children. She had evidently come in, and at once thrown herself down where she lay. There was a strange contrast between the calm and

The worst feature of all is the apparent total want of the touch of responsibility about their

pleasant-looking face of the mother, and the half-smiling expression which played over the faces of the children, and the haggard, suspicious-looking countenances of those that sat or stood around. It was difficult to know how so many could contrive to lie in so small a place." "In one of these rooms (of another land,) in one of the worst beds, lay a young woman, well-dressed, who had been carried up and tossed down with shawl and bonnet on to sleep out the fumes of a debauch. It is almost an abuse of the word to say that she slept, but she lay at least in that heavy inanimate state peculiar to a drunken trance. This young woman's life might almost be said to be made up of this deadness, alternating with other vices, of which it was at once a cause and an effect; for the landlord informed us — 'She was an awfu' lassie for drink, and though she had lived for some time with him, she was in the same state nearly every night.' In the next room were three men preparing to go to bed. One of them, described as being jolly, was a flying stationer, who seemed disappointed that Professor Goodsir was not with us, and whose digressions upon philosophy we cut short in order to visit the kitchen, where a motley company of about fifteen had met. They were in the act of frying sprats, but a rambling soliloquy from a good-looking but drunken young man, and 'Coming through the rye,' from an old woman, also very much besotted, almost drowned the hissing from the frying-pan. An Italian organ-grinder, who had lived upwards of twenty years in the Edinburgh Wynds, and who had almost forgot the language of his native land, was one of the company; and beside him a blind man, who perambulates the streets with a dog, was rather merrier than the whining tones of his supplications on the Earthen Mound would have led us to expect." "In passing through the bedrooms, we remarked that there were upon an average about six sleepers. In one lay a speech-crier, who has cried all the executions and extraordinary love-letters, at the low charge of one halfpenny, as long as we can remember. In another place near we recognised an old sailor, whom the reader will doubtless have heard bellowing, with the lungs of a Stentor,—

'Ye British tars, be steady,
Maintain your glorious name,'

with anything like an example to support the precept of his song. The number of these professional beggars is almost incredible." "On the opposite side of the Wynd (Toddrick's,) we entered a dark cellar and found it occupied by two men, four women, and a number of children. They were all huddled round the fire, but none of them appeared to be engaged in any kind of work. An old man, the master of the house, told us that most of the inmates were lodgers, and that they just picked up a living the best way they could. An irregularly-shaped hole in the wall led us to a dark place, about eight feet by six, where there was a straw bed. The

dried-up hearts. This appears a mystery to moral and religious persons. We are not surprised at what are called hardened people, who are supposed to have some power of resisting for the occasion—and far beyond the occasion—even in bed, in the dark and lonely hour, the touches, ay, the rug-gings of the monitor. Even these, however, can be said only to resist. There is some such energy in the human mind; but the very word resistance implies something to battle against, and the universal law by which man “shall know the evil that he doth” is not shewn to be shut out. But in these indwellers of the Edinburgh wynds, we lose sight often even of the stray and flickering light which is “the candle of the Lord” though in the socket. There is something to distract those searchers into the philosophy of conscience, even the Gisbornes, the Sir James M‘Intoshes, and the Chalmerses. There seems to be a line under which the power ceases its pulse, the internal light to shine, the touch to produce the response of a heart-twinge.

We cannot help ourselves. Let the sceptical go and be dismayed. This moral phenomenon cannot

floor was quite damp and covered with filth. A door in the opposite wall opened into a low-roofed cellar, where another family lived, and where lodgings were also kept. The light of day never entered into these dens of squalid misery.”—*Visits to the Wynds and Clooses of Edinburgh*.

In all that we have read on this subject, we scarcely see an allusion to any Bible being seen in these places. The only book mentioned by Dr Bell as having been seen in his travels, was Wilson’s “Tales of the Borders.”

be shut out from the vision of man in those days when old philosophical conventionalities are undergoing analysis in the crucibles of modern thought. There is to be found, in the places under our survey, some mysterious accommodation of fallen nature to an irremediable condition. In place of the old proverb, *Conscientia mille testes*, we have not even the small voice tried to be concealed and reduced to one stammering witness in place of the thousand. A running account is opened with Fate, and the debit and credit kept so sternly to the old balance of misery, that hope dies away, to be replaced by that elasticity of despair which helps the wretched and the miserable to some reconciliation, in which neither religion nor conscience has any part. They will even tell you that religion is only for those who have nothing to trouble them, and verily they think it. The story is typical:—

“Now, Biddy, you seem to be comfortable here: a clean room, a good bed, and good people who would fain do what they can to make you happy. Surely you ought to be grateful to the Almighty for being so good to you.”

“Ay, but, gude faith, He’ll sune tak the change out o’ me in rheumatiz and corns.”

The New Town people, though as a rule they think it best to “pity at a distance,” and with the fine gardens between them and their forlorn successors, see enough to satisfy them of the state of

these people. But we have something to say of a tribe of which they cannot form any idea; those who superintend in the evenings the Refuge for the Houseless are the individuals to speak here. Question them and listen. To have a room and pay for it, is to be eminent; to have the privilege of a shake-down among half-a-dozen, all in good companionship with vice and misery, amounts to the sign of a status. There are the small glimmerings of the right of contract here, ay, there is an estate in the tenant—the *invecta et illata* being a short-gown and petticoat, or a jacket and a pair of trowsers, and there is a tract of tenancy to run, though only till daybreak in the morning, when the new lease of the sun's light commences, as free to them as to the lord in the New Town. There is something human here, and we can understand it; but in the Night Asylum there appear strange spectres. No man can tell whence they come, no one could venture to augur whither they will go. They are single, unconnected phenomena, owning no relation apparently to any other human being. Thrown off by even the night-tenant, who brags he can pay twopence for his shake-down, they seem to have in their turn renounced their kind. It is little to say they are scarcely covered. Hatless, shoeless, shirtless, they exhibit the very extreme of rags and wretchedness. Their appearance is of the most appalling description, and calculated not merely to offend the eye,

but to produce sympathetic effects—as experience can testify—especially on females. What rags they have on are almost insufficient to contain the colonies, whose love for their masters is the only token that seems to shew they are connected with creatures endowed with life; and that if they had anything to be proud of, it is that they feed the hungry, they themselves being a-hungred.

It is a vain thing to question these moral comets. Their answers are as wild and incoherent as their orbits and wanderings—the greater chance is that you get no answer: they are tired of answering. They eat their supply like hungry dogs who are too much occupied to wag their tails,—even thanks have dropt out of their vocabulary, and they lie down apparently without thought, for they are brought to that relief of no-thought which is the right of despair in its most freezing conditions. In the morning they are gone. They would not, in some instances, consent to stay, even under a promise of something being attempted for their good. They would then be human.

It is a common dream of the optimist, that bad training and ignorance are causes at the bottom of the existence of this shame of our kind. There might be much in the statement, if we could establish that early discipline and some good moral learning produced effects always, or even very often, in proportion to such means. We know they do not. There is the old fable of the two fountains

sacred to Apollo, from the one of which flowed wine, and from the other honey, and that when the bees came to sip of these they were hit by the arrow of him of the golden lyre. But the Greeks laughed at their own fable, and said that even these seductions did not make all men poets nor all women poetesses. The truth, we fear, is, that while Nature insists upon the universal law of castes, she will have some one to begin with, and we know that she never, like her hopeful children who build castles in the air, jumps to her conclusions. Her steps are gradual. She begins low down and mounts by degrees. There will always be, as there has always been, a huddle of Conglomerates. Nor are the individuals either always fools or knaves. The atoms of the social *residuum* are of all shapes and sizes and weights, and if you will force one to the top it will sink a-plomb by its natural gravity. So determined and inevitable is the law, that the members of this fated class resist all means to benefit them.* They will con-

* Education is not appreciated by the lower orders as we could wish. A Gilmerton carter, driving some produce to the Edinburgh market, suddenly found himself, on one occasion, in the midst of a dense crowd in the High Street. Ignorant as to its cause, he cried to a boy near him, "Hey, I say, laddie, what's a' the crood aboot?" "They're hangin' a man," he was answered. "Hangin' a man! are they; what for?" "For forgery," was the reply. "Weel! weel!" ejaculated the carter, "that comes o' your education; G—d be thank'd, I n^e ver could write; get on Bess, tchick, tchick," and giving the horse a lusty thwack, he made off as fast as possible.

There are many stories about these somewhat renowned worthies. It is not long since one of them, having got a suit of new clothes, of which he was very proud, bethought himself of shewing off his finery in an

sent to be clothed, fed, or instructed; but as for the art of rising in the world, they have no genius for it. But are we to be hopeless, in those days of regeneration and discovery, when Hugh Miller tells us that ravenous, death-dealing monsters were in the world long before death came by sin; and when Sir Charles Lyell discourses, in presence of the Prince Consort, of the bones of men who lived and were eaten by hyænas some millions of years before Adam; and when, in Ireland and America, there have appeared a species of revivals so full of revivification as to knock men down,—may we not, amid such wonderful developments, expect that some power of the latter kind may reach the dead shell-crusts of these Conglomerates? Who knows?

But are no means used? Yes—a solitary missionary occasionally gets into a den by holding forth some reasons for hoping a physical bribe. Some indomitable Rebecca Ferguson will clamber up one or two of those rotten stairs, and grope her way ben to some Judy, Peggy, or Grizzly, who will take the tract for fire-paper, and her pence for whisky. Of all knowledge, that of the great mysteries of our faith is the hardest to them. You

Edinburgh kirk. So, straight he goes to the city, and, knowing nothing of churches, got into Catholic St Mary's, where he had not been long standing in his glory near one of the side doors, when out comes, first one white-robed priest, holding up his hands, and ejaculating, "Lord, have mercy upon me," and then another, repeating the same words. "The Lord hae mercy on ye," said he, loud out, "did ye never see a Gilmerton carter before in a suit o' new claes?" He was presently ejected, and, returning to his village, advised his brethren never "to gae to Edinburgh on Sunday wi' a new coat, for that the folks were feared at them."

can scarcely divest them of the notion that God will still "take the change out of them" in some shape; and as their own sufferings, which are not sanctified, never do them any good, they cannot think that the sufferings of Another, who knew no evil, can benefit them. We refer here principally to Protestants; for the Catholics—thanks to the Conollys or O'Dohertys—have really some knowledge of their religious primers, especially those parts that tell them that the change to be taken out of them is mere coppers. The Protestants do not hold out the same tempting offers; and the faith that is required of their old neophytes is choked amidst their pains and miseries, long ere it has a chance of reaching either the head or the heart. Verily, the knowledge will not stick where the resiliency of the vibrating nerve throws it off. The story is again typical: The good man speaks of the Redeemer on the cross—the sweat and the bloody drops:—

"What has that Saviour done for thee, Martha, what suffered, what purchased? Art thou not abased with gratitude till thy very eyes fear to look up to heaven where He now dwells, still pleading the cause of such mighty sinners as thou — yea, the very sinners that caused that agony and these bloody drops?"

"Eh! sir, but that was sae cruel a business, and sae lang syne, that a body wad really fain houp it wasna true."

How long it is till the Heaven-drops get down to that hard bed of Conglomerates !

Yet, with all Dr Bell's descriptions and our own observations of these people, we are apt to commit some mistakes as to their real condition. The old Greek was right who said that all people, men and women, laugh and weep with Jupiter ; but it is nevertheless true, that they do not all laugh and weep in the same way, and for the same causes. If you take a look of the perambulators of Princes Street or George Street, you would verily believe that they require no more than black clothes and weepers to induce you to think they are all on the eve of attending a funeral—so intensely grave, so decorously sombre, as if there were no joy in those hearts covered with silks, or velvet, or cashmere, and cheek-by-jowl with stomachs busy with unctuous morsels rolled under the tongue—the choicest dainty-bits from the cook or confectioner. Would you know the reason ? It is not altogether that mirth is unfashionable—there is a reason beyond, deeper down in the nature of man : these people are in *possession* ; they are too much occupied by the real red-heat of their internal happiness to need to flicker and crackle away in the outward symptoms of mirth. A man will laugh if he has the chance of picking up a dinner somewhere to satisfy his necessities ; but the certainty that he will see, when he goes into his own dining-room, the snow-white table-cloth and

the various well-garnished dishes set forth thereon, all for his individual enjoyment, and, as a collateral embellishment, the old cobwebbed, tin-foiled bottles on the sideboard, is far too seriously delightful to be spent in a play among such easily-excited and vulgar organs as the laughing muscles. A little nitrous oxide will do that, yea, a tickle under the armpits. He would rather look grave under that certainty, for gravity belongs to dignity; and how much dignity there is in the productions of such geniuses as the cook, the butcher, the confectioner, and butler!

But if you pass from the Castlehill to Holyrood, you will meet nothing but fun and merriment all along.* A soldier chucks Jenny under the chin;

* Some of our lower orders are not without wit. Take the following as an example:—Many of our readers may remember of Edinburgh being lighted with oil, and a humorous cry of "Cocky-leery-law" being much in vogue among the juveniles of the day. It arose thus: The lighting was contracted for by the old-established firm of Smiths and Company, oilmen; and the senior partner, Mr S., was observed one day at the Tron Church in close conversation with Dr Hamilton and Mr Anderson, a noted jolly-topper, and one of our ablest lawyers. The whole trio were characters in their way; and their meeting together afforded a passing wag too good an opportunity of pasquinading them to be let slip with impunity. The lamplighter, at the same moment, was hurrying past with a flaming torch in his hand; and our wag, looking over his shoulder with a knowing leer, imitated chanticleer to a nicety, and to the amusement of the bystanders and the consternation of our worthies gave vent to an inimitable crow of "cocky-leery-law." Dr Hamilton being well known by the cognomen of "cocky," and Anderson by that of "law," "leery" was humorously applied impromptu to Mr S., as indicating his connexion with the lamp-lighting of the city. We need not inform the reader that "leery" is the native Doric for a lamplighter.

Archie Campbell, a well-known city officer in Auld Reekie, was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, Archie hired a hearse, and carried her to the family burial-place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky; and being teased about it by a friend, he said, "Wow, man,

knots and cliques explode at some half-drunken *mome* or *mime*; hags, from respective counters, puff on the wings of a jovial oath in each other's faces the first breath that comes off the top of the dram newly swallowed, and the sympathy is acknowledged in an idiot cackle; rude friendships, formed on the instant, dodge along arm in arm; low-born loves find suitable expressions in embraces passed off for fun; shopping goes on in a kind of play; the barrow-mongers chaffer over the dry cheese, veneered with a thin slice of rich Dunlop; numberless urchins in rags thread through the maze, busy in their mimicries and imitations. Why, these sombre figures in the New Town are mere melancholy shades in comparison. And thus it is that philanthropy, who will see no other junction than that between poverty and misery, is thrown out of her reckoning. Yet she need not be so. This linking of wretchedness and mirth is the worst symptom of the moral disease. It is nature reduced to despair in working out her accommodations. There is a skeleton at the backs of all these harlequins, and columbines, and pantaloons, but somehow it has no terrors for them. They must still laugh with Jupiter; and the weeping—it is reserved for the dens in the closes and the hours of collapse. You must go there to hear it; but it is not the weeping that softens and amends,—rather

there's nae harm dune; I only took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

that which dries and aggravates till the daylight and the bustle come again, and the old scenes are enacted in the returning day and the closing evening.

Out of 180,000 inhabitants of Edinburgh, there are 40,000 that never go to church, and 15,000 children who never go to school. The old are philanthropy's forlorn hope. She may as well let them alone, and begin to look to the young blood, but it must be *very* young. We have sad misgivings even here, but some say we are getting on. A Social Science Association, with Lord Brougham as its leader, has been started, and we shall mend presently. If we have any doubt, it arises from a want of any evidence shewn to us that the association has been, as yet, brought within the verge of these revivals. In all their harangues, we have heard nothing of a certain book called the Bible being held to have any concern with their social improvement; and we suspect, that until a few of the members shall have been knocked down by the true reviving *afflatus*, we cannot expect much good of their work of regenerating human nature. The cognate association, called the British, whose last meeting was so near Balmoral, has done some execution against Moses; and the sister one may shortly arrive at the consummation of some similar triumph, such as casting overboard the book in which Moses wrote altogether. We are in the age of development. As the great scroll is unrolled, we

cry out in wonder, "Great is the mystery of God!" but as fold comes out of fold, the *ubi* of His throne seems further and further removed from our eyes, and the glory which was once as a fire, is receding into the old black cloud of ungodliness. Outside, the sepulchre is getting every day more beautiful than Parian, and the inside, more rotten than a corpse.

In sober seriousness, we suspect the whole question between the rich and the poor stands yet in the same position it did years ago. It is still the old story of Dives and Lazarus:—"There is a book in which we read that there was once a rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and that there lay at his gate a certain beggar, full of sores, who sought the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; and that the dogs came and licked his sores; and there follows then an awful revelation of the spiritual state of those two men, and their eternal awards. The story is eminently picturesque. But let us only expand the narrative. Take each particular, and let it grow to a worse variety and a colossal magnitude. Let the rich man be a company, a city of rich men, the richest, without hyperbole, on the earth, and commanding by their wealth the wealth of all the earth. Let them surpass all the world in the elaborate costliness of all that contributes to health and material enjoyment.

Give them palaces, and furniture, and equipages, and jewels, and pictures, and food for a thousand finer tastes than those of the coarse voluptuary in the parable. Let the poor man be worse than poor, degraded, all sores in and out, vitiated in soul as in body. But let him be helpful and necessary to the rich man, building his palace, procuring his rich fare, and contributing, as foulness can do, to his purple and fine linen. So let there be more than a painter's juxtaposition. Let there be an actual bond and a useful relation. Let this bond, then, be utterly disregarded; and, instead of the rich man at his board and the beggar a few steps off at the gate, let the rich man and his whole fraternity hie away before sunset every day to earthly paradises afar off, quite clear of diseased beggars or reeking labourers, so that their very crumbs shall not reach such miserable objects. Then let the poor be driven from the portals of the rich, even from their storehouses and their banks, and be cooped up in horrid lairs and dens. Let them lie there without even the natural separation of wild beasts, or that instinctive jealousy which makes the male protect the dam from intrusion, and guards his whelps from harm. Let the fact be such as parable could not describe, painters could not paint, and angels would not look upon. Let there be not even dogs to lick the poor man's sores, and when he dies let him hardly even be buried.

Then let all his future be dark and hopeless. Let there be a vast crowd in this horrid state. When we have said all this, we should not describe inadequately two actual classes and conditions in our city."

CHAPTER XXII.

PORTRAITS OF SOME CHARACTERS CONNECTED WITH THE CASTES.

Henry Mackenzie.

WE cannot resist importing into our gallery a portrait of the "man of feeling," especially as it contains some features very different from those in the common picture.

During the latter portion of his life, says one who knew him, it was customary in the Edinburgh literary coteries to speak of Henry Mackenzie as the bridge which connected the literature of the last century with that of the present—as the only remaining link which united the men of letters who then flourished with those who flourish now. Considered in such a light, he was greatly coddled, and regarded as a Nestor among modern Greeks—the father, in short, of all who wielded the pen, and made literature a pleasure or a pursuit.

I think I now see him turning round the south-

west corner of Hanover Street to go along Princes Street to the Tax Office for Scotland, of which, I think, he was long the resident head,—clad in coat; shorts and long gaiters, or leggings of a light gray colour; light-coloured vest; a black Leghorn hat, the brim somewhat turned up behind; a white neckcloth, in the old-fashioned knot of bows and ends; a light-coloured wig, under which a few white hairs peeped out at the temples, and at the nape of his long and but lean neck; his cane under his left arm; his somewhat tall, slim figure bent slightly forward, and with short but rapid steps wending his way to his official sanctum.

His novels—"The Man of the World," "The Man of Feeling," and "Julia de Roubigne," with his contributions to "The Lounger" and "The Mirror," on which his fame rested—have long ceased to be read as they once were, but are still regarded as favourable specimens of Scottish composition, notwithstanding their tedious sentimentalism.

He was penurious; and though always dressed as a gentleman of the old school, yet few wardrobes, during a long life, witnessed fewer changes of raiment than his. A contemporary satirist, who lashed most of the leading characters of the time (close of last century), gibbeted Mackenzie in the following lines, which were repeated to me many years ago by one who was a speaking library of local knowledge:—

"Talk not of feeling. Some can picture woe,
From whose hard eyes no tear did ever flow.
Curse on the stingy, sentimental elf—
'The Man of Feeling' feels but for himself."

In his early days he lived in New Street, Canongate, then in George Square, and latterly in Heriot Row, New Town, where he died in January 1831.

The first time I saw him in private was in Heriot Row. I found him in his study. It was winter, but the room had a cold and cheerless look. A small grate held an economically-built fire, the walls were bare, the colour on them had faded, and the entire furnishings were plain and certainly ancient—his writing-table especially struck me as peculiarly so. He was in an arm-chair, in a dark dressing-gown; on his head a black silk-velvet cap (*Scottice*, cowl), the conical top of which fell to the left side, and was terminated by a black silk tassel. I have already described his person as seen on the street. I now saw him at home, and closely. His face had once been very florid, and age had given it that appearance which is peculiar to such; it was reticulated by innumerable dark-red threads, the dried veins through which in early years the abundant blood had coursed which gave him his sanguine complexion; the eyes small and cold, the lips rather thin, the mouth not large, the forehead good, but the general expression of the countenance hard.

His voice was not pleasant, but strong and harsh

in its tone. He was kind in his manner to me, and garrulous in his talk. Spoke of Ferguson the poet, and condemned his infidelity; said much of Burns, whom he had welcomed at first, but shrank from afterwards. From this he digressed to angling, of which he discoursed with the gusto of an amateur.

"Do you ever fish?" he asked. "*No, never,*" I answered. "That's a pity," he replied, "for, if you did, I could give you good advice—what to do with your trout when you catch them; but as it is, it is as well you should know it. You may yet take to the rod, and my method adds prodigiously to the relish of the fish when they are cooked. I have the privilege of trouting in a fine stream, which runs through a rich meadow belonging to a friend of mine in Ratho. It is narrow, but deep and still, with a fine fringe of grass hanging over it. Well, I fish down the one side and up the other, and as I catch I carefully take out the hook, and throw the fish among the grass to flap about till it dies. I never break their necks, and I have found that by treating them in this way it does with them what crimping does with cod—it adds wonderfully to the curdiness, and I think also to the flavour of their flesh."

Such was the good advice he tendered, and I could not help saying to myself: "This is '*The Man of Feeling*.'"

The following passage is from the diary of

Tyler:—"With Henry Mackenzie's family we were also on terms of close intimacy. They lived for several years, during summer, at Auchendenny, within two miles of Woodhouselee. Drinking tea there one evening, we waited some time for Mr Mackenzie's appearance: he came in at last, heated and excited. 'What a glorious evening I have had!' We thought he spoke of the weather, which was beautiful; but he went on to detail the intense enjoyment he had had in a cockfight. Mrs Mackenzie listened some time in silence; then, looking up in his face, she exclaimed, in her gentle voice—"Oh, Harry, Harry, your feeling is all on paper.'"

Charles Hay, Lord Newton.

The best picture we have of this eccentric judge, who has become the subject of so many stories, is that furnished by Lord Cockburn in his memoirs of his own time. His judicial title was Newton, his name Hay, but he was best known by the designation, *The Mighty*. He was a bulky man, with short legs, twinkling eyes, and a purple visage; no speaker, but an excellent legal adviser and writer; deep and accurate in his law, in which he had had extensive employment. He was also honest, warm-hearted, and considerate—always true to his principles and his friends. But these

and other good qualities were all apt to be lost sight of in people's admiration of his drinking. His daily flowing cups raised him far above the evil days of sobriety in which he had fallen, and made him worthy of having quaffed with the Scandinavian heroes.

The real epicure in drink is not often a noisy reveller; and so, as Cockburn continues to say, Newton made no noise in his libations, no boisterousness, no wrangling in even disputation. It would seem that he looked upon any such interference of the head with the gratification of the stomach as little better than desecration. The absorbing organs behaved to be let alone to do their work quietly. The kindly stillness of Newton's ordinary manner, instead of being disturbed, was deepened by potation. Then he was certainly too well seasoned to be liable to the ordinary inflammations of feeble toppers. His delight was to sit smiling, quiet and listening, saying little, always sensible, for he used to hold that conversation, at least when it is of the sort that excites admiration, spoiled good company. Soon becoming full of enjoyment himself, he was apt to be disturbed when he observed some unfortunate creature at table not taking as many or as full bumpers as himself.

In Newton's time, the *Ante Manum* club had been in existence for about sixty years before. Heaven knows how many it had killed, and its

greatest glory would certainly be in finishing such a man as Newton.

He was its modern king. *The Mighty* was there mighty indeed, for no man could compete with him either in taking in, or in sitting out, if it was not perhaps Lord Hermand; whose star, red and fiery, blazed in this hemisphere for half a century. By this time the club had got into its old age. The high-jinks of its youth, when it was said to have been filled with wild spirits, were gone; but probably at no time of its life did it contain members with capacities equal to those of these two bacchanals. Hermand used often to go direct from the club to the court on Saturday morning,—a feat Newton also easily accomplished; but then we are to remember, that these meetings were held only once a week, on Friday; and as regards Newton, his potations made him slumberous, so that when morning dawned he had slept off the effects of his claret.

Nor was it only in the society of such social gentlemen that Newton's habit of slumbering came over him. The truth is, that he was seldom what may be termed absolutely free from the kind of narcosis produced by wine. That it would prove inconvenient to him in court, there could be no doubt; but Cockburn again tells us pleasantly how he managed the inconvenience. His head generally rested on his heaving chest, or on his hands crossed on the bench; and it is said that after

getting a grip of the case, his eyes were often closed in genuine sleep. Yet from practice, and a remarkably quick ear and intellect, nobody could say anything worth hearing without his lifting his huge eyelid, and keeping it open while he directed his gaze at the speaker, till he got out of him what he wanted; after which, when the babbling began, down sunk the lid, but never with such heaviness as to be incapacitated for rising again at the command of the shrewd spirit. The only way to rouse him was to say something good, and this never failed. Accordingly, no judge ever knew his cases better, and few ever saw him rouse himself and deliver his judgment with all that accuracy for which he was remarkable, without being inclined to draw a contrast between him whose eyes had been shut, and the other judges whose eyes had been wide open; nor need we say on what side the contrast was favourable.

But at last *The Mighty* died—the great king of the *Ante Manum* was no more; and the news was received by the club as a disaster which there was no power within itself of repairing. The members dined, and did not fail to shew their sorrow in solemn mourning; but of course water was not a suitable libation on the occasion of such a sacrifice to such manes, and accordingly each drank a full bumper to the memory of the departed chief, bowing reverently to his portrait, which hung on the wall of the room so long made famous by his presence.

Robert Forsyth.

This gentleman, who is mentioned so favourably in Peter's Letters, is not once alluded to by Lord Cockburn in his Memorials. There is a sufficient reason for this in Forsyth's having kept himself aloof from politics and generally from all public questions. Besides, he was inclined to Toryism,—a very sufficient reason for his not being acceptable to one of the chief Whigs. But Forsyth was a very notable man, who raised himself from being the son of a poor beadle in the south country, to a position of great respect and honour in the difficult profession of the law. It is not easy to forget the personal appearance of Robert. Of great stature and corresponding breadth, he was so hard, firm, and compact in the muscles that covered his large bones, that you could compare him to a figure hewn out of wood. Nor did his face form any exception to this general inflexibility; his high cheek-bones, eyes set wide apart, with no lustre, and so irregularly placed as to form a wide squint rigidity all over the countenance, and yet with a pleasant smile which had become so common to him, that it had taken possession as an abiding feature,—presented an aspect sufficient to defy any common physiognomist. That the whole form was ungainly, there can be no doubt; and yet there was not wanting a look of dignity, arising from

his erect carriage and very appropriate if not pretty careful dress, which gave him an advantage over those who no doubt plumed themselves on superior looks and manners. He appeared like a man who was conscious of his powers, and one not acquainted with him would not have felt it very easy to accost him, and yet there was not a man in the Parliament-house more humble and accessible.

There never, perhaps, was a greater mistake than that committed by Forsyth's father in making him a minister, and the young man soon saw this himself. He preached some sermons, the effect of which probably helped him to the foregone conclusion; for he wanted everything like that enthusiasm or fervour, without which a Christian discourse cannot be accepted by Presbyterians. The exchange of gowns turned out to be a wise step. It was very early, and indeed almost on his first entry to the bar, he made an appearance which drew from President Hope so much praise, that Forsyth was looked upon as one who would eventually become a great pleader. This hope would have been realised had it not been for a certain apathy which belonged to him naturally, and was nearly allied to a want of real seriousness. This last again was either the cause or the consequence of allowing his mind to wander as if in search of something to gratify his humour. Not that such a habit ever prevented him from mastering a case, however difficult, but it drove him to do all but

spoil his advocacy of it. So far indeed did he indulge in this species of playfulness, that he drew down upon him many hints from the judges, who felt they had another duty to perform than listening to quaint stories. It seems indeed strange, that a man with so powerful an intellect, seemed to be averse to the effort of simply bearing it down upon his subject, and securing the triumph due to success. Nothing could have been more easy for him, in the absence of the bias in favour of what was called little better than "havering." Even his book on morals, which contains so many shrewd observations, was said by himself to have come together in the same odd way. It just happened that he had written some thoughts on moral subjects, and the papers lay by him only as separate essays, intended to be used as such. To combine them into a treatise was easy for one who found points of agreement or connexion between subjects and objects, however far asunder, and hence the book—a strange book, as every one must admit.

It was often said that Forsyth wasted more thought in thus ranging playfully over so many subjects, as would have made a dozen of good lawyers. The thinking men of the house knew well that much real gold lay beneath the dross with which he used to cover it. Jeffrey frequently accosted him with, "Well, Forsyth, I wish you to put this in your mill and grind it for me;" and it was ground in such a manner as few head-mills of

the court could do it; but the next moment he would be found at his beloved "havering." His apparent nonchalance, or at least want of zeal, in regard to all cases and almost all subjects, was, we suspect, in some way connected with his notions of fatalism. Often, when speculating as to the issue of some action, he would hold up his finger and say, "It is all determined up yonder—we may do or say what we choose." Whether this conviction was a consequence of his calvinism or his philosophy may be doubtful; but it offers a satisfactory explanation of that want of seriousness which so marred his success as a great pleader. And here we may mark a contradiction:—his regularity in being the first man up in the house in the mornings—his preparation of his cases—his general attention to the duties of his profession; and, on the other hand, his doing of all that work as if it were some play out of which he could raise subjects to justify his eternal smile, and make those laugh who were about him. Nor was any man ever safer as an adviser. He was the very soul of practical efficiency. His opinions upon memorials were among the safest and best ever given by counsel; and yet they were dictated to his clerk, often in the midst of numerous colloquial episodes often grotesquely ludicrous.

Lord Cockburn.

The deceased judge was born in the year 1778. He was the son of Archibald Cockburn, a Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland from 1790 till his death in 1809, by his marriage with Miss Rannie, daughter of Captain Rannie of Melville, and sister of the first wife of Pitt's great colleague, Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville. Henry Cockburn was called to the Scotch bar in 1800—in the same year with Brougham, one year after Moncreiff, two years after Fullerton, six years after Jeffrey, and seven years after George Cranstoun and Thomas Thomson. The mere recapitulation of these names will suggest to most of our readers what the Parliament-house was when Lord Cockburn committed his fortunes to the hazard of its arena. They were giants with whom he had to contend, but it became apparent in no long time that there was at least one walk in which he outstripped every competitor. One might have more learning, or another more subtlety—this could reason more forcibly, or that more thoroughly clear away the perplexities with which years of litigation had overwhelmed a question of facts; but in the rare faculty of persuasion, in the power of compelling men to think as he wished them to think, Cockburn stood unrivalled.

“Of all the great pleaders of the Scottish bar ”

—wrote Mr Lockhart, before Clerk, or Cranstoun, or Moncreiff, or Fullerton, or Jeffrey had ascended the bench—"Mr Cockburn is the only one who is capable of touching, with a bold and assured hand, the chords of feeling—who can, by one plain word, and one plain look, convey the whole soul of tenderness, or appeal with the authority of a true prophet to yet higher emotions which slumber in many bosoms, but are dead, I think, in none. As every truly pathetic speaker must be, Mr Cockburn is a homely speaker; but he carries his homeliness to a length which I do not remember ever to have heard any other truly great speaker venture upon. He uses the Scottish dialect—always its music, and not unfrequently its words—quite as broadly as Mr Clerk of Eldin—and perhaps at first hearing with rather more vulgarity of effect—for he is a young man, and I have already hinted that no young man can speak Scotch with the same impunity as an old one. Nevertheless, I am sure, no man who has witnessed the effect which Mr Cockburn produces upon a Scottish jury would wish to see him alter anything in his mode of addressing them. He is the best teller of a plain story I ever heard. He puts himself completely upon a level with those to whom he speaks; he enters into all the feelings with which ordinary persons are likely to listen to the first statement from a partial mouth, and endeavours, with all his might, to destroy the impression of

distrustfulness which he well knows he has to encounter. He utters no word which he is not perfectly certain his hearers understand, and he points out no inference before he has prepared the way for it, by making his hearers understand perfectly how he himself has been brought to adopt it. He puts himself in the place of his audience—an obvious rule, no doubt, but in practice above all others difficult, and which it requires the skill of a very master in the knowledge of human nature to follow with precision. Instead of labouring, as most orators do, to impress on the minds of his audience a high notion of his own powers and attainments, this man seems to be anxious about nothing except to make them forget that he wears a gown, and to be satisfied that they are listening to a person who thinks, feels, and judges exactly like themselves. It is not his ambition to be admired; he wishes only to be trusted. He does not, by one word or gesture, shew that he aspires to be reckoned a great man; but it is plain that he would give the world they should believe him to be an honest man. And, after he has been allowed to tell his story in his own way for ten minutes, I would defy Diogenes himself to doubt it. His use of the language, and his still more exquisite use of the images and allusions of common Scottish life, must contribute in the most powerful manner to his success in this first great object of all his rhetoric. There is an air of broad and undisguised

sincerity in the simple tones and energetic phrases he employs, which finds its way like a charm to the very bottom of the hearts around him. He sees it painted in their beaming and expanding faces, and sees, and knows, and feels at once that his eloquence is persuasive. Once so far victorious, he is thenceforth irresistible. He has established an understanding between himself and his audience—a feeling of fellowship and confidence of communion—which nothing can disturb. The electricity of thought and of sentiment passes from his face to theirs, and thrills back again from theirs to his. He has fairly come into contact; he sees their breasts lie bare to his weapon, and he will make no thrust in vain."

The writer proceeds to illustrate these general characteristics by an individual instance which came under his own eye in that frequent theatre of Cockburn's triumphs—the Justiciary Court. "I heard him address a jury the other day in behalf of a criminal,"—Mr Lockhart continues—"and never did I so much admire the infallible tact of his homely eloquence. In the first part of his speech he made use of nothing but the most pedestrian language, and the jokes with which he interspersed his statement were familiar even to coarseness, although the quaintness of his humorous diction was more than enough to redeem that defect. Nothing could surpass the cunning skill with which he threw together circumstances ap-

parently (and essentially) remote, in order to make out a feasible story for his culprit; and for a time it seemed as if he had succeeded in making the jury see everything with such eyes as he had been pleased to give them. But when he came upon one fact which even his ingenuity could not varnish, and which even their confidence could not be brought to pass over, there needed not a single word to let him see exactly in what situation he stood. He read their thoughts in their eyes, and turned the canvas with the touch of a magician. Instead of continuing to press upon their unwilling understandings, he threw himself at once upon the open hearts which he had gained. The whole expression of his physiognomy was changed in an instant, and a sympathetic change fell softly and darkly upon every face that was turned to him. His baffled ingenuity, his detected sophistry, all was forgotten in a moment. He had drawn more powerful arrows from his quiver, and he prepared to pierce with them whom he listed. His voice was no longer clear and distinct, but broken and trembling—his look had lost its brightness, and his attitude its firmness. His lips quivered, and his tongue faltered, and a large drop gathered slowly under his eyelids, through which the swimming pupil shot faint and languid rays, that were more eloquent than words. And yet his words, though they came slowly, and fell heavily, were far better than eloquent. The criminal had

been the son of respectable parents—and he was yet young—and he had no hope but in their mercy; and well did his advocate know what topics to press on men that were themselves sons and fathers, and themselves conscious of weaknesses and errors and transgressions. It was now that I felt, in all its potency, the intense propriety of the native dialect in which he chose to deliver himself. The feelings and sympathies which he wished to nourish—the revered images which he wished to call up in aid of his failing argument—would have appeared weak and dim in comparison had they been set forth in any other than the same speech to whose music the ears around him had been taught to thrill in infancy. The operation of translating them into a less familiar tongue would have chilled the fresh fervour of

‘Those common thoughts of Mother Earth,
Her simplest thoughts, her simplest tears.’

He knew that ‘man’s heart is an holy thing,’ and had no fear of offending by the simplicity of the words in which he clothed his worship.”

This was printed in 1818, and for long afterwards—to the latest day, indeed, at which practice in such cases remained open to him—Cockburn continued to melt and move the Scotch courts with masterpieces of oratory, such as seldom or never held them entranced before, and such, it may be, as will never be heard within their walls again. What was almost the last of his efforts

was perhaps one of the greatest, as it was undoubtedly crowned by one of his most signal successes. His defence of Lovie, a Buchan farmer, tried at Aberdeen for the poison of his paramour, still lives in recollection, after the lapse of more than twenty years, as a matchless display of forensic skill. The case was one which appealed strongly to the popular feeling ; but indignation at the escape of the supposed murderer was restrained and tempered at the moment by admiration of the art and eloquence of the victorious advocate.

The year 1830 saw an end of the long exile of the Whig party from power. The offices of Lord-Advocate and of Solicitor-General for Scotland now fell by common assent to Jeffrey and to Cockburn—names long linked together in men's mouths as rival leaders at the bar ; now to be associated as colleagues, first in political office, and afterwards on the judicial bench (to which both were elevated in the same year—1834), and destined hereafter to be known in a still dearer relation, by that unbroken friendship of fifty years, to which we owe one of the most interesting of recent biographies. They who never heard Lord Cockburn plead may recover some few faint, scattered traces of his manner from passages in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey." To those who enjoyed his acquaintance, there is scarcely a page in the book but will recall, more or less vividly, some characteristic charm of one whose conversation was

enriched by so many brilliant qualities—humour, wit, and eloquence, ripe observation and inimitable expression, a sound judgment and a kind heart. It must ever be regretted that a man who had so much to say, and could say it so admirably, should have written so very little. Except the too brief biography which he published in his seventy-fourth year, Lord Cockburn printed only a few fugitive pieces—articles in *The Edinburgh Review*, and the like. His love of art and devotion to the Scottish capital drew from him, some four or five years previous to his death, a characteristic pamphlet on “The Best Way of Spoiling the Beauty of Edinburgh;” and the same feeling which inspired that clever tract, dictated the last things which he wrote for the public eye—two letters in favour of the south-east angle of East Princes Street Garden as the best site attainable for the restoration of Trinity College Church. Though his suggestion in this matter has not been acted upon, Edinburgh has shewn her gratitude to the memory of one of the most distinguished of her citizens and most loving of her children by naming the new approach from the Old Town to the railway termini at Waverley Bridge, “Lord Cockburn Street.”

Lord Robertson.

The real strength of Lord Robertson lay in his powers of wit and humour, united, as these always are, when of a high order, with acute perception and knowledge of human nature. Every year brings forth as good lawyers, judged by the strict legal standard; but it is seldom, indeed, that such a man and such a companion is given to the world. In society he was irresistible, and the same qualities that made him triumphant at the social board, led to his success in addressing an ordinary jury or popular meeting. In the General Assembly, where profound law is not much in request, and professional gravity is glad of an opportunity for relaxation, he was always sure of an enthusiastic reception. No one approached him in covering a case with ridicule, destroying all pretensions and pretexts on "the other side," and dissolving them, as it were, in a flood of humorous and burlesque illustration. His exuberant glee was of course repressed, though not always concealed, on the bench, and his native sagacity and ready apprehension generally guided him to right decisions. Genius is a quick learner.

Every humorist is in some sort an actor, and Lord Robertson's rich and intellectual qualities were heightened by his power of facial expression,

his fine deep voice, so capable of modulation, and his exquisite mimicry. His grave stolid look, pretending ignorance, incredulity, or surprise, was worthy of Liston, and helped out his arguments wonderfully with a jury or audience. In private society, he could set the table in a roar by simply repeating the word "Here," in the different tones and voices of a country jury answering to their names in court; and when he followed the same jury into the retiring room, to consult as to their verdict, no scene in a farce could be more laughable. He was prone to imitations of our Highland Gaelic and Highland character, and delighted in telling how, in Ross-shire, he had once asked a man if there was a road to Lochbroom. "A road!—there's roads all over the Highlands." "What sort of road is it?" "There's a good fair bridle-road *till within thirty miles of the place.*" On another occasion, in some part of the West Highlands, off the main road, where his carriage could not be taken, he borrowed two stout blankets, with which four Highlanders shouldered him over hill and moor—no slight task to carry a man of twenty stone in this way—and he described with great humour this curious process of conveyance, and the tone of the Highlanders shouting out, as they jolted up or down a precipice, "My lord, are you easy?" These humorous exaggerations formed an endless fund of amusement to his friends. He had an inimitable story of a Highland *caddie* or

porter describing to another caddie the tragedy of Othello, which he had witnessed at the theatre. The manner in which the interlocutor dwelt upon the rage and the "*coorse* language" of the hero, the villany of Iago (or *Jago*, as he pronounced it), and the smothering-scene at the last, was unique and indescribable. Sometimes, though very rarely, and only on select occasions, and at a late hour, the learned counsel would venture on a Gaelic sermon, and at one time he did not hesitate at a Gaelic *grace* in the morning. Many of our readers will recollect the ancient Caledonian coach, that was wont to start from Inverness for Perth at five o'clock A.M., and stop for breakfast at Aviemore. The old landlord, John Grant, used to stalk into the room with his bottle of *bitters* under his arm; but ere the morning dram could be dispensed, the stout, burly figure of the advocate, who had been silent on the coach, was heard to exclaim in stentorian tones, "*A word!*"—and then he poured forth a seeming Gaelic grace, appropriately delivered, which left the passengers in perplexity whether it was Argyleshire Gaelic or some unknown tongue they had heard. But before they got time to recover, the imperturbable speaker, never relaxing his gravity, was deep in the ham and eggs. Some Gaelic phrases the witty advocate had picked up in his visits to the north, among which the conjunction *aigas*, or *and*, was always conspicuous. By help of this, with suit-

able looks, shrugs, groans, and gestures, his vocal imitations were sufficiently provocative of mirth, and when he failed he was always ready, as he said, like the Highlanders, to *skeoch doch na skiel*—to cut a tale with a drink. He did not succeed so well with imitations of Irish character. One of his sallies of the latter description gave deep offence to an excellent Irishman, the late Sir Edward Lees, the Scottish Post-Office Secretary, who, after a jovial night, sent a hostile message to the advocate on the following morning. "Peter" replied with excellent sense and humour—"I accept your challenge—time of meeting, five o'clock, to-morrow afternoon—place, your dining-room—weapons, knife and fork," &c. And, accordingly, the witty counsel waited on his friend to dinner, stated truly that he had no recollection whatever of the previous night's offence, and, of course, the matter of difference was instantly discarded, or only formed the ground for sundry jokes over their wine and walnuts. This was equal to Cobbett's reply to a challenge, which, if we recollect right, ran in this way—"You may chalk my figure on your barn-door, and fire at it. If you hit it, I will know I should have been hit by you if I had been in the same position." We may mention that, among these jocular accomplishments of Lord Robertson, he could dash off in excellent style an Italian bravura, a burlesque after the manner and appearance of Lablache.

But these were after-dinner gaieties, more allied, perhaps, to farce than to wit and humour, and Lord Robertson had other charms for society; his love of literature, of music, and the arts was conspicuous, and no better associate could be found for a morning's stroll in a picture-gallery, or for a walk by the sea-shore, or the side of a wood. His temperament and varied conversation made sunny days as well as merry nights. Many definitions have been given of wit and humour; but though the former is said to consist in discovering connexion, and the latter in discovering incongruity, they are both of one family, and no definition could be given of either that did not include Patrick Robertson. He was as happy in repartee as in illustration or mimicry, though his usual high spirits and genial temperament inclined him to expatiate more freely in incontrollable drollery and the ludicrous picturesque. And though these things die with him, and cannot be judged of by posterity, their effect on society must not be overlooked. One who was himself of the same brilliant class, has beautifully described this delightful part of our nature:—"There is no more interesting spectacle," says Sydney Smith, "than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of

grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'"

At the public dinner in 1827, at which Sir Walter Scott avowed the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr Robertson was croupier, and, according to Lockhart, Sir Walter is said to have sent a slip of paper to him, begging him to "confess something too—why not the murder of Begbie?" The occasion, however, was too grand and exciting for such a descent; the dormant poetical fire was kindled in the breast of the croupier, and on taking his seat as chairman, after Scott had left the room, he rose and said:—

"Gentlemen, I take the liberty of asking you to fill a bumper to the very brim: there is not one of us who will not remember while he lives being present at this day's festival, and the declaration made this night by the gentleman who has just left the chair. That declaration has rent the veil from the features of the Great Unknown—a name

which must now merge in the name of the Great Known. It will be henceforth coupled with the name of Scott, which will become familiar like a household word. We have heard, this confession from his own immortal lips. And we cannot dwell with too much, or too fervent praise, on the merits of the greatest man whom Scotland has produced."

This enthusiasm was not quenched by Scott's death. We heard him, some years since, at the dinner given to Mr Charles Dickens, propose the memory of Scott in a strain of such fervid admiration and real eloquence, that even Professor Wilson's speeches from the chair, or Dickens' display of youthful and sparkling fancy, seemed poor in comparison. It was the strong man roused casting aside the Delilahs of his imagination, and breaking out into a burst of passionate and deep feeling. It must be admitted, however, that notwithstanding these occasional indications of a higher vein than was his wont, the world of Edinburgh and of Scotland was astonished by Patrick Robertson coming forward, at the ripe age of fifty, as a sentimental and descriptive poet! Had Falstaff himself become a singing man of Windsor? One volume of miscellaneous effusions was sent forth; it was received with amazement and credulity, but was tolerated, and gently commended by friends. A second afterwards appeared, followed by a third, which met with an indif-

ferent reception. Lockhart hazarded in private an epitaph, founded on Horace's time-honoured maxim, that neither gods nor men permit mediocrity in verse—

“Here lies that peerless paper lord, Lord Peter;
Who broke the laws of ‘gods and men,’ and—metre.”

Many of the pieces consisted of amplifications of particular thoughts and passages in Shakspeare and Milton that had excited his early admiration; others were descriptive of certain scenes and phenomena of nature; but the whole was so weak and watery—so indistinct and hazy—and presented such a confusion of poetic imagery—flowers of all climes and seasons blowing together in his verse at the same time—that nothing but regard for the author, and the rare fact of poetic susceptibility being thus evinced in advanced life, by a lawyer and a judge, saved the volumes from merciless castigation and ridicule. In this case there was no appeal from the Lord Ordinary!

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

To the public, said a writer in the *Scotsman*, who, in his departure, only miss a peculiar figure whom they have occasionally met in their daily walks, Mr Sharpe was what is usually called a character. But to those who really knew him, the outward

peculiarities which invited and justified such an appellation were a very thin covering on qualities of a far more important and valuable kind. Even his external peculiarities arose by no means from any desire to attract notice by singularity. They were the fruit of that sort of unconsciousness and that reluctance to do anything provocative of attention and remark, which sometimes make one quietly abide by old customs, until, while congratulating himself that he is still the same man that he was of old, the world has a totally different opinion of him, in as far as of old he was like other people, but now he is quite peculiar in the rigid observance of the costume and manners of a previous generation. So it was with Mr Sharpe's green umbrella, its crosier-shaped horn handle, and its long brass point; with his thread-stockings, and his shoes—of the kind which our fathers called pumps—tied with profuse ribbon, with his ever-faded frock-coat, and his cravat of that downy bulging character which Brummel repealed. The greater part of the whole costume was exactly as he had worn it in his college days in the preceding century; and we had always the idea that Sharpe never thought he dressed differently from other people. It was always a puzzling matter, however, to divine how he got his tradesmen to connive with him, and produce articles of dress which the tide of human fashion had long rolled over and buried in oblivion. It is possible that some profuse ward-

robe of early days may have proved a sort of granary to him ; but we have sometimes thought that an expert tradesman, who had by some accident a reserve of ancestral stock, had found him a useful duct for draining off the unsaleable merchandise.

His manners partook of the same obsolete character—not artificially or affectedly, but quite naturally. One may occasionally meet with an octogenarian carrying a shade of the old world courtesy into this more brisk, unfettered generation ; but Sharpe bore it in full bloom, as if it were not only his own natural manner, but that of the people he spoke to. It was older still than his costume—Sir Charles Grandison all over. Its general tone on the mere acquaintance was extremely pleasing and kind. Though it was but a manner, yet one almost felt grateful to its owner, so much of an old-fashioned, soothing pleasantness was there about it—yet it was sedately stately, and by no means encouraged familiarity. One of his characteristic pursuits was a severe stretch on the capacity of manner and address to carry out true dignity and ensure respect. His matchless collection of antiquities and works of art was well known and frequently visited. It was his great pride to be its exhibitor, and illustrate it with a running commentary of anecdotes and witticisms ; but under the covering of his courteous good-nature, and of his real pride in his collection, one might

perceive two things which he dreaded and took particular pains to avoid: the one was, being considered a weak old man with a hobby with which he was ready to saturate every one who would submit to it; the other was, being used by persons of rank or importance, who heard of his collection, as a sort of showman to exhibit it. Hence there was an air of caprice and wilfulness in his management of the *entrée* to his celebrated museum. Some people made continued efforts to obtain access to it and were always defeated, while others were, with bland courtesy, asked to come when they chose and bring whom they chose. His chief jealousy was about being considered the civil fellow ready to do service to great people. He was "come," as we say in Scotland, of the first families in the country, and he knew and felt it to the full. He was a good deal imbued with the kind of pride of old Sir Edward Seymour, who, when asked by Charles II. if he was not a member of the Duke of Somerset's family, answered, "No, sire—the Duke is a member of mine." Hence it was not the best way of getting the doors of the exhibition opened to speak of the rank or importance of the person desiring to see it; but when he was in good humour, such vaunting might perhaps be met with a pleasant, good-natured nod, and "Oh, *any* friend of yours, my dear Mr —, is welcome."

That museum was a place which few who have ever seen it can forget—the fairy suits of armour,

the graven images of all kinds in mobs and processions, Sir Peter Lely's lay-figure bedecked with a heap of ancient finery, the jewelled shrines and inexhaustible quantities of old silverwork, the trinkets by George Heriot, the enamels and the miniatures, brought out of the endless recesses of a multitude of ancient cabinets. Simply as a collection of beautiful and curious things, it was worthy of a long visit, but almost everything had some little history attached to it. The horrible, it must be admitted, but not the vulgar horrible, predominated. There were no pieces of the rope which had hanged Burke, or pistol that had penetrated into the slaughtered Weare's brains; but there were portraits of celebrated murderesses, from Queen Joan of Naples down to that picture by Hogarth for which Sarah Malcolm rouged herself in Newgate. This, by the way, was bought at Horace Walpole's sale. Hogarth remarked, that no one would have taken that woman for a cutter of throats; it may be so, but his own portrait of her has a savage harshness about it—an appearance of relentless ruffianism, which is positively frightful. At this same sale, Sharpe missed, much to his mortification, Hogarth's picture of Bainbridge, the governor of Newgate, under examination for cruelty to his prisoners. It would have fitted admirably into the collection. The collector himself had much congeniality of taste with Hogarth, and delighted in memorials of him. He had a

portrait of the notorious Colonel Charteris, whose figure is characteristically conspicuous in the first plate of the "Harlot's Progress;" and used to make a half-serious, half-jocular boast about absolutely possessing a piece of the handwriting of the wretched accomplice who is peering over the Colonel's shoulder. It was of the perfumed and tinselled criminalities of Charles the Second's reign, however, that he preserved the richest memorials; and it was his delight to comment on the sweet simplicity of Lely's portrait of her who held the reins of her paramour's horse while he shot her husband.

The accumulation of this museum was a sad torment to the class of men who cater to the taste of collectors. This one had not only a peculiar taste running in a zigzag direction which it was not easy for the common trader in curiosities to anticipate, but he was exquisitely fastidious. It was as impossible to pass a forged note at a bank as to impose on him with a false picture. In fact, besides artistic capacity, he had great natural acuteness, and he directed it all to this one pursuit. He was unrelenting in his criticisms, and was not, like many a collector, deceived by the charms of ownership. We remember, on his having bought at a considerable price a portrait which had long stood in a well-known collection as an undoubted Kneller, with what zeal he set about proving, for his own satisfaction, that from certain small but distinct morsels of artistic evidence, the picture

could not be a genuine Kneller. His contempt of anything in art beneath certain high standards was indeed of the most withering kind, and was apt to extort from him sarcasms which were rather a striking contrast to the courteous blandness of his usual conversation. For instance, at a sale which occurred a few years ago, it had been a question whether a lot had been purchased by Mr Sharpe or by an artist who had no mean opinion of himself. The picture had been sent home to the artist, but he had, he said, no excessive anxiety to possess it—he was ready to give it up—only, he lightly observed, having seen some little defects in the picture, he had “touched it up.” This statement, which the artist made with an honest purpose of enhancing the value of his sacrifice, elicited the savage answer, “Oh, you’ve been touching it, have you! that’s a pretty trick—it’s just what the nasty-boys at charity schools do when they spit on the porridge to prevent the others from eating it—you may keep the picture.”

We have probably been paying more attention to the peculiarities of Mr Sharpe than to those capacities which made him a man deserving of commemoration. He had abilities of a very high order both for literature and art; and had he required to make his own bread, he would probably have been one of the most distinguished men of his day. But he never settled himself with seriousness and earnestness to a distinct pursuit, and indeed he had doubt-

less a little of the aristocratic leaven of Horace Walpole, which looked on the systematic practice of art or literature—especially their practice with an eye to remuneration—as an abandonment of position. He thus scattered the produce of his pen and pencil carelessly around, as the fruit of his amusement and recreation—after the manner in which the fisher or fowler treats the fruit of his sport; and even the towering greatness of Scott was insufficient in his eyes to dignify professional authorship.

It is evident, however, that Mr Sharpe must have diligently cultivated the use of the pencil. There were, it is true, even in his best productions, those little defects in accuracy of drawing which invariably attend amateur work; but he had taught his hand to bring out the peculiar faculties of his mind with wonderful skill. The original qualities thus put to use were a strange compound, consisting of three elements—sarcasm, a sort of eldritch grotesqueness, and graceful sweetness. His satire is in some respects not unlike that of the master he admired so much—Hogarth, but he had a faculty for embodying female and infantine grace such as Hogarth struggled after in vain, through the uncouth images with which his vision was filled. Most of the Abbotsford visitors will remember the picture of Queen Elizabeth dancing “high and disposedly,” of which Scott said, in acknowledgment—“The inimitable virago came safe, and was welcomed by the inextinguishable

laughter of all who looked upon her capricoles." The Scottish Ambassador had gone to see how near her grave the aged Queen was, and Burleigh managed that he should accidentally alight upon her capering away like a sylph in mere wanton jubilation. She certainly is taking wonderful leaps; and the force of the picture consists in the firm, indomitable determination with which the spirited old woman accomplishes her task. It is deadly torture to her—that is evident from the bracing of her muscles and the grim distortion of her wrinkled features; but she does it, and with a flourish. Mr Sharpe had an old genuine portrait of the Queen, from which he took the likeness. It was one of her fancies that she would allow no shading in her portraits—they must be of "a light garden colour," and a pretty mess the poor artist had to make of it. Another Abbotsford sketch of the same class is Muckle-mou'd Meg. Our readers must all know the story, if they have not seen the picture. Meg's good-natured exuberance of pleasure and admiration, contrasted with the sadness of the bridegroom, is very admirably hit; but the most telling figure is the gruff old Baron, with his desperately reluctant and surly acquiescence, and his evident disappointment at not beholding the handsome gallant dangling from the gallows, which is visible through the window. Mr Sharpe was at one time very fond of devoting his artistic capacities to taking likenesses of his

friends, and he must have left behind him a very interesting set of sketches of persons of eminence. He had a large circle of distinguished friends.

We are so far in our own spontaneous criticism, when, led by a hazy recollection, we find in Scott's diary the following remarks, which are not at all events quite inconsistent with ours:—"He was bred for a clergyman, but never took orders. He has infinite wit, and a great turn for antiquarian lore, as the publications of Kirkton, &c., bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable—a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St Anthony, and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words! If he were to make drawing a resource, it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities, and therefore of expensive trifles, C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his purse. He is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in Douglas, and other books on pedigree, which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious after scandal centuries old! Not but Charles loves it fresh and fresh also; for being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping

sympathising with him—a peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect.”

Mr Sharpe's appearance in the literary world was somewhat of the same sketchy, restless character as his connexion with art. He edited two curious books—Kirkton's "History of the Church of Scotland," and Law's "Memorials; or the Memorable Things that fell out within this Island of Britain from 1638 to 1684." Over these he scattered, in the form of notes, as much pungent wit and curious learning as might have made a book of reputation, had they been systematically used. His knowledge, by the way, was like his taste—a thing perfect in itself. Whatever might be its limits, it was complete and faultless within them; and somehow he never let any one know exactly where the limits were, though to have talked with him of statistics, political economy, or steam, would no doubt have been felt as rather incongruous. He was as intolerant, however, of imperfect knowledge in his own departments as of bad art; and he took a secret pleasure in noting the blunders which visitors made about the personages connected with his portraits or his historical relics. His poetry was chiefly, so far as we have known, of the ballad kind. It had its admirers, but, as may be inferred from Scott's remark, power was not one of its attributes. In prose literature, however, his illustrious friend expected to find him a substantial coadjutor, especially when the *Quarterly*

Review and the *Edinburgh Annual Register* were started. On the 30th December 1808, Scott announced to him that "it has long been the decided resolution of Mr Canning and some of his literary friends, particularly George Ellis, Malthus, Frere, W. Rose, &c., that something of an independent review ought to be started in London." He had formed the vain notion of excluding politics from such a publication, and in continuation says, "William Gifford is editor, and I have promised to endeavour to recruit for him a few spirited young men, able and willing to assist in such an undertaking. I confess you were chiefly in my thoughts when I made this promise." After advising him to find some new book, and fall on it with "a good hacking review," he says, "I retain so much the old habit of a barrister, that I cannot help adding, the fee is ten guineas a sheet, which may serve to buy an odd book now and then—as good play for nothing, you know, as work for nothing; but, besides this, your exertions for this cause, if you choose to make any, will make you more intimately acquainted with a very pleasant literary coterie than introductions of a more formal kind." But this is not the only scheme of productive labour with which he tempts his wayward friend. He next alludes to the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, then just projected:—"The historical department is that in which I would chiefly wish to see you engaged. A lively luminous picture of

the events of the last momentous year, is a task for the pen of a man of genius; as to materials, I could procure you access to many of a valuable kind. The appointments of our historian are £300 a-year—no deaf nuts!" All efforts, however, to make Sharpe work in harness were unavailing. He was to the last a sort of gentleman-vagrant both of literature and art; but he was ever at work, and we would not be astonished should he be found to have left behind him some considerable, though they may be fragmentary, contributions to contemporary biography.

THE END.

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